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THE ARTS, SCIENCES, LITERATURE, ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

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Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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PHILOSOPHY OF RELIGION.

From the Standpoint of the Mystics.

A Series of Papers Prepared for the Religio-Philosophical Journal from a MS. Work, Designed as an Encyclopedia of Mysticism.

No. 7.

BY C. H. A. BJORREGAARD, OF THE ASTOR LIBRARY, N. Y.

Before proceeding any further, it will be well to say a few words about

JESUS AND CHRISTIANITY, and their relationship to our subject. It will prevent misunderstanding.

Jesus was a Mystic of the Spiritual type with strong anti-naturalistic tendency. His mysticism will appear from the following: (1) Little or nothing is known of his nativity, except through legend. (2) He declared he came from the Father and his union with the Father. (3) He developed in "solitude" and "by prayer." (4) He taught esoteric truths and "from the mountain." (5) He lived "the inner life" exclusively. (6) He practiced "the art" and declared himself in possession of "occult powers" by saying that He and "the Father" would visit those that gathered together in his name. (7) He declared the signs that would follow those who "believed" in Him: true occult powers. We leave out here all the legends about his being born of a virgin, his ascension to heaven, etc. He has these "signs" in common with "the saviors of the world." But this mission, though truly "occult" and "mystical" we pass by in this connection, having to deal more with history than the doctrine of soteriology.

Having arisen in Judea, his mysticism naturally takes the color of his native soil. But this was not Hebrew alone. Judea, at his time and long before it, had been thoroughly Hellenized and Romanized, and the Assyro-Chaldean and Egyptian conquests had brought into the environment, in which he was born, all that mysticism and occultism which was most characteristic of those countries. Hence we feel that along with a true vein of original genius, there flows in this man, Jesus, the greatest variety of foreign influences. It would be a fruitful and valuable work if we could have the parallels traced before us.

The influence that Jesus has exerted as a Mystic may be seen everywhere among his personal followers. Not among Christians at large—they are not followers of the Mystic prophet Jesus. We shall not stop to point it out. The sweet tones of the legend of the Son of God is embodied in the last sentence of Renan's remarkable book, "The life of Jesus." In those words, we read the final triumph of the most noble feelings in man, feelings upon which rest a large sphere of Mysticism.

And what is the name of that feeling? It is Love. Jesus means Love.

Says Eschenmayer: "The highest and deepest Mysticism rests in love; without love, no Mysticism. Mysticism represents by pictures and symbols the rise, progress and perfection of the Love, whereby the regenerating man comes to—so to say—blood relationship with the Love. How could man rise thus without love and belief in love? This is Mysticism, and yet clear to any child."—The first beginning in the creative process (be this creation understood cosmologically or psychologically) is the Love (deity of the One) to reproduce itself (self as an ego) or in other words itself. The primal Cause is Love in the form of a fundamental vibration (der Wille des Grun-

des). The other is the volitional love (der Wille der Liebe), whereby the word is spoken to Nature and whereby the Godhead manifests itself personally.

Says Fichte: "All knowledge, particularly about the Godhead, proceeds from love, and love is the source to all certainty and reality. Only he who loves, partakes of a divine nature." "Love is higher than all reason, yea, even the source of wisdom. Having reached the heights of love, one is raised above mere thinking and does not submit the highest truths received intuitively, to empty speculations."

Says Mozoomdar: "Three things kindle the spirit,—the first of which is love. Call it enthusiasm, or charity, or passion, or piety, or devotion, or Bhakti; the essence of it is all the same—that mysterious faculty which is called by the name of Love. It is the key to all earthly and heavenly life."

Says Attar (Mohammed abu Ahmed Attar): "Love is the soul of this sphere; it is celestial; a pendulum vibrating in accord with the universe." Hence says Isidor, the Orient: "Love is the ladder on which we climb to Godliness."

But our quotations on the Mystic love would not be complete without some of the ecstatic utterances of Mdm. Guyon, the famous representative of such love.

Thus sings Mdm. Guyon:

Love is my teacher. He can tell
The wonders that be latent above;
No other master knows so well:
'Tis Love alone can tell of Love.

O, then of God if thou wouldst learn;
His wisdom, goodness, glory, see;
All human arts and knowledge spurn,
Let Love alone thy teacher be.

Love is my light, with which he breaks,
The morning mist, when rising pray,
To Love, O God! my spirit wakes,
And Love instructs it all the day.

And when the gleams of day retire,
And midnight spreads its dark control,
Love's secret whispers still inspire
Their holy lessons in the soul.

I love my God, but with no love of mine,
For I have none to give;
I love thee, Lord; but all the love is thine,
For by thy life I live.
I am as nothing, and rejoice to be
Empty, and lost, and swallowed up in thee.

Love! If thy destined sacrifice am I,
Come, slay thy victim, and prepare thy fire;
Plunged in the depths of mercy let me die
The death which every soul that lives desires!

How difficult it is for us—so far from Love, as we are!—to realize the states of resignation, to which pure love can lead, will be seen from the following expression of the Baroness Chantal: "If it pleases God to make my abode in the hills, I will be content with it."

A. de Foligny, "Though I should be damned, I would never cease repenting and stripping myself of everything for the love of God."

Catherine of Siena: "It is were possible to feel all the torments of the demons and of damned souls, nevertheless I could never call them torments, so much happiness would pure love yield me."

How much individual Mystics may speak of Jesus as a person, it is evident from a closer study that Mysticism regards him as a type of Love only. As such a type or personification we have speak of Jesus. From such a standpoint the Gospels must be studied and all historic utterances explained and all the "Love of Jesus" interpreted.

A large number of Mystics stand directly related to Jesus as a type of the Christ, but many more sever the relationship entirely and are related to the Christ principle only. What is the Christ-principle? It is the Ideal. It is the Form! It is the plastic force that moulds man (homo) into an organic whole after the model of the Divine! We have already in part defined this principle while speaking of the native power as represented by Krishna. More about this later on.

As a matter of course "Christianity" is not the religion, nor the philosophy, nor the science left by Jesus; nor is Christianity, as commonly preached, in any way Mystical. It is a hybrid of Caesarism and defunct Heathenism, in the garb of an angel of light. What kind of an angel? You may have been in Strasbourg and in the museum there seen a gallery of busts, all lovely to look at—in front. Behind them are hollow. They represent "The Lady World." Hear her legend. The story is told about Wierent von Grafenberg, a man "of the world," that once a lady suddenly appeared in vision before him; she was more beautiful than Venus or Pallas. She was gorgeously arrayed, and wore a crown on her head. Wierent, pale with alarm, sprang up and welcomed her. "Be not frightened," she said, "I am the lady for whose sake you so often have risked your life, whose faithful servant you were. I am now come to bring you your reward." "Pardon, noble lady," he exclaimed, "if I have served you, I know it not; but tell me who you are?" "Willingly," she answers, "you need not be ashamed of being my servant. Emperors, kings, counts, freemen, dukes, all serve me. I fear no one but God, who alone is mightier than I. My name is—The World. You shall have the reward you have so long desired: behold it!" With these words she turned her back upon him and behold it was covered with snakes, toads, adders, scorpions and bolts, etc. A loathsome small came from her and filled the room—and she vanished. Such a phantom is popular Christianity.

It is of no use to deny it. Christianity has sailed under a false flag, and Christendom has been deceived by the "Lady World." All the Good, Grand and Noble credited to it ought not to stand to its account. It has all been done, in spite of "the savour of death" that flows from the Church. It has been done in the name of Jesus, or by true Mystics or devotees of pure love, but none of these drew their strength from the Christian Churches. Even the name of "Christian" churches is a lie. Christianity, as claimed, comes from *Krestos*, Truth. Who at this day dare claim Truth to be its basis? The factions of the churches to this day dispute the question, "What is truth?" and none can settle it. So little are the churches of Truth, that they are rapidly passing away, having been impotent to keep a hold upon the intelligence of men, from the moment when the State withdrew its protecting and persecuting hand. How can any thing of the Truth fall in its work and disappear? Nay, Christianity is a misnomer! When we use it in this series of papers, it stands not for a religion, nor for a philosophy, much less for wisdom. We use it simply as an historic term for a certain chronological order of events. Christianity can neither be called a civilization—for, as has been correctly stated, its law system is Roman, its philosophy is Greek, its Science is Arabic and its Religion is Heathen. What originality is left? No Civilization without original law—philosophy—science—and religion!

When we speak of Christian Mystics, we simply mean those Mystics who lived in the Christian age. All know perfectly well that they were not Christian; i. e. not of the Churches, for the Churches have condemned them all, burned some, and confidently expects that the rest will roast in the eternal hell fires.

But it was not so in the beginning. The early Christians were Mystics, both in creed and ritual. This has been pointed out now and then in historical accounts of human culture. But that a man from the Christian camp should be the first to reconstruct on Mystic basis the Christian doctrine of the true God, is very remarkable, indeed! But it has been done. An essay under the title, "The Creed of the Early Christians," appeared some years ago in the "Nineteenth Century," and was signed by Dean Stanley.

In its main features this creed harmonizes so well with the common formulae of religion found in the better forms of esoteric Paganism, we venture to say these definitions given by the Dean were undoubtedly the forms of belief among the early Christians, and that they are in themselves only different in form from such ideas as common among Mystics of all orders in those days.

These are the Dean's words: "What is meant in the Bible—what is the experience of thoughtful men—by the name of *The Father*? In one word it expresses to us the whole faith of what we call Natural Religion. We look around in the physical world; we see indications of order, design, and good-will towards the living creatures which animate it. Often, it is true, we cannot trace any such design; but whenever we can, the impression left upon us is the sense of a Single, Wise, Benevolent Mind, the same now that it was ages before the appearance of man—the same in other parts of the Universe as it is in our own. And in our own hearts and consciences we feel an instinct corresponding to this—a voice, a faculty, that seems to refer us to a Higher Power than ourselves, and to point to some Invisible Sovereign Will, like to that which we see impressed on the natural world." "What is meant by the name of *The Son*? It has been taken by the conception of Natural Religion becomes faint and dim." How is this difficulty to be met? How shall we regain in the world of man the idea which the world of Nature has suggested to us? How shall the dim remembrance of our Universal Father be so brought home to us as that we shall not forget it or lose it? This is the object of the Second Sacred Name by which, God is revealed to us? As in the name of the Father we have Natural Religion—the Faith of the natural conscience—so in the name of the Son we have Historical Religion. As "the Father" represents to us God in Nature, God in the heavenly, the ideal world—the name of "the Son" represents to us God in History, God in the character of the (ideal) man. The Son's life is the Word, the speech that comes to us out of that eternal silence which surrounds the Unseen Divinity. He is the Second Conscience, the external Conscience, reflecting, as it were, and steadying the conscience within each of us.

But there is yet a third manifestation of God. There is yet another aspect of the Divine Nature. As the name of the Father represents to us God in Nature, as the name of the Son represents to us God in History, so the name of the Holy Ghost represents to us God in our own hearts and spirits and consciences. This is the still, small voice—still and small, yet loudest and strongest of all—small, even more than the wonders of nature and the wonders of history, brings us into the nearest harmony with Him who is a Spirit—whom, His closest communion with man is described, can only be described as the Spirit dwelling with and dwelling in our spirit. The Holy Ghost means the inspiring Breath, without which all mere forms and facts are dead. It means the spirit as opposed to the outward letter. It means the freedom of the spirit, which blows like the air of heaven where it listeth, and which, wherever it prevails, gives life. It means the power and the weakness of the spirit, which rises above the weakness and weariness of

the flesh—which, in the great movements of Providence, like a mighty rushing wind, gives life and vigor to the human soul and to the human race. To believe in a Presence within us pleading with our prayers, groaning with our groans, aspiring with our aspirations—to believe in the Divine supremacy of conscience—to believe that the spirit is above the letter—to believe that the substance is above the form—to believe that the meaning is more important than the words—to believe that truth is greater than authority or fashion or imagination, and will at last prevail—to believe that goodness and justice and love are the bonds of perfectness, without which whosoever liveth is counted dead though he live, and which bind together those who are divided in all things whatsoever—this is to believe in the Holy Ghost.

Finally quoting from Goethe's Wilhelm Meister, the Dean continues: "To which of these do you adhere? To all the three, for in their union they produce the true religion, which has been adopted, though unconsciously, by a great part of the world. The first article of the creed, is ethical, and belongs to all nations. The second, Christian, belongs to those struggling with affliction, glorified in affliction. The third teaches us an inspired communion of saints. And should not the three Divine Persons justly be considered as in the highest sense One?"

We take particular delight in being able to quote a number of prominent Theologians on Mysticism. It is very gratifying, indeed, to hear such testimonies as the following, when we know that the most bitter attacks on Mysticism as a whole and on individual Mystics in particular have come from Theologians.

The famous Tholuck, "one of the few ministers who has studied Mysticism for love's sake, testifies that 'Mysticism is the purest and deepest fruit of human interior life'; that 'it is God's most living and exalted revelation in Nature.'"

Langet and Nitch; declare that "all true believers are mystics" and Nitch adds that the Christian ideas of illumination, revelation, incarnation, regeneration, sacraments and resurrection are mystical. We only need to add, that it would have been a noble work if Nitch in his "System der Christlichen Lehre" had elaborated those doctrines in mystic language. Isidor, the Orient, taught that our inclinations to the super-sensuous are inborn and should be developed; that Mysticism is an integral part of our nature; that our natural senses mysticism is the twilight in which our sun is hidden; that the world is mystic and that all Revelation is mystically present in our interior man.

We might, perhaps, have expected such testimonies from men, so liberal and of so broad a culture, but that an American Presbyterian minister should give such unequivocal words of witness to the truth and value of Mysticism, as we now come to quote, is a surprise. Charles Hodge, D. D., and professor in the theological seminary at Princeton, New Jersey, has written a "Systematic Theology," in 3 vols., which is the text book in all Presbyterian Seminaries in this country. In Vol. I, page 97, you will find the following statement:

"The idea on which Mysticism is founded is Scriptural and true. It is true that God has access to the human soul. It is true that He can, consistently with his own nature and with the laws of our being, supernaturally and immediately reveal truth objectively to the mind, and attend that revelation with evidence which produces an infallible assurance of its truth and of its divine origin. It is also true that such revelations have often been made to the children of men. But these cases of immediate supernatural revelation belong to the category of miracles. They are rare and are to be duly authenticated." Further on he continues:

Tholuck in an article on Molinas in Herzog's Encyclopedia says: "There is a law of seasons in the spiritual, as well as in the physical world, in virtue of which when the time has come, without apparent connection, similar phenomena reveal themselves in different places. As towards the end of the fifteenth century an ecclesiastical-doctrinal reformation movement passed over the greater part of Europe, in part without apparent connection; so at the end of the seventeenth a mystical and spiritual tendency was almost as extensively manifested. In Germany, it took the form of Mysticism and Pietism; in England, of Quakerism; in France, of Jansenism and Mysticism; and in Spain and Italy, of Quietism." After having quoted this passage from Tholuck, Dr. Hodge continues: "This (mystic) movement was in fact what in our day would be called a revival of religion. It was a return to the religion of the heart, as opposed to the religion of forms. The Mystics of this period held that the end to be attained was the union with God. By this was not meant what Christians generally understand by that term, but something more than this, something mystical and therefore inexplicable; a matter of feeling, not something to be understood or explained; a state in which all thought, all activity was suspended; a state of perfect quietude in which the soul is lost in God. The leaders of this movement were Molinas, Mdm. Guyon and Fenelon."

In the "Systematic Theology," Vol. I, page 72, the Doctor gives the most splendid endorsement to the teachings of Dionysius, the Areopagite, "father of all Christian Mysticism."

"Dionysius was a heathen philosopher in the vestments of a Christian minister. The philosophy which he taught he claimed to be the true sense of the doctrines of the Church, as that sense had been handed down by a secret tradition. Notwithstanding its heathen origin and character, its influence in the Church was great and long continued. The writings of its author were translated, annotated and paraphrased, centuries after his death. As there is no effect without an adequate cause, there must have been power in this system and an adaptation to the cravings of a large class of minds." When it is remembered that this is the word of a "hard-shell Presbyterian" and that his book is the textbook in all Presbyterian theological seminaries, we cannot wish for any better endorsement of whatever claims we may make in regard to the influence that came from Dionysius.

Mr. Hodge thus sums up the causes of the influence of the writings of Dionysius: "To account for its extensive influence it may be remembered: (1) That it did not openly shock the faith or prejudices of the Church. It did not denounce any received doctrine or repudiate any established institution or ordinance. It pretended to be Christian. It undertook to give a deeper or more correct insight into the mysteries of religion. (2) It subordinated the outward to the inward. Some men are satisfied with rites, ceremonies, symbols, which may mean anything or nothing; others, with knowledge or clear views of the soul, intercourse with God, the inner life of the soul, truth to others, the inner life of the soul, intercourse with God, is the great thing. To these this system addressed itself. It proposed to satisfy this craving after God. It was the high end of union with Him that it proposed, and which it professed to secure. (3) This system was only one form of the doctrine which has such a fascination for the human mind, and which underlies so many forms of religion in every age of the world; the doctrine, namely, that the universe is an efflux of the life of God,—all things flowing from him, and back again to him from everlasting to everlasting. This doctrine quiets the conscience, as it precludes the idea of sin; it gives the peace which flows from fatalism; and it promises the absolute rest of unconsciousness when the individual is absorbed in the bosom of the Infinite."

Setting aside the Doctor's crude notion of "peace which flows from fatalism," what more can we desire? Every truth, which we lay claim to for Dionysius, is here admitted.

In speaking of Bernard of Clairvaux, Hugo and Richard of St. Victor, Gerson and Thomas a Kempis, Dr. Hodge makes the following confession: "These men were great blessings to the Church. Their influence was directed to the preservation of the inward life of religion in opposition to the formality and ritualism which then prevailed in the Church; and thus to free the conscience from subjection to human authority. The writings of Bernard are still held in high esteem, and 'The Imitation of Christ' by Thomas a Kempis, has diffused itself like incense through all the aisles and alcoves of the universal Church."

About Bohme, he says: "That such a man should write books which have proved a mine of thoughts to Schelling, Hegel, and Coleridge, as well as to a whole class of theologians, is decisive evidence of his extraordinary gifts."

Robert Alfred Vaughan was too much of a minister of the Church of England and his mind too indoctrinated to be just to the Mystics. His book, "Hours with the Mystics," is a strange mixture of ministerial arrogance and incompetence to deal with the real depth of the subject before him. Still, nowhere and without the intention of doing so, he pays Mysticism a high tribute, when his real purpose is to criticize and break down. Such a passage is the following: "The Mystics seem to say that the Spirit will manifest to the devout mind verities within itself which are, as it were, the essence and original of the truths which the Church without has been accustomed to teach; so that, supposing a man to have rightly seen the external revelation, and at a certain point to suspend all reference to it, and to be completely secluded from all external influences, there would then be manifested to him, in God, the Ideas themselves which have been developed in time into a Bible and a historical Christianity. The soul, on this Platonist principle, enjoys a commerce once more with the world of Intelligence in the depth of the Divine Nature. She recovers her wings. The obstructions on the tablet of Reminiscence are supplied. A theosophist like Paracelsus would declare that the whole universe is laid up potentially in the mind of man—the microcosm answering to the macrocosm. In a similar way these Mystics would have us believe that there is in man a microcosm within, answering to the macrocosm of the Church without. Accordingly they deem it not difficult to discover a Christology in psychology, a Trinity in metaphysics. Hence, too, the assertion that if the heathen had only known themselves, they would have known God."

Mdm. Staël's book on Germany is full of strong and clear statements regarding Mysticism. But our space will not allow us to quote more than one passage: "Thrice," she says, "is man summoned to yield in total and disinterested resignation,—in youth, in manhood, and in age. Happy are they who submit at first!" We wonder if this womanly genius saw, when she gave this statement, that thereby was given the key to the whole inner life of mankind? Did she per-

* Eschenmayer.
† Herzog's Encyclopedia, art. M.
‡ Esch. d. d. d. d. d.
§ Quoted in J. L. Ewald's *History of Mysticism*.

WITCHES AND MEDIUMS.*

A Historical Parallel by Dr. Carl du Prel.

Translated by "V."

(Light, London.)

Crookes proved that this power is capable of being transferred. In common with his comrades, Wallace, Huggins, De Morgan and Varley, he made the trial of the alteration of weight of inorganic substances, in the presence of the medium Home, by an apparatus he had himself invented, and which was beyond the comprehension of the medium. He found objects change in weight from 25 to 100 pounds. By the light touch of his hands, Home obtained a greater increase of weight than Crookes could by the whole weight of his body, that is 140 pounds. He called this force, operating at a distance, and without absolute contact, "psychic force." This force is connected in an incomprehensible manner with the human organism, and is innate in every one, being especially strong in mediums, although even in these it has its ebb and flood periods, and sometimes is altogether absent. Professor Butler has spoken of similar experiments, in which the normal alteration of the dynamometer was raised from 100 to 150 pounds, while Home's hands were so in contact with the instrument that every mechanical exercise of power on his side would rather have decreased than increased the weight. The same experiment was made by Professor Hare, with an apparatus with which the medium came in contact, not directly, but only through the medium of water, when the spring-balance indicated a force of eighteen English pounds. Finally Crookes constructed an apparatus which could only be worked by very strong force, and with which any touch of Home's must have been insufficient; nevertheless, the spring-balance denoted a very considerable alteration, even when his hands were held three inches off. At other times an alteration was remarked at a distance of from two to three feet. This psychic force, which Crookes likewise found in several members of families of his acquaintance, was always connected with a corresponding absorption of vital power.

Weight, therefore, is not fixed, unchangeable force; but in the human organism another force must exist which, in certain circumstances, combines with the first, but which likewise can act in opposition to it and may be transferred to inorganic bodies. No more is needed to bring these mystical phenomena in some degree within our comprehension, though they would none the less be facts if we could not understand them in the least. Since, however, this force is subject to great fluctuations, and is often absent altogether, many failures must be looked for to begin with; and there is a logical difficulty in the way of experimenting with professional mediums, in the case of a force which is not at their voluntary command at certain fixed hours. Many professional mediums will doubtless be wrecked upon this rock, as they will try to supplement their deficient power by artificial means, if the insufficient precautions taken by the experimenters allow of their so doing. Exposures, therefore, will never be doing wanting.

It is related in the Bible that Simon, the magician, was raised in the air before the eyes of the Apostle Peter. In order to show that such magicians are identical with persons known at the present time as mediums, and that other analogies exist between both, we will recount the acts of this Simon, according to Clement, Peter's disciple, boasts himself. It might, indeed, be thought to be almost a complete programme of a modern medium; when we read: "When I am bound, I can free myself.... I can cause trees and shrubs to grow up suddenly; when I am thrown into the fire I am not burnt; I can alter my countenance so that I am not recognized; and I can fly in the air, like a bird."

Let us add the following, so as to make the parallel clear: The freeing of the medium from artificially contrived knots belongs to the phenomena of ancient times. It is not to be denied that by constant practice a medium might be able to get free from some kinds of bandages; but it would be illogical to assert that, therefore, he is able to release himself from hundreds of different contrivances for tying him securely at every séance at which he is present. As to the rapid growth of trees and shrubs, it is sufficient to call attention to the fact that Indian fakirs, as well as some mediums, Mrs. Esplanade, for instance, possess the power of producing this. The French savant, Jacollot, gives accounts in recent times of this power among fakirs; but I find it mentioned as long ago as 1705, in Christopher Langhans' "Travels in the East Indies." With regard to Mrs. Esplanade, the *Herald of Progress* (Sept. 3rd, 1880) gives a drawing of an *luxur crocata*, with an account of its sudden growth, which was sent to me by Professor Sellin, an eye-witness of the phenomenon. I shall take an opportunity later on of going more into detail on this by no means incomprehensible matter. As to the immunity of mediums from fire, this dates back to the exposure of the three children in the fiery furnace, and there exist hundreds of persons in London who can bear witness to seeing Home hold glowing coals in his hand, and of his transferring this immunity from burning to other persons and inanimate objects. He even put his face in the flame proceeding from a fire in the chimney, so that the flames sparkled through his hair. The "enlightened" will, no doubt, say that this was done by jugglery; but one of the best conjurers, Bosco, rejects this idea as untenable.

Finally, the transformation of countenance spoken of by Simon, the magician, comes, in the case of mediums, under the head of transfiguration; the floating in the air we have already sufficiently shown to be a phenomenon familiar in Spiritualism.

Besides these old magicians, Jamblichus and the works attributed to him on the "Mysteries of the Egyptian," can only be thoroughly understood by those who are familiar with Spiritualism. They will recognize the convulsive motions of the medium, in reading that the body, "seized by the Divine Spirit" is sometimes motionless, sometimes strongly agitated. The immunity from fire, and the ordeal by water of witches, will be recalled to them by the words: "They walk upon burning coals and cross-streams in a marvelous manner." He likewise mentions the ecstatic rising in the air, so often remarked with mediums. At a séance at which I was once present, one of the spectators, although a very tall man, had to stand up and stretch out his arm to its fullest extent, so as not to let go of the arm of the medium, Eglington; he estimated the height the latter had risen above the ground to be about eight feet. The learned theologian, Barlow, in describing these passages, has left out a detail which apparently seemed to him too absurd to transcribe, but which is to

be found in both the Greek and Latin editions. It is to the effect that the body seemed to grow in height and breadth. This, however, has been noticed several times in the case of the medium Home. Mr. Jencken says: "The length of the body generally takes place from the hips upward, to the extent of several inches, and on one occasion I measured an unusual increase of length in the body, which was fully eight inches. The diminution of the height is equally wonderful. I was a witness of Mr. Home shrinking to the size of about five feet in height; and I measured in similar instances (as narrated in *Human Nature*, of March, 1880) the expansion and contraction of the hand, arm and leg. Fortunately these expansions and contractions were witnessed, besides myself, by at least fifty persons, and the fact is established at the present time beyond a doubt."

Lord Lindsay thus describes the same phenomenon: "On another occasion I saw Mr. Home increase eleven inches in height. I measured him standing against the wall, and noted his increase of height; but not satisfied with this, I placed him in the middle of the room and set a candle before him, so that he cast a shadow upon the wall, the height of which I likewise noted. When he awoke, I measured him again in his normal size, as well as the shadow, and the results were the same. I can swear that he neither raised himself from the ground, nor stood on tip-toe, as I had a complete view of his feet, besides which a gentleman who was present placed his foot upon one of Home's and laid one hand upon his shoulder, and the other on his side, where the lower ribs approach the hip.... He stood almost upright in the middle of the room, and before the lengthening in height began I placed my foot upon his. I can take my oath, therefore, that his heels were not raised in the least from the ground. When Home grew in height, while standing against the wall, Lord Adair placed his foot upon one of his, while I measured the height upon the wall. I likewise once saw him grow longer while in a horizontal position on the floor. Lord Adair was present, and Home seemed to grow at either end, and pushed me and Adair away."

The enlightened one, of course, will say that Home is a wonderfully clever impostor. I might, however, just put this question to them. Who among the Alexandrian philosophers were the impostors, seeing that they did not experiment with mediums, but were mediums themselves? And if the "enlightened" reply that the whole school of philosophy in Alexandria must have consisted of impostors, I will make my reverence, not before their intellect, but before the results of their enlightenment.

Similar phenomena were mentioned as occurring among the Caribbean magicians, long before anything was known of modern Spiritualism. "They are frequently seen in an ecstatic state, when, with their senses dormant, another spirit seems to have taken possession of them, and speaks from their mouths" (like trance-mediums), "acts by means of their organs, and sometimes lifts them up in the air, or makes them appear taller than they are by nature." So in the Middle Ages the Abbot Wilhelm von St. Agatha visited a possessed person, of whom it is said: "The woman began to increase in size before his eyes, till she grew to the height of a tower." Bodinus says in like manner: "The devil raised her in height till she reached the roof."

Those who are not yet satisfied with this parallel between ancient and modern mysticism are recommended to examine the *Romish Rituals Exorcistarium*. The signs it gives as indicating possession may be set aside by side with the phenomena described as belonging to somnambulists and mediums. The *Rituals* names: "1. Knowledge of the future. 2. Clairvoyance in space. 3. Thought-reading. 4. Understanding foreign languages. 5. Speaking foreign tongues. 6. Intellectual exaltation. 7. Increase of physical strength, beyond that of sex and age. 8. Floating in the air for a considerable time."

It is thus seen that Spiritualism throws a light upon phenomena which have been observed in every age, but which in every period have been ascribed to different causes. Jamblichus, from the standpoint of his philosophy, calls these persons "inspired of God" who in the Middle Ages, from the standpoint of the Christian faith, were declared to be possessed by the devil, and who at the present day are looked upon from the materialistic standpoint as impostors and conjurers. As a proof of our ignorance, we adopt the conclusion that our forefathers for centuries believed in things without any foundation; and we accuse chroniclers of the highest estimation of superstition. Zeller, in his "Philosophy of the Greeks," whose description is most satisfactory as long as he confines himself to the rationalistic portions of his philosophy (that, for instance, of Aristotle), loses all objectivity when he comes to speak of the new Platonic philosophy. If he were acquainted with spiritualistic facts, it would be impossible for him to say that the labors of the Alexandrian philosophers must lead "to the extinction of superstition, mysticism and fanaticism in scientific life, and particularly that Jamblichus, in his 'Mysteries of the Egyptians,' set forth a speculative theology, commencing with the highest metaphysical principles, but 'knew how to find the way quickly enough to the densest superstition.'" When men of undoubted reputation declare themselves in favor of mysterious phenomena, it is always the last resource of rationalism to accuse them of being a compound of genius and madness. When Zöllner devoted himself to the study of Spiritualism, he was declared to be mad, and when he was followed by Fechner and Weber, the latter were said to be old men in their dotage.

In England, when public opinion looked upon the growth of Spiritualism as a calamity, and selected Crookes as the proper man to put an end to this delusion by means of scientific researches, Crookes took the matter in hand, and instituted a series of experiments in his own study with every imaginable precaution against deception, with a girl not much more than a child as medium. When, however, he declared himself in favor of the spiritualistic theory, it was said that Crookes, too, was no longer to be relied upon. It was just the same with regard to Wallace, and quite recently, in the January number of the *Deutscher Rundschau*, it was said of him by Professor Preyer that he had lost his scientific reputation since he had taken up with Spiritualism. Since, however, Zöllner, Wallace and Crookes, both during and after their spiritualistic experiments, wrote books far beyond anything ever written by Professor Preyer, the latter would do well to abandon such a doubtful hypothesis for a physiologist to entertain, namely, that in one and the same head genius could alternate with imbecility. It might almost be said with as much reason that the same pair of eyes could at one time be sharp-sighted, and at another nearly blind.

When we see that the phenomena occurring with somnambulists, witches, persons called possessed, and mediums, have been remarked to take place in a similar manner in every age, we have only one alternative; either to assume that mankind for from two to three thousand years have been the dupes of a colossal superstition, and that we ourselves, at the present time, are on the point of relapsing into this state of superstition; or, which is much more probable, that the short period of enlightenment during the one or two centuries preceding the present epoch has been in error, as far as mysticism is concerned. The last hypothesis is evidently much simpler than the first, and according to the weight of evidence in its favor, I feel bound to adopt it.

It would carry me too far at present to enter further into a comparison of the phenomena connected with this department. Any one is capable of doing this who will take the trouble of examining the literature on the subject, and I shall frequently refer to the topic in future works. I will only here bring forward one or two other points. We find that reading, and—notwithstanding what Herr Preyer says—without contact with the saints, possessed persons, witches, somnambulists and mediums; the untying of complicated knots and extrication from bandages; speaking in foreign tongues and attraction of inanimate objects with somnambulists and mediums; swallowing needles by possessed persons, as well as by the ecstatic virgins in the Tyrol; rappings, spirit-writings, setting at a distance; mysterious stone-throwing with witches as well as with mediums. And, to-day it may be said of somnambulists and mediums, in the words of St. Paul: "To one is given by the Spirit the word of wisdom; to another the word of knowledge by the same Spirit; to another faith by the same Spirit; to another the gifts of healing by the same Spirit; to another the working of miracles; to another prophecy; to another discerning of spirits; to another divers kinds of tongues; to another the interpretation of tongues."

It is not possible to account for these parallel phenomena, occurring in all ages and among every nation, by the theory of imposture. Imposture and conjuring are capable of development; but in this case we meet with an extraordinary kind of conservation of identical phenomena in whatever epoch or country they take place. We are obliged, therefore, to inquire how it comes to pass that during the period of enlightenment a belief founded upon facts can have been almost completely obliterated from the knowledge of mankind in such a way that anyone who in our day makes a study of it, even in the most scientific manner, incurs the reproach of being mad. The most simple explanation to give would be that during the age of enlightenment such facts no longer have taken place, and this seems really to be the case. In the Middle Ages witches were exterminated wholesale by fire and sword, because their nature was misunderstood. Soldau puts the number of persons who, during the 11th century were burnt or otherwise put to death, at nine and a half millions. Now, since mediumistic powers have never been very common at any time, this process of extermination seems like an indirect raid by persons of normal character, and consequently by men of rationalistic opinions. The necessary consequence of this was the objective diminution of witchcraft, or mediumistic power, while the period of enlightenment, in its superior wisdom, thought it had stamped out a simple subjective form of madness. Since, however, during the last 100 to 150 years, enlightenment has abandoned the work of extermination, the objective re-development of the nature of witches (or mediumistic power) is become possible, and this is confounded by the enlightened of our day with a subjective falling back into an old superstition.

I certainly think that natural science will yet find an explanation of mystical phenomena, though not the science of our day, but science when it is enriched by the discoveries of new forces in human beings and new relations between mankind and nature. I believe likewise that science will be forced to acknowledge the existence of an "intelligible" world. But since every branch of science proceeds on the supposition that the department it investigates is governed by laws, I am convinced that so far from mankind losing belief in miracles, they will find the old miracles capable of scientific explanation, instead of simply denying their existence, and that the laws in relation to the "intelligible" world will be openly proclaimed.

* 1 Cor. xii. 7-11.
* Soldau, *Geschichte des Hexenprocesses*, I., 453.

THEISTIC RHETORIC.

Matthew Arnold made a wise distinction when he said that the Bible should be read as literature and not as dogma. This distinction is especially applicable to the characterization of Deity as found in the Bible; or, it may be added, as found in the Scriptures of any religion. In truth, the intellect of mankind, in attempting to conceive of Supreme Being, has labored with a thought too large to be grasped logically, and hence, particularly in the earlier and forming stages of religion, it has resorted to imagination and rhetoric for expression rather than to syllogism. Christian theologians, in text-books and lectures designed for theological seminaries, have endeavored to put the attributes of Deity into a concrete logical order, which the student might comprehend and store away in his memory, as he might analyze and jot down in his note book the features and qualities of an object in natural history which he was studying. But these endeavors have been only pitiful and vain attempts to reduce the overpowering riches of Oriental imagination to the plummet line and rule of the exact sciences. The Bible, which they profess to take as the basis for their theological doctrines, cannot be successfully treated in that way. And the leading Biblical scholars of the day are coming to see with Mr. Arnold, that the Bible, especially the Old Testament, must be studied, not as dogma, but as literature. It were well if Liberal critics of the Bible—the Colonel Ingersoll type, for instance—would take more note of this fact than they are accustomed to do.

Of this distinction between literature and dogma, there is no better illustration than the various appellations and descriptions that are applied in the Old Testament to Deity. If the Bible contained a revealed logical doctrine concerning Almighty Power, these efforts at definition and description should have unity and consistency; there should be no contradictions in them, no variations owing to different points of view, no change of characterization to suit a changed mental mood or variable conditions of nature. But, in the language of the Old Testament about Deity, all these features are particularly conspicuous. It seems as if the writers were conscious of their inability to express the conception which their

minds struggled to seize and hold. Hence, they rapidly changed the epithet, varied the description, piled miscellaneous excellence upon another whatever appellations of excellence occurred to them, entangled themselves in mazes of metaphors without any compunctions of a rhetorical conscience against the mixture, evidently feeling, as indeed they said, that, name, describe, and exalt Infinite Being as they might, they would still fall short of what was due. It is evident, too, that different minds, as they wrote, were impressed by different aspects of the Power they tried to describe; and that the same minds expressed themselves differently according as it was some aspect of the material world that, for the time, impressed them most deeply, or some aspect of the human conscience and heart in the experience and struggles of life.

For instance, in the space of a single Psalm may be found, perhaps, not only the two leading words for Deity which run through the Hebrew Bible, and which appear in the English version as *Jehovah* and *God*, but such titles, epithets, and descriptive phrases as these: Lord of Hosts; the Everlasting King; the Most High; the Almighty; the Shepherd leading his flock; the Captain leading his army; a Rock; a Shield; a Buckler; a Fortress; a Refuge; a Tower; a Sun and a Shield, in one sentence. He is the High and Holy One who inhabiteth eternity, and he is the Lord mighty in battle. He is Deliverer, Strength, Salvation, Redeemer. He is terrible in power, and he is plenteous in mercy. His voice shaketh the wilderness, and his voice is not heard. He walketh upon the wings of the wind and maketh the clouds his chariot, yet inhabiteth the lowly heart, and men rest under the shadow of his wings. He is Light, he is Life, he is Father, he is Law-giver, he is Judge of all the earth, and the Avenger of wickedness and Destroyer of the wicked. Clouds and darkness are round about him and he hideth himself in the thick darkness, yet out of Zion, the perfection of beauty, he has shined. He has a house built for him to dwell in on earth, and it is said also that the heaven of heavens cannot contain him, how much less this house that men have builded for him. A devouring fire goeth before him, yet he is a place of broad rivers unto his people. His way is in the sea, and his path in the great waters, and his footsteps are not known; but his footsteps cover the earth, he maketh a path to shine after him, and his paths drop fatness. He is spirit,—no eye hath at any time seen him, nor ear hath heard him; yet he sitteth upon a throne in the heavens, he thundereth marvelously with his voice, and the eyes of the people are blinded by the splendor of his glory.

Thus did these ancient writers wrestle with language to utter their thought of the Eternal Power whose existence was manifest to them in the energies and order of the universe, and in whose presence and under whose rule they believed themselves to live. In one short, familiar Psalm, God is described as the preserver of man and beast; as a being whose loving-kindness is excellent and whose faithfulness reacheth unto the clouds; as a brooding mother-bird under the shadow of whose wings the children of men put their trust; as the light; as the fountain of life; as a householder who can abundantly satisfy with the fatness of his house and who will cause his guests to drink of the river of his pleasures.

Now, to turn these fast flowing tropes—many of them beautiful, some of them more bold and forcible than beautiful—into dogma, to try to transfix these poetical figures of speech into logical doctrines, is to do violence, not only to the writings, but to the minds of the writers. These writers had not come to the time when they could have any concern to form a metaphysical conception of Deity. They were simply speaking out, in the best way they could, the thoughts and feelings with which their minds were charged as they contemplated the mighty forces of the world around them, and the bearing of these forces upon their own life experiences. They had come to the point where they could believe that, in some way, these forces and powers, however various in appearance, were all united in one Supreme Power; that is, they were monotheists. But how the variety of conception and contradiction of expression were to be philosophically explained and logically harmonized, was not a problem with which they were called to deal. Only the author of the book of Job made any attempt to solve this problem; and his effort, though it resulted in a sublime poem, was not very successful as a philosophical treatise. His conception was that the Creator of the world had apportioned good and evil to mankind for discipline, as seemed to him good, and it was not for man to know nor question why. But, aside from this one book, the Old Testament in its utterances about Deity consists simply of *naïve impressions* and ideas, generally vigorous, sometimes fanciful, but never to be read as dogma or philosophy.

In other words, the theistic language of the Hebrews is poetry rather than theology. The central image of the Jehovah conception is, of course, anthropomorphic. It is so because it is an image; that is, a poetic representation, and not an abstract, philosophical conception. Yet the same poetic faculty which created this image of a supreme gigantic man for an embodiment of Almighty Power, prevented any consistent adherence to and development of the idea. The gigantic man idea was constantly abandoned as the exigencies of emotion in the presence of nature's wondrous phenomena required, and forms of expression entirely inconsistent with it were adopted. Imagination was allowed full play, and the Hebrew mind drew upon the whole domain of its observation both of human attributes and of nature's forces to find adequate dress for its thoughts and feelings concerning Infinite Power. A Rock, the Shadow of wings, the Sunlight, the Life-giving fountain, the River of pleasures, the Cloud-tabernacle, the Voice that thundereth marvellously,—these were descriptive metaphors drawn from the realm of nature. Of all this imagery which the Old Testament applies to Deity it may be said, that it proves the Hebrew mind to have felt that, in any attempt to describe Supreme Power, it must avail itself of all its possible resources of knowledge and language. If Deity existed everywhere and had all power, then all existences and forces were a manifestation of him and could be rightly used to illustrate and describe him. And yet, after the highest flights of rhetorical description of Deity, the Hebrew exclaimed, "Lo, these are but a part of His ways," and honestly confessed that, "Touching the Almighty, we cannot find Him out." The Hebrew was audacious in the use of imagery, but he had not the audacity to claim that he had made a complete chart of the divine nature and attributes, as have theological writers of a more modern type.—W. J. Potter in *Index*.

Mme. Nevada-Palmer will not sing in public this season, but will warble only at home to her baby and friends.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

CAPITAL AND LABOR.

What are the Relations between them?

BY A. H. LOW.

I have in a former effort, shown, as I think, that capital or wealth or both, are but crystallized labor. Wealth is the surplus results of labor after the laborer has been fed, housed and clothed, or in one word sustained. Every person who owns anything which is an instrument of production is to that extent a capitalist, whether it be a sewing needle or a saw mill. No conflict exists between any laborer and his own capital over the results of the combination of the two in the act of production. Why? Simply because capital is inanimate and a mere tool in the hands of him who uses it. To create a conflict, there must be two separate and opposing interests. There are no such separate and opposing interests between a man and his own capital. This fact has become the chief argument, by one school of political economists whose distinguishing doctrine is that "there is no conflict between capital and labor." In but one sense is this true. Capital in its general acceptance, being inanimate, it is alone as such, incapable of engaging in, or carrying on, a conflict. The conflict which does exist, and is so fiercely waged, is between the capitalist on the one side and the laborer on the other, where the one who labors is not himself the capitalist. Every time capital is not his own is employed by a laborer, or one who has capital, employs another to use it for any purpose, whether it be for simple sustenance, or for accumulation of additional capital or wealth. This important question always must be settled. How much of the product of the combination employed shall go to the owner of the capital, and how much shall go to the one who performs the labor? It requires only the statement of the fact to show that if a certain share is specified and allowed to one of the claimants, the balance or residue will belong to the other. There is, then, a conflict of interest between capitalists and laborers when separated in person, and there is also a conflict between laborers as such.

Every laborer is seeking his own advantage—the largest return possible for the labor he expends. Not only that, but every laborer is seeking opportunity to employ his power to labor. In a strained and unnatural state of commerce, there seems to be more power to labor than can be profitably employed, so there becomes a conflict of competition in which one having the power to labor seeks opportunity to employ that power even at the sacrifice of a portion of its proceeds in order to obtain the opportunity in preference to his competitor. This competition for opportunity to labor forces the price on remuneration of labor to the lowest point at which capitalists seeking employment for their capital can force it, before they themselves must become competitors for labor. Here is disclosed the operation of infinite law, illustrated by the simple lever. The fulcrum is the point of equilibrium, where the competition of capitalists for the services of the laborer, and the competition of laborers for the use of capital, meet and balance each other. This state is illustrated and demonstrated by two things: the price or wages paid by capitalists to laborers for their services on the one hand, and the rate of interest paid by laborers to capitalists for the use of capital on the other. A high rate of interest indicates that laborers are waging strong competition against each other for the use of capital, and a high rate of wages indicates that capitalists are waging strong competition against each other for the services of laborers, and vice versa.

Personal interest is the quickening power which keeps the commercial lever constantly in a state of motion, vibrating about the point of equilibrium. Equilibrium, however, is the dead point. If the air remained in perfect equilibrium about the earth shortly after animal life now existing would cease. A lever placed across a fulcrum and rigidly fixed there could perform none of the services for which the lever is distinguished. Its ready answer to any influence upon either arm gives it its usefulness. The sea, if it were always still, its waters never changing position, and never yielding itself to the influence of the sun and the moon, would be a stagnant abode of death. These and other illustrations, as the succession of the seasons, day and night, childhood and old age, all declare that change is the order of all nature. Why less so in the commercial world than in the physical world?

Still it is as illogical to teach contentment and submission to all the conditions brought about by commercial activities as to welcome the thunderbolt, the cyclone and the water-spout. Nature teaches us that violent or extreme changes in temperature, in the motion of the atmosphere, in the operation of the laws of expansion and contraction, gravitation, the centrifugal and the centrifugal forces, are fraught with direst consequences to mankind. So in the social or commercial world. Rapid accumulation of wealth and sudden poverty are both unnatural and alike injurious. Extreme idleness is injurious; so is over-work. It seems that state is most felicitous which approaches nearest a mean between extremes. Absolute equilibrium is no more to be desired than extreme motion or divergence. In solving the problem of capital and labor, then, we must ascertain this mean, which is half way between wealth existing without labor and labor existing without wealth. All wealth is so easily converted into capital that the word wealth practically includes capital in its definition.

Considering man's possibilities due to his intelligence and inventive genius, he is reduced practically to the extreme of equilibrium when he is by his exertions barely able to sustain life in himself and family. To him all the possibilities of progress are denied. He is only a living, writhing worm. The other extreme would be reached when one is possessed of so much wealth as to require no further exertion, and the situation is accepted. For in that state a man is as near dead to the rest of the world as he who can make no effort in excess of that required to sustain life.

In a commercial sense our well-being is determined by the amount of wealth which we have to employ in the attainment of happiness. But in a better sense happiness is not dependent upon wealth, for it depends entirely upon the wisdom with which it is used whether wealth contributes to happiness or misery.

I think it is an incontrovertible claim that the laborer is entitled to all his labor produces, and no part of it should be forcibly or stealthily taken from him; but he should be at liberty to retain it or exchange it for something he desires more. Excepting landlords, I do not think of any class of men who boldly, in words, deny this claim. It is not until the laborer engages in production with the use of capital, belonging to another, that the question of how much he shall have of the product arises. The question is, what is a

* Supplement to the *Wiener Allgemeine Zeitung*, Nov. 21, 1885 and 21, 1886.
* Whittman, *Poet*.

* Report of the Disfranchisement Society, 11-12.
* Brandeis.
* Adams.

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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, October 2, 1886.

Social Science.

During the last thirty-five years the progress of events has far outstripped those recognized laws which were supposed to set the boundaries of society. Rapid growths are always inconvenient and sometimes painful; new garments have to be made for the expanding form or old ones pined out to accommodate its changes.

It is to be expected that the diminutive coat, narrow across the chest and shoulders and abbreviated in length, should prove both unsightly and uncomfortable. It is a thing of shreds and patches; half the buttons have been snapped off and their places supplied with strings that are either full of knots or nearly broken. Evidently society needs a new garment; one that shall fit, yet not constrict, that shall protect yet not encumber, that shall clothe and yet be elastic. For man is only in his boyhood now, and dame Nature is sorely at her wit's end to keep him a decent spectacle. As long as he was a child in leading-strings to monarchs and priests, he could be taken care of and kept within bounds. But he now has reached a stature when pupillage is no longer possible.

It is not in America alone that there is ferment and unrest, both political and social, through all ranks of society. There are sounds of exultation and menace throughout England, France, Germany, Belgium and Russia, to say nothing of the sleepy southern countries bordering on the Mediterranean sea. That divine power working at the heart of things finds its issue through growing manhood in mines, in factories, in workshops, on farms, and in every form of work, and that issue is not always peaceful and pleasant. The boy is sowing his wild oats, and the crop is often full of weeds and very unprofitable. Nevertheless it contains good seed and it is the duty of the social scientist to winnow that seed from the chaff, and to recommend it to the producer and consumer.

The American Social Science Association held its first meeting in Boston some twenty-one years ago, called together by a department of the government of the commonwealth and convened in the State House. Its object may be broadly stated as the application of science to common life, and the effort to formulate the laws under which society assures the greatest temporal prosperity and spiritual culture to every individual member. The address of the President of the last year, Hon. John Eaton, Commissioner of Education, contains an exposition of the scientific method in the common affairs of life. He said:

"The answers to life problems are marked by the discovery and application of truth. These truths, thus disclosed, pertain to man and his environment; they reach into the mysteries of his being and all beings; they go into the heavens above and down into the earth beneath. They have their modern basis in laws of action, and their discovery is pre-eminently the work of science. These laws are in us and around us; we use them and must abide by them, whether we will or no. Growth in knowledge of these laws, is expected to guide to wisdom, to give light for darkness, to find truth and reject error, to establish what is right and overturn what is wrong, to lift man up, to give him greater breadth of view, and greater mastery over material nature, to make improvements in himself and his conditions, by conforming to established laws, and thus to give progress to civilization. Thus law is expected to take the place of license, liberty the place of slavery."

It may be seen what scope and aims employ the energies of the active members of the Association, who are not, necessarily, college graduates nor doctors of philosophy. They hope to ennoble their own characters, as well as to become tributary to the public good, believing that every advancement in science is an improvement in the commonwealth. And, certainly, the earnestness, gravity, dignity and mutual toleration which characterized the methods of the members of the Social Science Association, cannot but enlarge and liberalize all who listen to their proceedings or read their annual reports.

In the domain of practical life, such questions are considered as involve the care and training of the young; the skill and economy of industry; the prevention of disease and the preservation of health; the rewards of virtue and the punishments of crime; the establishment of right social customs and the enactment of wholesome laws; labor in its relation to capital; the family in relation to State; socialism and State action; sanitation and its relation to crime; reformatory schools, prisons, etc., etc. These topics are divided into sub-topics, which, in turn are given special consideration from year to year, as there are too many things connected with the welfare of mankind to treat of only a small portion of those indicated, annually.

In addition, it is proposed by a committee having the matter in charge, to introduce five departments of the American Association into lectures and conferences in universities and colleges. A brilliant beginning has been made in this direction by the auspices of ex-President Andrew D. White, of Cornell, who secured the services of Mr. F. B. Sanborn, of Mass., General Secretary of the Association, as lecturer to the four undergraduate classes of that institution. It must have been very different from the usual fossilized mode of instruction to take these young people out to visit reformatories, prisons and asylums, and so far as could be done, instruct them from example, as well as by precept, that "civilization is an affair of self-restraint and mutual help among individuals." We are not told how far the instructor attempted to point out the causes of crime or the best means of its prevention; although he does say that he "avoided most of the doctrinaire points about which writers have been disputing for centuries." But we are informed that "the introduction of definite instruction in the social sciences, as a whole, into so many American universities, is both the result and the extension of our work in the Association."

Another very hopeful tendency of the times, is the practical and enlightened interest taken by clergymen in whatever comes under the head of social science. They are coming from the study of fate, free-will, fore-knowledge, to meet their fellows on the broad ground of a common humanity. They are growing in sympathetic comprehension of the causes of disease, want and vice, and setting themselves vigorously at work to seek remedies, and, though in a less marked degree, to exterminate the roots of evil, instead of lopping off its branches. Howells, in his "Minister's Charge," puts into the mouth of one of his characters, this remark: "It was a cold day for the clergy when it was imagined that they ought to fit people for both this world and the other," and adds, that "the latter is the simpler task of the two."

It would have been wiser to say that he who is fit for the one life, is also fit for the other, following one another as they do, in natural sequence. And in the meetings of the Association this sequence runs like a thread of gold through all the warp and woof of their fabric. In the culture of the individual, and the development of society, clergy and laity alike assume that society is made up of imperishable units, and the future is generally the "unnamed party" in every proposal for the good of mankind.

The true Spiritualist is also the social scientist. He has the greatest of all incentives to make this earth a clean, wholesome dwelling-place for his kind. And when he considers the misdirection given, through ignorance, to lives that have no end, he acknowledges that every topic considered in the Association is of vital interest. He does not stand aside, and rightly ordering his own life, feel accountable for that alone. He realizes that universal brotherhood brings with it mutual responsibilities.

Individuals are more than separate links in an endless chain of being, reaching from the finite to the infinite. Pulations from the great heart of all throbb through every link, so that "of one blood are all nations of the earth." The scientist measures these heart beats and calls the results laws. If he be also spiritual-minded, he strives to penetrate through these manifestations to the essence of which they are expressions, and to conform his own will with that of the Divine nature.

Missionary Troubles in China.

From the far-off Chinese city of Peking comes a curious petition to the President of the United States from the officers of the "China Branch of the Evangelical Alliance." The missionaries there are, in a strange trouble. They try to teach Christianity as a religion of peace and good will, and the natives actually look with contempt on their efforts. Not that the average Chinaman is averse to this good doctrine, but he has found out that our home-practice is quite another thing. This petition says: "Already in Canton the names of Chinese who have been maltreated, or put to death, in the United States are placarded day by day, and threats of reprisal have been made." Unoffending Chinese have been slaughtered by mobs in our western borders, and it is no marvel that these distant natives of Asia fail to discriminate and make bloody reprisals. It is "an eye for an eye," only the Christian plucked out the first eye and the pagan followed suit. The petition says:

"In view of the hatred and grievous wrongs experienced by their countrymen in the United States, what must be the estimate formed by the Chinese people of the humanity and justice of Christian nations? What the estimate of the effect produced by the teachings of the Christian sacred books, as compared with those produced by the Confucian classics? After all they have suffered in their own land at the hands of Christian nations through war and the opium traffic, if the Chinese now learn that their countrymen abroad are driven out of Christian lands,

as if they defiled the very soil by their presence, what judgment must they form of the people of such lands?"

The missionaries are in an unpleasant predicament as were their predecessors among the Kareens in Burmah, sent out by our American Board in the days of slavery. The Kareens had heard of "slaves, horses and other cattle" sold at auction in sight of our churches, and they said to their would-be teachers of Christianity: "We hear that you sell each other in your country. We prefer to be pagans, for we have no human chattels in our land, and if you make us Christians our children may be sold away from us." Not only is the situation of these missionaries unpleasant, but dangerous. Mob law in Christian America makes its path of fire and blood into China, and life is in peril there. It would seem as though we had better do home missionary work rather than send well-meaning men across the wide seas and there involve them in such peril by our worse than heathenish lawlessness.

At the Michigan Methodist Conference in Adrian this month a memorial to Congress was offered by Rev. A. Edwards, editor of the *N. W. Christian Advocate*, which quotes from our treaty with China in 1880, by which that government agreed to restrict Chinese emigration to the United States, provided that "Chinese laborers now in the United States be allowed to go and come of their own free will, and shall be accorded all the rights, immunities, etc., of citizens of the most favored nations," and declares the outrages on the Chinese in Oregon and elsewhere a failure, on our part, to keep that treaty, and a disgrace to our land.

Of the Chinese indignities, on merchants and missionaries, in that country, he says: "We have no right to expect that the people of a heathen country will be more careful of the rights of Americans than the people of this Christian country are of the rights of the Chinese in our land." This plain talk is timely, and the memorial was adopted, we are glad to state, with hearty unanimity, and is to be officially sent to a Michigan senator for presentation to Congress. The Chinese religion mainly consists in the worship of their ancestors, with a sense of their presence and help which makes a crude sort of Spiritualism. The Confucian maxims, highly revered by their leading classes, emphasize ethics and morals, and a large infusion of Buddhist views reaches over the kingdom. It is painfully clear that our professed Christian land is the first and worst in aggressive violence and bad faith. We are not in fit state to Christianize China. "Physician heal thyself" is a good prescription for us.

Camp and Grove Meetings.

The season for open air meetings is over, and a few frank and friendly suggestions may be timely to think of for another year. The one matter to be most thought of is that it is better not to have such meetings than to have them half planned in a loose and careless way. To make a camp meeting a success, to secure that order, character, spiritual usefulness and justice in its business aspects which are indispensable, requires a great deal more careful study and labor than many suppose. Competent committees, or boards of directors, should be chosen months in advance of the time, authorized and sustained by a responsible society or association in their work of corresponding with speakers and mediums, getting grounds, tents, etc., fixing prices for fares on railroads and at the camp, raising funds, or getting pledges if needed, and having all on a fair and strong basis, and duly advertised. No one person can do all this as it should be done, and if any one tries once, he will not be tempted or induced to try again. A division of labor and responsibility must be had. A fit committee should have charge of the conduct of the meeting, decide and advertise who are to speak on the platform, when and where conference meetings for free exchange of opinions shall be held, and, if necessary, which is rarely the case, forbid any persons whom they consider disorderly or disreputable from speaking on the grounds—the aim being to secure that order and decency without which liberty of speech becomes license. Set hours for silence and quiet at night, and the prohibition of noise and confusion or of any exercises after such hours, is a very important matter for health of mind and body.

In engaging speakers and mediums character is the first consideration. Of course ability, eloquence and spiritual gifts must be thought of, but without good character all these are "as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals." Never ask people to go to a comfortless camp ground. Plain fare is expected, but not discomfort below that of a Modoc Indian lodge. Too long a time for a meeting makes all drag. Ten days or two weeks is good for the smaller camps with few speakers and mediums. A month can only be well filled with more variety, larger attendance, and far more cost and care. Let spiritual and mental culture and gaining facts and experience from good mediums be the leading thought and aim, and let healthful amusements come in for cheer and pleasure such as they give. Dancing is good, but it is not the chief end of man, surely not of camp meetings, and too much dancing and too little thinking has been well said to be a mistake. This and all amusements, should stop at good hours. It is a wrong to body and soul to turn day into night needlessly.

If a camp meeting is so conducted that those in attendance can say that they are helped in health and strength of body and soul, and the outer world respects its good order, it is a success.

Grove meetings or yearly gatherings in doors or out, to last two or three days have been, and are very useful. The North Collins Yearly Meeting in Western New York, and the Sturgis Yearly Meeting in Michigan, have been kept up some thirty years with marked weight and benefit, as have others, too many to name. They are often of quite as much use as camp meetings and have been more successful in the West. Camp or grove meetings should not stop or harm the keeping up of local meetings or societies, but ought rather to stimulate them to new efforts.

In all this nothing new is said, but only some plain words in a case where "line upon line and precept upon precept" is useful.

All gatherings, in camp or grove or hall, in all seasons, when so planned and carried on as to help to a better and wiser daily life and to the spread of true Spiritualism, we always gladly encourage and put on record so far as space in our crowded columns allows.

Involuntary Mesmerism.

The Portland (Ore.) News relates a rather remarkable case, which on one occasion came under the notice of the police of that city, which, for want of a better definition, might be termed a case of involuntary mesmerism. It is a case which would have delighted Mesmer, and will give the students of his doctrines considerable food for reflection. August Brudel, a railroad laborer, met an old friend whom he had not seen for a long time, named A. Whitfield. They had been comrades and were much attached to one another. Scarcely had they exchanged greetings before Brudel began to act in an extraordinary manner. He would mimic Whitfield's every motion, gesture and word, all the while staring at his friend with a face distorted like that of a madman.

The two sat down to dinner at the National hotel, and Brudel ordered the same food that Whitfield did, and kept perfect time to the motion of his arms and mouth. This action was so curious that Whitfield walked down to the police station and gave his friend over to the police authorities. It was thought the man was stricken with nervousness or mesmerism, and Dr. Wheeler was called in to decide the matter. The mesmerized man changed from Whitfield to the doctor, and upon his command would do anything. When told to stretch out his arms it was impossible to force them down. While undergoing the examination he made a dash at Captain Hair with the roar of a bull. Had he succeeded in grasping him there is no telling what he would have done, but upon the command of the doctor would again subside into a quiet mood. It was a most singular case.

Some persons are singularly susceptible to mesmeric influence; and so easily swayed are they generally, that they are merely the creatures of circumstance, the dominant force for the time surrounding them having complete sway. The above instance is paralleled in the experiences of Laroy Spenderland as set forth in an article which he published twelve years ago. For twenty years Mr. Spenderland was a successful revival minister in the M. E. Church. The Methodist papers frequently spoke of him, expressing their sorrow in losing so successful a revival minister as he had been among them. Revival phenomena occurred wherever he preached. And he always noticed that by drilling the plastic minds of a certain class of people with certain ideas, a degree of credulity was thus intensified into faith; and that faith induced "conviction," "conversion," "joy in the Holy Ghost." In a word, "saving faith" was simply the action of the human mind. And all this he soon after proved by experiment; a thing probably never before done. It was thus by experiment, that in 1840 he discovered the law of self induction in the human mind, a discovery in mental science which, he claimed, holds rank with all other discoveries, phenological or psychological, ever made. In 1836, his first experiment as to mesmerism was upon an excellent Methodist lady, in New York, who had been "converted" and entranced under his preaching. At a mere suggestion, she passed immediately into the trance, when she broke out into expressions of joy, exclaiming: "O, brother Spenderland! this is the same state you put me into by your sermon, Sept. 13, 1825, in Belmont Harbor, Mass." And, as that lady was entranced without a "mesmeric will," by suggestion, so has he entranced many others, and among the number hundreds of Christians and ministers, and all of them declared it was one and the same state—"conversion," Christian "joy," or trance!

It is a well known fact, as Mr. Spenderland asserts, that in his experimental lectures in the United States from 1840 to 1852, he produced far more wonderful results by faith in the science of Pathism (another name for the phenomena produced by mesmerism) than were ever witnessed in any revival. By faith, many people in his public lectures were rendered insensible to pain while surgical operations were performed.

Mr. Spenderland's theory is that no "mesmerizer" has or can have any power over his patient, except that by which he has become invested by the confidence and the faith of the one he operates upon, and that the trance is self-induced. Whether Mr. Spenderland's position is true or false, it is certainly a noteworthy fact that mesmerists have relinquished to a great degree the old time practices brought into requisition to induce the trance or mesmeric state. The advanced and skillful operator accomplishes by suggestion and mental impression all that was ever accomplished by "passes"—so called—or by any metallic devices, such as brought into requisition by Dr. Dodd and others.

A Novel Defense.

The *Inter Ocean* states that a novel defense is about to be introduced in the celebrated murder trial of Lewis Webster, at Warren, Ohio. Webster has been twice convicted of the murder of Perry Harrington, Dec. 18th, 1884, and is now having a third trial. The evidence on which he was twice convicted was that of Harrington's widow, who positively swears that she saw Webster's features and recognized them when the mask fell from the murderer's face after he had completed the bloody work. The accused man is a young neighbor, and had always been on the best terms with the murdered man. He bore an excellent reputation in the neighborhood, and his friends stand by him now. His sweetheart has been in the court all the time, and her devotion has been one of the pathetic incidents of each trial. It has even inspired others to believe in the young man's innocence.

But the new testimony that is to be presented, if the court will allow, is from the other world, it is claimed. Miss Nephew, of Jefferson, Ohio, has recently developed into a medium, as set forth in the *Inter Ocean*, and she goes into a trance, when the whole scene of the murder comes to view. She acts out the part of Harrington in this tragedy, defends herself with a chair against the attack of an imaginary enemy, and after a struggle she falls as though shot and becomes cold and rigid in death. After being revived she speaks with the murdered Harrington's voice and says that a book agent, who was canvassing for a "Life of Garfield," committed the murder. He found out that there was money in the house and committed murder to get it. The man is now in the West. The voice of Harrington then pleads for Webster, who was his best friend, and says that he must not be hung for a crime of which he is innocent.

The young lady did not know either Harrington or Webster when she went into the first trance, and says she would never have known them had not the unexplained something pleaded with her to go to Mrs. Harrington with a message from her husband exonerating the man now on trial.

Why the Hindus Reject Orthodoxy.

An important stage has been reached in the development of the crusade of the American Board against "the new theology." At the alumni meeting at Andover, June 11th, Robert A. Hume, a missionary to India, who was at home on a vacation, made a speech in which he said: "I have gone home with a heavy heart and often dim eyes because the gospel of love and mercy which I was seeking to give to these men was followed by a feeling of bitterness in their hearts, because they thought it implied an eternity of sorrow for their ancestors" (as the orthodox doctrines teach that the unconverted are consigned to an eternal hell, which is an abhorrent idea with the Hindus). On account of these words Mr. Hume has been refused permission to resume his missionary work. The refusal has greatly intensified the already strong protest of friends of the new theology, and also of the greater number who take no part in current theological debates but who regard the present attitude of the management at the missionary rooms as unwarranted and unwise. The senior secretary of the board, the Rev. Dr. Clark, under whose special supervision Mr. Hume has labored, bore most emphatic testimony to his faithfulness, piety and success in mission work, and earnestly pleaded for his return to a field where his services were sorely needed by the cause and earnestly desired by his fellow-missionaries.

Another Advanced Theory.

An exchange says Rev. Mr. Willets, of the faith-cure persuasion, is creating considerable interest in the mining towns of Pennsylvania. In a recent sermon he made some remarkable utterances, and among other things took the radical grounds that death could only come to humanity from sin before the allotted three score and ten. He repeated with emphasis that all who die before they are seventy the devil takes them, and to illustrate his idea said: "Now, suppose a man dies at thirty-five or forty years, and goes up to heaven; the Lord will say: 'Why, what are you doing up here? Didn't I tell you to stay down there (on earth) seventy years? What are you doing here?' 'Oh, I got sick and died.' 'Well, you have sinned and broken My law; get out, no room here for you.' Now, that's a pointed way of putting it, but I (Willets) believe it."

Dr. Allen, of England, Prof. Muller, and several others were quoted as instances of men who have not dishonored God by sickness and disease. Continuing, he said, "If God lays you sick, how wicked, sinful, silly, nonsensical, and blasphemous it is to run for a doctor and medicine. Doctors and medicine come from an idolatrous people, and the profession is a useless piece of humbuggery."

An Indianapolis editor thinks that there ought to be an attractive summer resort to which clergymen of all denominations should particularly be drawn, just as there is a Saratoga for sporting men and a Newport for ultra-fashionables. They would gain much from the opportunities that would be offered in such a careless assemblage for brushing against one another and exchanging courtesies and ideas.

Dr. and Mrs. S. D. Bowker of Kansas City, have returned from an extended tour through California. Dr. B. reports an enjoyable trip and the making of many pleasant acquaintances among Spiritualists.

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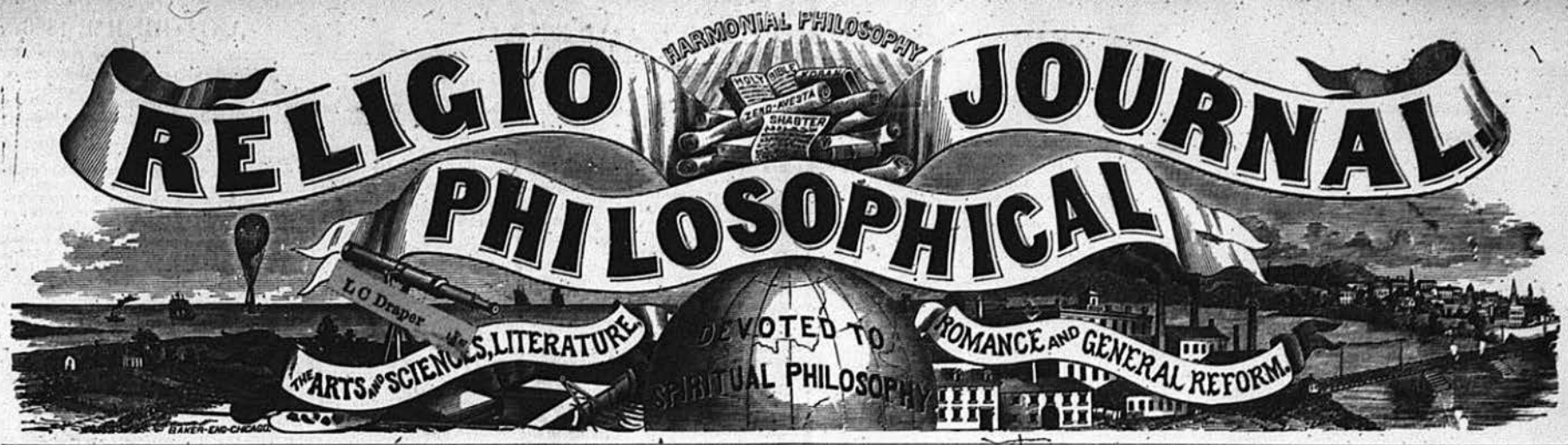
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CHICAGO, OCTOBER 9, 1886.

No. 7

Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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MOTTO:

"Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control, These three alone lead life to sovereign power."—Tennyson.

THE SUBSTANCE OF MYSTICISM IS THE PERSONAL.

We are in receipt of a letter from an unknown person relative to THE PERSONAL as defined in the second number of this series. Our unnamed correspondent wants more information about THE PERSONAL, than already given, and, in particular, he (or she) wants to know the bearing of our teachings upon the subject of MIND CURE. Regarding the last query we refer to the August-September number of "The Occult Word."—(Rochester, N. Y.), where we defined that subject from the standpoint of the Mystics. To-day we shall enter more fully upon "The Personal."

We suppose that persona is borrowed from a personando, from personating or counterfeiting, and suppose it first to have signified a mask, by reason, says Boethius, in *l'ara concava sonus vocatur*, whence also the actors who appeared masked on the stage, were sometimes called *larvati*, and sometimes *personati*. Boethius says further, that as the several actors represented each their single individual person, viz. Oedipus, or Chremes, or Hecuba, or Medea; for this reason, other people, who were also distinguished by something in their form, character, etc., whereby they might be known, came also to be called by the *latins*, *personae*; and, by the Greeks, *prosopa*. Again, as these actors rarely represented any but great and illustrious characters, the word came, at length, to import the mind as being a thing of the greatest regard and dignity among human matters. And thus men, angels, and even God, were called *personae*. Things merely corporeal, as a stone, a plant, or a horse, were called by them *hypostases*, or *supposita*, but never *personae*. Thus far Boethius.

As Hypostasis means substance or essence, we can readily understand its equivalent, THE PERSONAL, to be the immanent causality, working in and through the human individuality, as the omnipresent life and energy of the soul of man.

If then Hypostasis means substance, "that which stands under," the human individuality consequently becomes a dependent upon THE PERSONAL. The same relationship exists between THE PERSONAL and human individuality as between "The Soul of the World" and "The World." Where we in defining "The Soul of the World" use physical attributes—such as the Upanishads do—we for THE PERSONAL substitute psychic and ethereal.

THE PERSONAL DESCRIBED BY EMERSON.

If all that which is infinite in Emerson's essay, *The Over-Soul* be removed, we shall have left very good characteristic of THE PERSONAL. Such would be: The Personal is "that common heart, of which all others are conversation in worship; to which all right action is submission; that overpowering reality which confuses our tricks and talents, and constrains every one to pass for what he is, and to speak from his character, and not from his tongue, and which evermore tends to pass into our thought and hand, and become wisdom, and virtue, and power, and beauty." The Personal "within man is the

soul of the whole; the wise silence; the universal beauty, to which every part and particle is equally related; the eternal ONE." The Personal "is not an organ, not a function, not a faculty, it is the background of our being—an immensity not possessed and cannot be possessed." The Personal "when it breathes through his intellect it is genius; when it breathes through his will, it is virtue; when it flows through his affection, it is love." "The heart, which abandons itself to (The Personal) finds itself related to all its works, and will travel a royal road to particular knowledge and powers." The Personal "is the perceiver and revealer of truth."

We can, however, not use the term Over-Soul for our purpose. It is too impersonal and too general. We can no more use it, than we can use "The Self" of the Upanishads, though this conception is the objective form of THE PERSONAL. We consider it too vague for a model, too indefinite for an ethical standard. We might use the term *The Human*; for all the good, the true and the noble that lies in this term is included in THE PERSONAL, but we must reject it, because our own term implies more genius (spirit) than is usually attributed to the purely human, and it is preferable because it individualizes more, it singles out the one from among the many, the one, who has attained to the state where he can pronounce his own name "I AM." And as said in an other paper THE PERSONAL and PERSONALITY have a direct and distinct meaning of an impersonation of the gods; a sense, never given to the word HUMAN.

THE HISTORY OF THE PERSONAL.

The Orient is too near Nature to emancipate itself, hence, as its mind is less systematically trained, we find here no clear psychological or ethical formulation of THE PERSONAL. It does not rise above "The Self" of the Upanishads, and this conception is purely naturalistic. The Orient has, however, beautiful glimpses of "The Personal" when it gives itself over to spontaneous life. The Classical age presents us a clearer picture and a sharper conception. The Greek is the full born man—though not free born in the highest sense. The Egyptian sphinx: half a brute with a human head we look upon as the very emblem of Asia: only one part of THE PERSONAL's life has become manifest: only one half of its brute nature has the human being put off. As it is in the Sphinx, so it is in all the representations of the Asiatic God-nations, they are half human only. But when we come to Greece the God is cut out of Nature's bosom as a perfect man. The mind is clear and the heart is strong and self-reliant, hence the gods are represented in ideal human figures. *Manliness is the prevalent conception of The Personal.*

A close study of the classical idea of manliness soon reveals its defect; it will be found incompetent to effect a radical spiritual change of man, impotent to raise him "beyond himself." Why? The cause will be found to be the same as the one that blinds the eyes of the Oriental: Nature's charms. The freedom of spirit is not yet come.

But Asia died and the Classical age passed away. Though the people live, "The Kingdom" has been taken from them. History has continued its course and THE PERSONAL has appeared before another race and found a better representation.

The Christian age, because it is so thoroughly human responded better than any past age to the wants of the universal soul, seeking for a medium in which to manifest itself. The medium offered it is the conception of the God-Man, the Man-God.

THE PERSONAL cannot manifest itself fully in the abstract or the impersonal; it can only reveal itself in its own image. But neither the oriental nor the classical people offered it its own image; man as a proper medium. They could not, because they did not possess themselves. They were unfree, like children. But after ages of suffering and ages of restless search for an ideal that would satisfy (i. e. satiate) the human heart and mind, man at last tore himself free from mother-nature's embrace and proclaimed himself a god and went and made gods and man in his own image. It cost him Prometheus' sufferings for "the making of man" and "the blood on Calvary" for the proclamation of the God-head of man, but man was freed and is free.

Prometheus, a Titan, created man from spite against the gods, hence this purely natural motive was to be purged from its impersonal nature before his creative act could be considered a true expression of his god-like nature. According to the inherent law of life the punishment for a trespass falls exactly where the trespass has been committed. Rage and hatred have their physiological basis in the liver, therefore the legend very consistently locates Prometheus' suffering in the liver. There his purification was to take place. Curiously enough in Swedenborg's correspondential philosophy it is declared that the liver denotes interior purification of the good of the natural man.

Prometheus suffered and was purified—though he himself did not understand—as little as ever does the natural man—the reason of his sufferings, for he cursed Zeus for them, and swore that he suffered innocently. However, he suffered and was purified and the validity of man's creation was recognized.

Prometheus will ever be a demonstration of the law of life, that whatever may taint its origin, however natural may be the origin of a human creature, the purifying process can raise it to an equality with the gods.

This then is the meaning of human despair and our "Prometheic sufferings." Now let

us see the meaning of "salvation by blood." It was declared of old, that the blood was the life of man, hence blood or life was to be given as a ransom for life. No man, before Jesus, had offered as a martyr to give his blood in exchange for the personal idea, or shown in his own individuality how THE PERSONAL can manifest itself as a Personality. Jesus did it. He proclaimed it as an actual fact that Man was God, and died for the idea, and his death proved the Phoenix-like nature of man: the old Nature Phoenix died, the man Spirit Phoenix was born. Man had grown so old that he had forgotten the time when

To Deucalion's race from realms of air
The great immortal still came down;
—When 'twixt Heroes, Deities and Men,
Was a beautiful bond by Erastus' d.

But in Jesus the recollection was revived, and mankind once more assumed its true attitude to the lower powers of the universe. Rapidly, wonderfully rapidly, the stone images of THE PERSONAL gave way for the living image. Mankind's mystic vein was once more filled with a "fire from above" and a new Phoenix swung itself out of the ashes—(too soon only to grow old again in the foul air of the priestly dogma).

The new age was ushered in. Its ideal was to represent THE PERSONAL in a living individuality, or expressed mystically, to live out the God-Man, the Man-God idea.

To many Mystics the individuality of the first man who realized the idea, comes too prominently into view, and they lose hold of THE PERSONAL and become idolaters as of old. But to those who in spirit live through the age of Asia and that of the Classics; those who give up the old Phoenix life to burn, they are re-generated and in them THE PERSONAL manifests itself.

In the sense in which we now have spoken of Jesus as a reviver of the God-Man, the Man-God idea, we point to him as a pattern, as an embodiment of THE PERSONAL, not as an absolute but as an historic embodiment. He is and will remain for many the Mediator; they cannot do without. Before they have passed the historic and psychic degree, which he represents, they cannot pass on to further developments in THE PERSONAL.

PERSONALITY AND INDIVIDUALITY.

Individuality simply means monadic existence. *Individuum* from the time of Cicero denotes that which cannot be further dissected. *Dividuum*, from the beginning, was employed as its opposite. Leaving out, for the present, the historic modifications of the word, we stand by the root and define individuality as monadic existence, *the being a one.*

Personality on the other hand is the formal appearance of THE PERSONAL. THE PERSONAL exists as a Personality in an individuality. Says J. Freeman Clarke: "Personality in man is the highest spiritual fact of which we have knowledge. We mean by it that wonderful unity of thought, love and will, out of which center influences radiates in all directions. (The glorious distinction of the human soul is that its action is combined with its knowledge and desire, that it puts forth its power deliberately, sustained by all its knowledge, and all its hope.)"

PERSONALITY, THE MANIFESTATION OF THE PERSONAL.

THE PERSONAL manifests itself as PERSONALITY, but personality in this sense has more of the limitations of that form of human existence, which generally goes by that name. In the common acceptance of personality the word relates to existence, but not to being. Personality as the form of THE PERSONAL is true being, concrete and spiritual at the same time. It alone is original being. It is not limited.

Says J. Frohschammer (Contemp. Rev. Jan. 1875): "The assertion that the notion of 'Personality' implies limitation, and is applicable only to what is finite and relative, but not to the absolute, is taken from Fichte; but it is by no means correct. This will be clearly shown by a deeper consideration of the essential elements of Personality. These are—existence, consciousness of this existence, and control over it."

"Distinction from, and therefore limitation by others, is not an essential element of Personality, but an accidental sign of relative personality. An absolute Personality cannot therefore be said to be impossible; for it may find in itself, in the constituent elements of its existence, without the necessity of any other being, the distinctions necessary for personal consciousness."

"And as distinction from others and limitation by them, is not one of the essential elements of Personality, neither is Personality essentially subject to limitation in regard to action. Personality, self-consciousness, and freedom of the will, is rather the power of breaking through the narrow limits of relative monadic existence, of expanding into the infinite by consciousness and will, of rising above itself, and on the other hand, of receiving the infinite into its own consciousness."

In the same manner Elisha Mulford expresses himself in "The Nation":

"Personality does not involve limitation. Personality has not its ground in the difference of the me and the not-me, but in the realization of the me. It has not its ground external to itself as in the limitation of the me by the not-me, but it has its grounds within itself."

"Personality in man exists among limitations of the finite, but it has not its ground in these limitations. It is not proscribed and determined by physical conditions. It is

not the consequent of its circumjacent condition—and this, among finite forms, would make it only a contingency. It is not the result of certain potencies in a physical sequence; this would leave it in their operation merely as a residuum. It has not its end in a determination or dissolution, into the elements of the physical process.

The personality of man in its realization tends to overcome the limitations of the finite. It does this in the assertion of its own being, its own self-determination, its own freedom. It recognizes these limitations, this

"Muddy vesture of decay—
That clings so grossly close to us in."

It does not here and now exist beyond these limitations, but it exists in them in a life, which is self-determined, and may not be determined by them.

"Personality in man is impaired in the same measure in which it is determined from without. It suffers, then, the mutations which exist in the necessary process of the world, but it does not carry through them a clear and increasing purpose, and does not transmute them into freedom."

"Human Personality is real. It has the strength of the free spirit. It moves along the feeling forms and fading images of the finite, where shadow pursues shadow, but it is not of them. In the accident of time it is conscious of a life—
"Built far from accident."

This last thought Mulford possesses in accordance with Lotze, who expressed himself thus: "Personality is real; it is most real. It is not some pale outline, some dim semblance. In its advance, even, it is not, to use Shakespeare's phrase, merely 'a similar of virtue.' When it is said that in man there is only a weak imitation of personality, the word involves a contradiction, as in a weak imitation personality is not realized but impaired."

"Personality is real. It is free and enters into the freedom of God. It advances in its moral being, but this is in the life with God."

"It advances through relations, but its relations are not to God as to something external; it is not simply an external relationship. Lotze says truly 'the relation of a being to another being is not between them but in them.' The relation, in human life, of a father and a son, which is but imperfect as the expression of the relation of the human personality to the divine personality, is yet not merely an external relation."

Elisha Mulford in "The Republic of God" again says:

"There is in personality the highest that is within the knowledge of man. It is the steepest, loftiest summit toward which we move in our attainment."

The germ and growth of grains and plants, the ebb and flow of waters, the rise and change of winds, the results of the most recent inquiry into the constitution of the suns, have not the worth and significance of personality."

In the course of human life, the relations of man as a person and with persons are deeper than his relations with that which is impersonal. That which is impersonal, in so far as it comes within the scope of our knowledge, exists in subjection to conditions of necessity, and has no power to transmute them in its process, and does not pass beyond them. It has no self-determination; it is not determined from within, whatever be its relations to that which is without.

From that which is personal, and the expression of its life, have come the arts and laws and literatures of the world. This appears in the highest forms of human thought, in some single phase, in the writings of Aeschylus and of Shakespeare, and there the personality of Aeschylus and Shakespeare is greater than their works, while their works give forms of thought which, in their elements of freedom through their ethical life and conflict, are other and higher than those which subsist in the necessary process of the physical world."

Shakespeare has a representation of life as phenomenal, where all personality is gone, but it is portrayed as a consequence of evil courses, it is the issue of a life, the steps of whose advancement have been through falsehood and murder. It is the issue of a course of awful crime, until at last the energy of the free spirit has failed, and the consciousness of its divine relation has gone. In the closing scenes of the play of Macbeth, the death of Lady Macbeth is announced, with the comment on it.

Macbeth. Wherefore was that cry?
Seyton. The Queen, my lord, is dead.
Macbeth. She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterday have lighted foot
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more; it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

But this portrayal of life as merely phenomenal, with no ground for personality and with no realization of divine and eternal relations, is given with the contrasts of another life. In these closing scenes, there is the announcement of another death.

Macbeth. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt:
He only lived but till he was a man.
Seyton. Then he is dead?
Macbeth. Ay, and brought off the field; your cause of sorrow.
Macbeth. Must not be measured by his worth, for then
It hath no end.
Seyton. Had he his fortune better?
Macbeth. Ay, on the point.
Seyton. Then, God's soldier be he!
Macbeth. And so, his land is lost!
Macbeth. He's worth more sorrow.

And that I'll spend for him.
Seward. He's worth no more:
They say he parted well, and paid his score;
And so, God be with him!

This life is with God. This life, that is not that of friable or of crime, is not ephemeral, it has a worth that hath no end.

(To be Continued.)

FAKIRISM.

(Translated from the Paris Figure of Sept. 4th, for the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.)

This is not a French word, but it will soon become one. A scholar of good reputation is about to group together under this term all psychical facts which, whether instinctive or inspired, resemble the strange practices of the fakirs. It is indeed known that the latter, by the simple force of their will, cause objects to move, raise them up and perform other wonders. Has any one of them ever been more powerful than Succi, who caused himself to be buried alive and on being exhumed ten months afterward merely complained of a violent headache?

There are to-day among our physicians a large number who are giving serious attention to magnetism in all its bearings. It is no longer necessary for examples, to insist on the phenomena as a fact, for they may be witnessed daily under the manipulations of Dr. Charcot.

There arrived yesterday, in Paris, for the second time, an American, whom Dr. Paul Giber, an attaché of the museum, calls a fakir, because of the resemblance of his doings to those of the fakirs of India.

Yesterday Dr. Giber invited a physician of the hospitals of Paris, also an electrician and the author of these lines, to attend a séance of fakirism. I came away astonished and stupefied, asking myself if I had truly passed the evening in this world of reality.

Mr. Slade, the American fakir, is a large, strong, middle aged man, with a Creole cast of countenance.

It will be well, here, to make prominent the fact that the whole of Mr. Slade's right side has been paralyzed. He drags along one of his legs in walking, and has not the free use of his right arm. Between this and his left arm there is a difference of twelve degrees of temperature as shown by the thermometer.

All idea of trickery is therefore dissipated. It is impossible to believe that we have to do with a skillful prestidigitateur performing feats that seem inexplicable, but which are very simple when the sleight or machinery by which they are accomplished are explained.

It is 8 o'clock. Mr. Slade says he has need of human electricity, and requests the five persons present to be seated around a table and to join hands. He takes a slate upon which there is a pencil, and he holds it against the table. The sound of a pencil is heard writing very distinctly, and soon a violent blowing announces that the work is done. Upon the slate is found written in French, in English, in German and in Greek, a phrase which is in response to a remark that had just been made by one of the sitters.

Dr. Giber, who wishes to keep the sitters written on, as evidences of the phenomena, had procured several of them, such as children use at school, that is, those having wooden frames.

Mr. Slade placed two of them together after having dropped a piece of pencil between them. He then hands them to one of our number who places it under his arm. The scratching is heard as before, and when concluded he takes them apart. The crumbs of pencil bear evidence of having been used, and on one of the slates we read: "Etes-vous convaincus maintenant?" (Are you convinced now?)

The American next holds one of the slates in his hands, and without making the slightest movement the slate silently glides of itself into the hands of one of those present. Between Mr. Slade and that person there has been perceived a lively current of air, and that is all.

The same American fakir places a chair at a distance of some ten paces from the table, and calls attention to the fact that there is not even a thread between him and it by which to draw it. At his command the chair moves and gently places itself in front of him.

He does many other things, but yesterday, at the very hour in which he arrived at Dr. Giber's, a storm set in, and it appears that the natural electricity deprived him of some of his powers.

After a while the slate said Good-bye, which means "Adieu" in our language. Mr. Slade was tired out.

I do not wish to appear a gliber (swallow-er). I will repeat, then, that the experiences above related took place in the presence of two physicians and at the house of one who took notes in view of a report to the Académie and for a work that is soon to be published.

C. CHINCHOLLE.

The story is current in London that the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's visit has given rise to a small tempest in the Congregational Church. The Rev. John Huxter, of Hull, one of his friends, airs the scandal, which is to the effect that the committee of the Congregational Union, which meets next week at Norwich, refused to invite Mr. Beecher to speak before that body on the ground that his religious views were not orthodox. The Rev. Edward White, chairman, declared himself ready to resign rather than to receive Mr. Beecher on the platform.

The Spiritualism Before "Modern" Spiritualism.

BY THOS. HARDING.
No. 4.

ENGLAND CONTINUED.

"Aerial spirits by great force designed,
To be on earth the guardians of mankind,
Invisible to mortal eye they go,
And mark our actions, good or bad, below.
The immortal spirits, with watchful care preside
And thrice 10,000 round their charges glide.
They can reward with glory or with gold,
A power they by Divine permission hold."
—Hesiodus (B. C.).

"Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep."
—Milton (A. D. 1608).

"Spirits when they please
Can either sex assume, or both."
—Milton (A. D. 1608).

"Sweet souls around us watch us still,
Press nearer to our side;
Into our thoughts, into our prayers,
With gentle helping guide."
—Harriet Beecher Stowe.

"God" "The same yesterday, to-day and forever."
—Bible.

I design, by giving the above quotations from representative poets, to show that the underlying principles of what is understood as Spiritualism, had been the same from time immemorial. The first extract, taken from "Works and Days" by Hesiod (Hesiodus, Latin form) was written some time in the 8th century B.C. and the quotation above given, although written nearly 3,000 years ago, is remarkably similar to the inspiration of teachings of the present day. Milton, who wrote about nearly 800 years ago, is not dissimilar from more modern teaching, or that of the present time, which last I exemplify by four lines from Mrs. H. B. Stowe; and yet not one of the three is an admitted "Spiritualist," surely there is but little in a name, and a rose by any other name would smell as sweet.

If there is any one general lesson which Spiritualism teaches another, it is that our business is not with "God," but with our fellow men; and further, we gather also inferentially, that the business of departed spirits is with their fellow spirits and with us. Not one spirit in the Spirit-world supposes that he can "come up to the help of God," but every spirit and every mortal knows that he can, or may, help his fellows or those who occupy a sphere of existence, or of happiness inferior to his own. The private does not assist the colonel to command the regiment; he is simply the creature of obedience. The colonel commands and the private obeys. Official prayer, praise and exhortation, under the absurd supposition that we may thereby assist sinners to "come nigh to God," or assist God to come nigh to sinners, could have originated only in childish vanity and an overweening and ridiculous self-esteem. The Infinite alone knows how near the finite can or does approach infinity; but we don't know anything about it, nor should we try to know until we have learned the first letters of the spiritual alphabet. "Wisdom is justified of her children," but not of fools, who have not yet discovered their folly. It will be time enough to expatiate upon the drapery within, when we shall have passed the vestibule of the temple.

Modern Spiritualism teaches that spirits who are the natural "guardians of mankind" are not a special creation for the purpose, as Hesiod seemed to suppose, but that they are spirits of men, women and children whose best interests are subserved by their sublimity. This constitutes the principal difference between this ancient Greek and us. Modern Spiritualism simplifies the subject immensely, and thus brings the question within the range of the common mind, hence its adaptation to meet the desires and needs of common mortals, and upon this feature of this modern philosophy we build the hope of its future universality.

But when mortals leave their legitimate business of caring for themselves, their families and their fellow mortals and gratuitously devote themselves to the care of God's business instead they soon descend to the extreme of absurdity, and sometimes of cruelty and injustice. Societies of Spiritualists even are no exceptions to the rule. As long as a society attends strictly and devotedly to its own business, it is prosperous; but when it descends to courting the favors of churches and priests, thus selling its birth-right and trying to put its new wine into old bottles in hopes of obtaining orthodox approval, at once its members become cold, and disagreement, perhaps dismemberment, ensues. It is said that God helps those who help themselves, but it is nowhere said that he will help those who gratuitously lay aside their legitimate business to attend to his. If God is, he is God; and whether he is or not, man should be man, exercising all that nobility of character and development which the term man implies.

The belief in witchcraft and the inhuman cruelty to supposed witches was the natural outcome of such superstition; a superstition based on an ignorance, which has ever been fostered by priests, who have ever been too willing to sacrifice everything noble and good in humanity to their own ease and aggrandizement. No class of men on "the footstool" has more reason to feel ashamed of their profession than priests; although judging from their deportment in public and private, they seem to be of all men the least aware of that fact; and the English priest is no exception, although to do justice to individuals I shall add that many a man wears priestly vestments who is not a priest at heart.

Her laws relating to witchcraft are among the deepest stains upon the escutcheon of old England. The barbarous injunction, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live," was a poor excuse for the crime of murder; the belief in such monstrousities threw open wide the door for malicious spirits—if there be such—to work their will upon the unwary, and shut out for a time the sunlight of truth and progress. Old England and her child, New England, have shed many a tear in expiation of their crimes against spirit mediums; let us hope that both, perceiving their past follies, will henceforth do "works meet for repentance."

The use of "charms" and incantations was deemed sufficient evidence to convict of the crime of witchcraft, according to ancient English law which related thereto; and this without regard to the end sought to be accomplished by the supposed witch; for instance, if the operator desired to do good by healing diseases, relieving pain, or doing some other good service, he or she was deemed equally guilty with those who sought to do harm by bewitchment. Just as on recent occasions in England, they convicted or sought to convict mediums without regard to the good or evil result to accrue from the exercise of the mediumistic gift.

Sir Mathew Hale, Lord Chief Justice of England, lived in those days when mediums

were frequently denominated witches, and burned at the stake when found guilty. He was a man of giant intellect, and like all really intelligent persons, he possessed the quality of mercy to the erring, and though as Judge he had to pass sentence according to law, he nevertheless exercised his power of clemency where he could consistently do so. He believed in the Bible doctrine that a witch should not be permitted to live (at least in the earlier part of his career he did), in fact, like people in general during those ages of semi-darkness, his morality was molded by such ideas as he obtained from the letter of the Jewish, rather than the Christian Scriptures. In reviewing the character of the historical personages of those earlier days, we must take into account that society, thought and custom had to accommodate themselves to Scripture models, and the style of their language even was so biblical that in these days we should denigrate it as unmitigated cant. Therefore let us not judge our fathers too harshly.

When Mathew Hale was a boy he lived with his uncle, a wealthy wine merchant, and like the boys of his age and class, he was gay and romantic. At one time he and the other young lads of his class came to the resolution that they would "seek their fortunes" (a term then, and long after in common use). As they were all the children of wealthy parents or guardians, each resolved to possess himself of a horse and as much money as he could get, and meet at a point indicated, from whence they were to start forth in quest of adventures. They met accordingly, and started on their journey without the knowledge of their friends; in other words, they ran away from home.

After traveling for several days, putting up at roadside inns and taverns, they found their money was running low, and they consulted together as to what was best to be done, and decided to club purses, and then make an equal division of the money among them, after which they agreed to separate, each one to take a separate road; each individual started in his turn on a separate cross road, and pursued his adventures alone.

Young Hale soon found himself entirely penniless, yet one evening he put up at a roadside inn, although he had no money to pay his bill. When morning came he was puzzled to know how he could get away, and while pondering the matter in a state of great anxiety, he heard a commotion in the hall below, and he soon ascertained that the landlord's daughter, his only child, had fallen in a fit. "Now is my time," thought Mathew, "to get myself out of this fix;" so taking the father of the girl aside he told him that he could cure his child if he would promise never to tell on him, as he was a wizard and by using charms, rendered himself liable to death under the witchcraft laws. The father solemnly promised to keep his secret, and Hale commenced operations. He took a piece of paper from his pocket, wrote the initials of his name, and the date on it; then he folded it up neatly and sealed it with sealing wax, and stamped it with his ring. This "charm" he hung around the little girl's neck, muttering some absurd gibberish as he did so. The superstitious father and mother looked on very solemnly and treated Mathew with the utmost reverence. They requested "his worship" to stay through another night with them, as the child got her worst convulsions at night. He consented; if he had not he would have had his bill to pay. Next morning the parents met him with great rejoicing; their child hadn't had a fit during the night. Now is my time, thought Hale, and he asked for his bill. "What?" said they, "do you think we could charge you anything after curing our child? Not a penny! not a penny!" So Mathew went on his way rejoicing.

Nearly fifty years afterward, Sir Mathew Hale sat on the bench as Lord Chief Justice of England. One day a poor old woman was on her trial before him for witchcraft. The evidence for the prosecution went to show that she was in the habit of hanging a "charm" around the necks of those who had fits, and that she had no other way of getting her living. The evidence against her was conclusive. Before the judge began his charge to the jury, he commanded that the "charm" which had been produced in court should be handed up to him. He took out his pen-knife and ripped off the outside, dirty old rag, and then to his surprise, he found a folded paper sealed with his own seal. This paper he cut open, and there, behold! were his own initials and the date which he had written nearly fifty years ago.

On questioning the prisoner he found that she was the identical child—now an old woman, on whose neck he had hung that "charm." "Gentlemen of the jury," he said, "as he handed the papers and seal up to the jury box, I request you to examine this 'charm.'" When they did so he related the whole story such as I have to the readers of the JOURNAL. "Gentlemen," he continued, "soon after I left that roadside inn, I returned a repentant boy to my uncle's house. He forgave my folly, and I commenced the study of law and became finally the Lord Chief Justice of England. Now, gentlemen, you cannot in all justice and equity find this old woman guilty without placing me on my trial for the same crime; if you do so, I shall have to plead guilty for I am the original culprit. What say you, gentlemen of the jury, in the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty?" They returned a verdict of "Not Guilty" without leaving the box, and it was said that this circumstance had henceforth a serious influence on his judicial life. That old woman, through her mediocrity, was the means of healing so many that her reputation as a healer had gone abroad, and she was enabled to obtain a living thereby. Those spirits who watch and wait to do good, availed themselves of the opportunity which she afforded, poor and despised as she was; it was like the musician who produces fine music from a cheap instrument, and charms his hearers at little cost.

Sturgis, Mich.

(To be continued.)

Whatever the world may say, there are some mortal sorrows, and our lives ebb away less through our blood than through our tears.—P. Jullierat.

Paradise is open to all kind hearts. God welcomes whoever has dried tears, either under the crown of the martyrs or under wreaths of flowers.—Beranger.

There are some moral conditions in which Death smiles upon us, as smiles a silent and peaceful night upon the exhausted laborer.—Alfred Mercier.

The power of words is immense. A well-chosen word has often sufficed to stop a flying army, to change defeat into victory, and to save an empire.—E. de Girardin.

Youth is like those verdant forests tormented by winds; it agitates at every side the abundant gifts of nature, and some profound murmur always reigns in its foliage.—H. de Gueric.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
WAS IT A SPECIAL JUDGMENT?

BY WM. C. WATERS.

An orthodox gentleman speaking of the damage to Charleston by the earthquake, said to me: "I am afraid it was a judgment upon them." I replied that "no free thinker would admit that." But from the orthodox view of such matters, great numbers will doubtless harbor the idea of Divine displeasure in the affair. The fact of that city and State being foremost in firing the first gun against our national flag, could only be regarded as circumstantial evidence, and too weak to weigh much, if anything, except with minds fettered by superstitious fears. If His Serene Highness had desired to manifest displeasure concerning that civil war, it does not seem probable that He would have delayed action for over a quarter of a century—leaving it uncertain what His proceeding was intended to teach. To this I know it might be replied that in the matter of Amalek, several hundred years after the offense, in 1 Samuel, 15 c., it is recorded: "Thus saith the Lord of hosts, I remember that which Amalek did to Israel, how he laid wait for him in the way, when he came up from Egypt. Now go and smite Amalek, and utterly destroy all that they have and spare them not; but slay both man and woman, infant and suckling, ox and sheep, camel and ass."

If we turn to Deut. 25 c., out of 68 verses in the chapter, 44 are devoted to stating the divers kind of curses that God will bring upon a nation that displeases Him. So far as bible statements are concerned the orthodox man can point to them in abundance, in proof that the most High deals in special providences towards both nations and individuals.

But can these Scripture statements settle the matter? Are they to be accepted as infallible evidence? If a witness in court makes many statements that are palpably untrue, and the judge, the jury and all present know to be untrue, would not the court set aside all the witness said as worthless? A distinguished member of the English Parliament was somewhat recently in court, charged with yielding to the "captivating impulses of nature, with less reluctance than virtue requires." On the stand he testified vigorously in his own favor. But the proof, direct and circumstantial, was so strong against him, that the judge directed the jury to set aside his evidence. The Hon. gentleman might have told some truth, but mixed it up with so much untruth that confidence was destroyed. The Scripture is before us as a witness touching past events, and many of its statements we would not think of doubting—they are self-evident facts to our consciousness. But there is much written in the sacred Book that we must set aside as untrue, or ignore our reason, our intuitions, and our highest sense of justice, touching both the honor of God and humanity. In chapter 14 of Deut. we find this statement: "Ye shall not eat of anything that dieth of itself; thou shalt give it unto the stranger that is in thy gates, that he may eat it; or thou mayest sell it unto an alien: for thou art an holy people unto the Lord thy God. Thou shalt not see the kid in his mother's milk."

To almost any extent, one might select passages as absurd and immoral as this; and why should any sane man, so far as to abdicate his individuality or common sense as to say or think for a moment that the sublime ruler of the universe ever imposed upon humanity such rules of action. It were more rational not to believe in a God, than to accept one capable of giving such counsel.

Bible statements at variance with the most simple rules of justice and propriety of action between man and his fellow-man, or between man and deity, could never have emanated from the universal soul. They are the product of finite souls, groping and stumbling in the dark. No doubt the people of the South felt sadly grieved that the anti-slavery agitators would not accept their plain Scripture texts in favor of human slavery. There it is set down in the word of God why should they doubt it?—Leviticus 25:45, and 46, it reads: "Moreover, of the children of the strangers that do sojourn among you, of them shall ye buy, and of their families that are with you; which they begat in your land: and they shall be your possession. And ye shall take them as an inheritance for your children after you, to inherit them for a possession; they shall be your bond-men forever; but over your brethren the children of Israel, ye shall not rule one over another with rigor."

Whoever really believes this to be the word of God, should hardly be censured for believing in slavery. The book will sustain him and so it will sustain the polygamist. He has only to point to David and Solomon—David in his life, being patterned after God's own heart. "And God gave Solomon wisdom and understanding exceeding much, and largeness of heart, even as the sand that is on the sea-shore. And Solomon's wisdom excelled the wisdom of all the children of the east country, and all the wisdom of Egypt."

If the anarchists desired a Scripture apology for plundering the rich, they would only have to point to Exodus 3 c., 21 and 22: "And I will give this people a favor in the sight of the Egyptians; and it shall come to pass that when ye go ye shall not go empty. But every woman shall borrow of her neighbor, and of her that sojourneth in her house, jewels of silver, and jewels of gold, and raiment: and ye shall put them upon your sons, and upon your daughters; and ye shall spoil the Egyptians."

If any man desire to justify himself in lying, he has only to turn to 1 Kings 22:21 to 23: "And there came forth a spirit and stood before the Lord and said I will persuade him. And the Lord said unto him where with? And he said, I will go forth, and will be a lying spirit in the mouth of all his prophets. And he said thou shalt persuade him, and prevail also: go forth and do so. Now therefore behold the Lord hath put a lying spirit in the mouth of all these thy prophets, and the Lord hath spoken evil concerning thee." If it be thought desirable to prove that "said Scottie" is the author of all bar-room and saloon literature; that he gets up all the songs and fights that come from a barrel of whisky and that he deals in scrofula, carbuncles and boils, then let the first chapter in the book of Job take the stand as a witness.

A book so abounding with errors and mythological statements can never be accepted by independent thinkers as evidence that God, as a special providence, sent an earthquake to destroy Charleston. If it were admitted, we lift the flood-gates of superstition. We turn our backs to the light of the present century, and gaze back into the grim darkness of the past.

Bordentown N. J.

THE MAGICAL FOUNTAIN.

Remarkable Cures By The Waters Of Lourdes.

A young Woman on the Brink of the Grave Almost Instantaneously Restored to Health—Plunging Invalids Into the Ice-Cold Waters of the Fountain—Evidence of a Countess and an Abbe—A Shrine Visited by Thousands

Lourdes Letter in San Francisco Chronicle: The feast of our Lady of Mount Carmel, Friday, July 16, 1886, was the twenty-eighth anniversary of the eighteenth, and last apparition in the grotto of the rocks of Massabielle of the Virgin Mary to Bernadette, the poor peasant child of Lourdes. The wonderful and interesting legend of the apparitions of Lourdes has so long passed into history, and is so widely and universally known throughout Christendom, that he who has not heard of the fountain of the grotto of Lourdes, in the Pyrenees, and its real or supposed miraculous cures, must most assuredly have been leading a Rip Van Winkle existence in some backwood forest during the last quarter of a century. I shall not linger therefore, to enter into any details regarding its origin, but proceed at once to give your readers a short account of a most remarkable cure effected by the use of its waters the 16th of July, and of which I, with hundreds of others, was a witness. Since my arrival at Lourdes I have been much impressed by the remarkable evidences to be seen of the intense faith of thousands of people in the supernatural origin of the fountain and the miraculous cures worked by its waters. Being on the spot I was extremely anxious to witness some clear proof, as it is but natural one should desire, in such matters to see and vouch for one's self. But I certainly had no idea that my wish would so soon be gratified. Though the weather had been very wet and unpropitious for several days past, still the anniversary feast had attracted, as is usual on that day, hundreds of pilgrims and visitors from near and far to the now world-famous grotto. Among the many arrivals on that eventful morning my attention was quickly drawn to a group who had driven up close to the grotto in a carriage containing a sick person lying at full length on a mattress. She proved to be a young woman, 25 years of age, though looking much younger. I have seen many sick persons in my lifetime, but I can truthfully say that I do not remember ever seeing one more corpse-like in appearance. She was lifted gently from the carriage and carried into one of the bath-rooms adjoining the grotto. The water from the fountain is led into them through an iron pipe, and they are so arranged that sick persons can be easily immersed in the water in its natural state and temperature, which is icy cold. It was about two o'clock in the afternoon when she was carried, helpless and apparently almost lifeless, into the bath-room, and in less than an hour afterward she was able to walk unaided from the bath to the Grotto, a distance of a couple hundred feet. Though able to stand and walk, she was still evidently very weak, and was placed sitting in a hand-carriage in front of the statue of the Virgin in the niche over the grotto. She remained there for over two hours, hundreds of persons continually circling and pressing round to see and question her. She kept her eyes fixed on the statue and seemed full of joy and gratitude for her release from a life of pain and agony, and when at last the time came for her departure for home I shall never forget the deep look of affection and gratitude in those large, dark eyes as, with the tears streaming down her thin, wan cheeks, she gave one last, long gaze upward to the beautiful face of the Virgin. There was something painful in the sight—it seemed so like the tearing away of a loving child from her mother's arms. When she reached the carriage in which she had arrived, and in which still lay the mattress on which she had lain during her journey to the grotto, one of the fathers asked her if she still felt cured and able to walk. "Yes, certainly, father," she smilingly answered, and immediately got up out of the invalid's chair in which she was sitting and in presence of the large crowd of people assembled to see her off, walked and moved easily to and fro, and, unaided, climbed up into the carriage. "This is undoubtedly a most remarkable and miraculous cure," said a gentleman standing near. "It is certainly a very wonderful and instantaneous cure," replied the priest, "but before it can be pronounced upon as a miraculous cure it will have to be submitted to the medical tests and examinations usual in such cases, and the testimony of the physicians who have attended the case and other witnesses will have to be procured."

I shall now let the Countess de Puy, an English lady married to a French nobleman, and who has for years devoted herself wholly to the care and service of the sick brought to bathe in the water of the grotto, relate in her own words what took place on this occasion in the bath-room. As this devoted lady has had great experience in the baths, it is left to her judgment in a great measure whether it be prudent or not to allow the sick person to enter the water. "The sudden shock," she said, in reply to my question, "is certainly very trying, as the water is so cold. Still I have never known of any accident occurring in the baths, although I have seen persons afflicted with almost every ailment our poor humanity is heir to placed in them. But this young woman seemed in such a dying condition that I was afraid to allow her to be placed in the bath, so we simply sponged her body over with the water. We had hardly finished doing so when she said she felt that she could stand by herself. I told her to try, and she immediately stood erect without support, and asked to be dressed, as she felt she was able to walk. We did not know how to comply with her wishes, as she had been brought without shoes or stockings or any other article of clothing except the long white gown in which she had lain in the carriage, wrapped up in blankets. Fortunately we had a pair of slippers in the room, and some kind friends ran quickly and brought the other necessary articles of clothing. She was no sooner dressed than she walked into the adjoining room, and said she felt hungry and would like something to eat. In the meantime her uncle and brother, both priests, had been sent for, and when they saw that she was able to walk they burst into tears and wrote so completely overcome with emotion that they were unable to join in and recite the customary prayers of thanksgiving."

"You have no doubt seen many wonderful cures, madame, during the years you have waited here upon the sick?" I asked.

"Yes, sir," she replied, "I have seen strange things happen here, especially during the grand national pilgrimages, when we sometimes have as many as 500 and 600 sick persons to bathe, and have to continue on through the whole night. I have seen at those times persons placed in the bath, one public man of more from head to foot, come

out completely healed, with scarcely a trace upon their skin. I have seen persons suffering from the most frightful looking ulcers and cancers come out of the bath instantaneously cured."

"But all the cures are not so sudden and remarkable?"

"O, no, sir. The greater number are gradual, and many are not cured until after repeated baths, while others do not experience any relief at all. But I have never known of any case having grown worse through the use of the baths. On the contrary, they seem, if not cured, to gain at least greater courage and resignation to bear their cross cheerfully for love of their divine model and master."

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal

"How Are the Spirits Getting Along?"

I am impressed to give a few thoughts, owing to having met a friend to-day, an educated Irish Catholic gentleman, who inquired: "How are the spirits getting along?" (General Edwards follows with a statement to the effect that he placed in the hands of his Irish friend a newspaper containing an account of phenomena and asked him what he thought of it and then continues:)

Our Irish Catholic friend returned the paper containing the foregoing experience and remarked: "God would never allow mortals to do or witness such things. That under no circumstances would he investigate the phenomena of Spiritualism." Of course the outside world understands that. They go to the priest for their cue.

The Rev. John Chester, D. D., of this city, a Presbyterian minister, has just issued from the press a book against Spiritualism, which can be summed up in a nut shell: "There is something in it, but it is the work of the devil." If Catholics and Presbyterians agree in nothing else, they agree on one point, and that is, "Spiritualism is the work of the devil."

Mr. Editor, experienced Spiritualists who have investigated Spiritualism, know it to be true. They no longer walk by a blind speculating faith, but in the light of actual knowledge as to the future state, hence the devil, death and the grave are no longer any terror for them. Their individual personal experiences are more satisfactory to them than theipse dixit of ten thousand priests and ministers held in ecclesiastical bondage by iron-clad creeds.

Spiritualists teach that there is good and evil, but do not believe in a personal devil. Now, as our Christian neighbors make free to couple Spiritualism with the devil as influencing faith, but in the light of actual knowledge as to the future state, hence the devil, death and the grave are no longer any terror for them. Their individual personal experiences are more satisfactory to them than theipse dixit of ten thousand priests and ministers held in ecclesiastical bondage by iron-clad creeds.

The Master in his Sermon on the Mount preached peace and good will to men; but Christians have been quarrelling and lashing each other ever since. The persecution of Christians by Nero, pales before the bloody massacre of St. Bartholomew, by the Catholics of the Huguenots of France. Did the devil command the Catholics on that occasion? Then view the Crusaders under the banner of the cross, marching through Europe leaving a track behind them covered over with slime.

We have not the space to particularize the many bloody Christian wars.

It is reported that when Martin Luther was with pen in hand, denouncing the practice of the Roman Church in selling indulgences for sin, the devil appeared, when Luther threw his inkstand at him.

It is claimed by Catholics and Presbyterians that the first account we have of the devil, was in the Garden of Eden, endeavoring to frustrate God in the act of creation. Here it is claimed that the devil appeared in the form of a serpent, and beguiled Mother Eve, but that account of a snake holding a conversation with Eve, did not seem reasonable to as learned a man as Adam Clark, the commentator, so he says it was an orang-outang which walked erect. This commentator unwittingly sustains the Darwinian theory of evolution, in placing the orang-outang as the connecting link with man, the highest intelligence below him. But it is all of no consequence, because the Garden story is a myth—no such persons as Adam and Eve ever existed. Science has settled that point, and no learned man to-day outside of the priesthood believes the story.

The murder of Servetus at the instigation of John Calvin, in the slow, torturing mode used, was as diabolical as the killing of Jesus of Nazareth. Whether the devil instigated Calvin or not we do not know certainly, "but there is something in it." Well, Calvin was the father of the Presbyterians, and we know what they did under Cromwell against the Catholics, and how they persecuted the Baptists and Quakers, and hung and burnt witches, while the last episode recorded in history between Catholics and Presbyterians, took place recently at Belfast, Ireland. If the devil took a hand in the fight at Belfast, Spiritualists don't know, "but there is something in it." We do know, however, that the most withering sarcasm that ever proceeded from the lips of man, was uttered by the Master against the hypocritical Pharisees who made long prayers and put on long, solemn faces.

Out of the twelve disciples, one denied and the other betrayed their Lord and Master. Among Spiritualists the good and true are of no larger percentage. We are sorry for it, and we are doing the best we can to rid the spiritual ship of the barnacles; and all honor to the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL for its great assistance in that direction. The very nature of things in presenting the manifestations, is such that the conditions necessary in order to give the genuine, open the facilities to better enable the presentation of the counterfeit. I have been listening to sermons for sixty years, delivered from Catholic and Presbyterian pulpits. It has always been the same dull and monotonous "ding dong" and "sing song." The Catholic Church tabooed the invention of the art of printing, and stigmatized it as the work of the devil. The priesthood could see that if general intelligence and knowledge were disseminated the pew would soon know as much as the pulpit.

Spiritualism is born of heaven and is here to stay. It works harmoniously under natural law, and will grow more plain and palpable as we advance. People leave this world, and enter the next just as they lived here—no more, no less (excepting in parting with the physical). The avenues between the two worlds are increasing in number, and all grades of spirits come and go on these highways, from our long absent sainted mothers down to the lowest undeveloped spirits. "There is something in Spiritualism" and the right kind of something to those who will venture to give it a patient and candid investigation.

Washington, D. C. JOHN EDWARDS.

It is a great obstacle to happiness to expect too much.—Fontenelle.

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When newspapers or magazines are sent to the JOURNAL, containing matter for special attention, the sender will please draw a line around the article to which he desires to call notice.

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, October 9, 1886.

The Unitarian Conference.

The National Unitarian Conference held its biennial session in Saratoga from the 20th to the 26th of September. Only a cursory glance was needed to convince an observer that it was a notable gathering. There were nobly shaped heads, high in the crown and broad in the intellectual region. There were faces striking and attractive, which indicated scholarship, dignity and benevolence, and a distinctive expression which might be called the Unitarian look. It is strong, self-contained, cultured and benignant. Yet there is a tinge of reserve and superiority, united with a critical and distant air, as though, having found a "colony of vantage" outside the toiling world, they had risen above its gaits and weaknesses. The atmosphere of the conference was charged with that peculiar quality of mental power which an assembly of cultivated people is sure to produce.

Among the 1500 to 3000 persons who gathered at the regular sessions were the foremost men of the denomination, with few exceptions. The opening religious services were by the Rev. John W. Chadwick of Brooklyn, the closing by the Rev. John Snyder of St. Louis. Between the appearance of these two representatives of the East and West were orations, rather than sermons, delivered by men remarkable for brilliancy of intellect, critical acumen or religious devotion.

An air of cheerfulness pervaded the sessions, which is refreshing as it is inspiring. The members of the conference meet on a high plane, but they meet cordially, almost affectionately. The traditional coldness of the Unitarians melted in the intervals between the speaking. The sight of so many happy faces and the sound of so many cordial voices, were pleasant even to strangers. There long parted friends met again and families reunited; and there new friendships were made and cemented. It was testimony not only to the fraternal and cheerful spirit which animated the clergy and laymen, but to that hopeful religion which believes much, trusts much and loves much.

What is the purpose of the Unitarian conference, which, established twenty-one years ago, has just held its twelfth session?

On that point let the *Christian Register*, the Eastern representative of Unitarianism, speak:

"It is our largest representative body. It fully and fairly represents the purposes, the plans, the tendencies, and the great hopes of those who make up this constituency. More than that, we may believe, it stands as the representative to-day of that which is best in the religious thought and feeling of the progressive part of the American nation. Rushing at no bandwagon, speed, making its way carefully, cautiously, with generous purpose of hospitality always at the front, it is carrying with it the best thought and religious life of the American people."

It still does represent, it does keep pace with, while a little in advance of, the best thought and feeling in all contemporary churches."

"Its opportunities are national, its purposes are inclusive, its policy magnanimous. It is one great purpose from the beginning, that which has inspired its leaders and shaped its action, has been to proclaim to the people of America a cheerful doctrine of the providence of God. It was the conviction of its founders, it is the conviction of those who carry on its work, that human life finds its motive, its ideal, its crowning happiness in the belief that all the incidents of human life are included in the life, the purpose, and the Good Will which make this universe to be a home."

"It gathers into its wide tentation every form of benevolence, every method of reform, every incentive to righteousness. Its main purpose is to work, it has no use for beliefs which do not help its work, and it lays no stress upon beliefs of any kind which do not help its main purpose—to raise the standard of human condition and aspiration. Its progress has been steadily in one direction—toward the hearty union of all men and women in the realm who care to work for man, who believe that human fortunes depend largely, here and now, upon the hopes which inspire men and lead them to action."

We would like to see incorporated in this declaration, a clear affirmation of the continuity of life beyond the grave and of the world of progress and development which awaits mortals. But aside from this defect,

no broader or sublimer platform for a religious association can well be conceived or adopted. But the success of Unitarianism in carrying out the objects in view will depend, not on outward aggrandizement or numbers or even scholarship and intellectual superiority. It will rest on the spiritual life of its members, and that, in turn, depends solely on spiritual illumination. The danger will lie in the tendency to crystallize or harden into a sect, and in its failure to touch the hearts of the masses.

But, if Unitarianism be hampered with an organization, it is also helped. It introduces a liberal religion into regions darkened with the smoke of an eternally burning hell, through missionary enterprises planned and carried out in these conferences. Noble-hearted and clear-brained men and women are penetrating the wilds of the West, carrying the flag of freedom from bigotry to plant upon the ramparts of civilization. How much self-denial and heroism they show can only be understood by those who know what homes of refinement and culture they have left, and how different the circumstances under which they make new habitations. That the inciting cause of this work is the love of their fellows and their belief in the final triumph of good, is amply proven by the spirit manifested in all the meetings of the conference.

As a body, the Unitarian is a rich denomination, and the members give freely and in proportion to their riches. To help rebuild the church in Charleston injured by the earthquake, \$12,000 dollars were pledged in a very short time. And this was only one of several objects for which money was promptly raised at this conference.

It may be questionable if the Unitarians have always been a "little in advance of the best thought and policy" of the time, even if they have been of the "contemporaneous churches." But the conference just passed will be signally memorable in proving this statement in regard to the present. Witness the address by Rev. Minot J. Savage on "Immortality and Modern Thought." It was heard with that rapt attention that showed the interest of the audience in the topic. Some of the reverend gentlemen sat still as statues, neither moving nor turning their eyes from the speaker. The silence, at times was absolutely painful, especially when Mr. Savage related his experiences in the Society for Psychical Research. And yet there was nothing marvellous in his simple story; the remarkable thing was that that august body should need, at this late day, to have it told at all. But it remained for this candid and earnest clergyman to break the ice of conventionality and introduce a subject vital to their faith in the future.

Mr. Savage's address was fair and courageous; it could not be, on such an occasion, minute or exhaustive. The thing to do was just what he did: deprecate prejudice and dilettantism and bespeak an earnest, thorough and impartial examination of the facts of modern Spiritualism, the most important movement the world has ever witnessed.

The discourses at the conference, outside of those devoted to the work of the denomination and breadth of treatment. There was a grappling of the questions of the day more than is usual in the annals of the church. There were two papers on "Religion in its Relation to Labor and Capital," the first, relating to "Arbitration in its Relation to Strikes," by William B. Weeden of Providence, which it was generally conceded as not worthy the occasion nor the audience. But the "Present Actual Condition of the Working Man," by the Hon. Carol D. Wright of Massachusetts, was by far the most important of those given on this topic. Mr. Wright's able work in the Bureau of Labor Statistics is well known. No one understands the laboring class better or has more sympathetic insight into their needs. He advocated mutual forbearance between employers and the employed, and believed in the final adjustment of difficulties. The discussions were generally spirited and full as interesting as the papers which evoked them.

There were also two papers on the "Use and Abuse of Alcohol and Tobacco," one explaining the "Attitude of the church toward the Dram-shop," by Judge Robert C. Pitman, of Massachusetts, the other, "A Medical view of the Subject," by Francis Minot, M. D., of Boston, which deserves to be printed and have a wide circulation. And finally, the influences of the home were eloquently portrayed by Rev. Joseph May of Philadelphia, who gave the household its deserved, but too frequently ignored prominence. A paper upon the influences of the public schools, by James MacAllister, Superintendent of Public Schools of Philadelphia, and four essays upon music and religion, closed the public services of the conference.

What Unitarians most need is precisely what the facts of Spiritualism could give them, — a knowledge of continuous individual life after death. And Spiritualists have to learn of them an essential, not vital, lesson. It is coherence, dignity and elevation of life among the mass of its teachers and believers, and a philosophic spirit which is willing to study the relation of spiritual laws to development and progress.

Judge E. S. Holbrook has returned from his Eastern trip, looking hale and hearty. He visited the various camp meetings and had a good time generally among Spiritualists and his New England friends.

Burnham Wardwell, a well known prison reformer, died at his home in Boston, Oct. 30. Mr. Wardwell was 68 years old. He served on the jury that indicted Jeff Davis.

Wanderings in the Northwest Wheat Country.

PRELUDE.

Nature is prompt in changing the fashion of her dress to suit the season. On this hazy, mellow September day away up here in the forests of northern Michigan my eyes tell me a change is already at hand. I know from this that my advance with Nature is nearly at an end. I am satisfied with the manifestations. The phenomena are marvelous; none the less striking for having been seen elsewhere in other years. Were I a poet I might sing something like this:

"I love to wander through the woodlands hoary
In the soft light of an autumnal day,
When Summer gathers up her robes of glory,
And like a dream of beauty glides away."
But I am not a poet; so the best I can do is to sit contentedly on a great pine log and hold a wordless lovefeast with the world seen and unseen.

Then, coming wholly back to earth again, I am reminded that if the touch of Jack Frost has left crimson blotches on the maple trees, it has also given hope to seven hundred anazing sojourners down there on the Bay that the vermilion hue of their noses will soon fade away, and they may depart southward with joy and comfort. This thought throws me off my log and I trudge back to the village and breakfast, thankful that I am not as (some) other men are. No, indeed! with all my trials it is not my lot to pay tribute to Hay Fever. My peace of mind is, however, somewhat disturbed by the ever present consciousness that I have not quite filled the expectations held out to my constituency on the eve of my departure from Lake Minnetonka.

It is a month since the JOURNAL's readers were led to expect they might hear further from its editorial party the following week. My intentions were good, but exigencies of travel and more imperative duties have claimed attention; and now I would fain keep quiet but for many inquiries of friends who like to keep track of us. How close and strong grow the bonds of friendship and personal interest between an editor and his readers, only one who knows from experience can appreciate. Everywhere, be it in city or town, in the forests of Michigan, the prairies of the vast Northwest, the gorges of the Arkansas and the Colorado, the grand canyons of the Rocky Mountains, and wherever men do meet on land or water from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico, from Boston to San Francisco and across the Atlantic, I encounter warm friends, who, with sparkling eye and warm grasp, bid me welcome and Godspeed. God bless them all! And, too, God bless those whom in the line of my duty I have had to antagonize and to defeat. May the struggles and trials through which either ignorance, superstition, lack of moral sense, avarice or ambition, has respectively led them, be a discipline and a benefit; and, at last, when for each "the silver cord is loosed, the golden bowl is broken" and we have all entered the Great Hereafter, may the Grand Master pronounce the final work of each to be good work, such work as is needed to complete a happy home, eternal and in the heavens.

On the afternoon of August 20th huge banks of black, angry clouds rolled up from the West, the waters of Minnetonka sympathized with the spirits of the air, and the scene had too cyclonic an aspect to warrant our party risking passage in the little yacht which was to transport us to Wayzata in the evening. Leastwise, thus thought Mrs. Bundy and I. So, against the protests of Curtis, who enjoys being in the midst of Nature's tempests, we boarded the Belle of Minnetonka whose safety could not be questioned, and at five o'clock found ourselves at Wayzata with more than three hours on our hands before the train for Devils Lake would pick us up. The storm passed over without fulfilling its threats, and Curtis with a mischievous twinkle in his eye, but with sober countenance, naively inquired: "Are you not glad you hurried over, instead of remaining to tea at the St. Louis Hotel, with the opportunity of coming across later on the natty little yacht with the genial Crawford for company?" Mrs. Bundy was heard to reply in an under tone something that sounded like, "It might have been an awful storm," etc. I declined an answer, but endeavored to express my opinion of his remark by a look intended to be loaded with asperity. I think I must have failed to load, as I could not detect the desired wet-blanket expression on the questioner's countenance.

I call a truce, and we seat ourselves on the shore of Wayzata Bay to while away the hours. The sun goes behind the fringe of forest, shadows gather on the water, fishermen come around the point light or laden, as luck has frowned or smiled on them, heading for the shore and supper. A train from Minneapolis and St. Paul thunders up to the station, drops a score of business men and dashes on to the Hotel Lafayette with the remainder of its load. Row and sail boats await to carry their owners across the bay to pretty cottages along the shore; before the train is out of sight the passengers dropped here are on the water and making the home stretch. In the distance we see happy wives and gleesome children signalling welcome to each boat as it heads toward its respective landing. Lights begin to twinkle in the fringe of green that dresses the pebbled shore. All is tranquil, restful, blissful. Each of these points of light marks the center of a family circle from which the whirl, turmoil and care of the busy city is banished. The tired man of business forgets his fatigue as he listens to the sweet voice of his wife and the gleeful prattle of his children. The waters gently lap the white beach and mingle

their voices with the winds singing through the scented forest; a hymn of thanksgiving and praise echoes along the shore. And in the gloaming, we three tramps sit and give thanks for this scene of joy and rest.

As we walk leisurely to the station, little do we dream of the terrible transformation scene to be enacted here before another sun goes down. The next afternoon, as if repenting the mildness of the day previous, the wind seizes huge trees and uses them for whips, piles wave on wave in the little inlet, drives the huge Belle of Minnetonka on to the beach and sends to the bottom of the lake four of the men whom we had seen rowing from the station to their summer homes the night before. But this cruel work was not done without due warning. There was risk in putting human skill and strength against the unseen but mighty force. These men took the risk—and lost. Of the broken hearts, the wrecked hopes, the changed lives of those who stood on the bank and saw this dreadful work go on to the finish. They are the ones who need our sympathy. Late the next night, away up in Northern Dakota, the wire brought us news of the disaster. It was now my opportunity; I turned to, Curtis: "Now don't you think our caution justified?" Somehow he didn't seem to hear, and I had no heart to press the matter.

The great railroad system known as the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Railway, offers the traveler a choice of lines from St. Paul to and through the entire length of the famous Red River Valley and north to the line of Queen Victoria's dominions, one on either side of the Red River of the North. By the advice of an experienced friend, our party has arranged to go one way and back the other. Taking the train at Wayzata in the evening, we are soon comfortably stowed away for a night's rest in one of the company's palatial sleeping cars. The next I realize is that the train has stopped in a thriving town and daylight has come again. While lying in my section looking out of the window, the train begins to back up, it continues to back, and I begin to wonder why. Then we back some more, across a long bridge. Then I get up and find we have backed out of Minnesota into Dakota and are now at Wahpeton on the west side of the Red River of the North. When a small school-boy I used to look on the map and trace this river northward to Winnipeg and picture a horribly cold, inhospitable country that must always remain a wilderness, fit only for Indians and the half-wild trapper. Had any one told the kind-hearted spinster who acted as my teacher and sometimes wrapped me in her apron and carried me home—a good half-mile—over a dusty road and under a broiling sun, that her seven-year-old pupil would be carried across this stream from one flourishing city to another, in a beautiful car worth more than any three houses in our village, that person would have been pronounced insane or an emissary of the devil, by the good woman. And she would have had the public with her, by a large majority. But stranger things have come about since those far-off days of chills and fever, quinine and calomel.

A brief stop at Wahpeton and the train pulls across the River again; its general direction during the night has been northwest, now it heads northeast. At 6:30 o'clock we strike Barnesville; breakfast, and the eastern trunk of the road. The breakfast is disappointing in quality but bewildering in variety; stewed codfish, fried ham, fried steak, stewed prairie chicken, fried mutton, boiled, stewed, fried and baked potatoes, fried and boiled eggs, baked beans, etc., etc., all served on side dishes, leaving no room to handle one's self, and sickening the appetite; not a well cooked dish in the whole lot. Why will country eating houses and taverns try to imitate first-class city hotels? The attempt is always a miserable failure. Let the Barnesville caterer cut down his variety seventy-five per cent., and serve the remainder in clean, wholesome style and his patrons will bless his name.

The topography of the country is a surprise to me. Before daylight we passed the "divide," and now there is an imperceptible fall toward the north. One vast, level prairie stretches in every direction to the horizon. A narrow belt of timber is always in sight in some quarter and marks one of the numerous streams flowing into Red River. The Red River of the North is the boundary line between Minnesota and Dakota from its head in Lake Traverse, two hundred miles west and north of St. Paul, to the Manitoba line. On the Minnesota side the small streams flow west bearing north, while on the Dakota side they run eastward with a bearing to the north. Red River drains a vast country, capable of supporting a dense population. Not a foot of unutilized land can be seen. There is need of systematic and concerted effort at drainage in some localities. I am told however that steps are being taken to this end. I do not mean to convey the idea that swamps prevail for they do not to any extent, but the quality of the soil over considerable areas would be improved by ditching. As we run north to Crookston immense wheat fields margin the track on either side, broken by long stretches of virgin prairie, and every few miles by thrifty villages with big elevators for storing wheat. The season has been unusually dry; here and there a trace of alkali is seen and the drinking water suggests it. But the alkali is not counted an objection or a drawback to the country. Some who claim to be experts assert that its presence is one of several essential requisites for the production of the phenomenally fine quality of wheat which has made the Red River valley famous. The drought has reduced the yield

somewhat this year but the quality is perfect. Those who are posted assert there is not a bushel of wheat in all the millions waiting the thresher that will fall below the grade of "No. 1 hard." Reaping is practically over, though here and there a small field still stands and I see now and then a "self-blinder" dropping a row of sheaves behind—in one instance the machine drawn by three oxen abreast and managed by a woman, with not a man in sight. Every few miles one sees a cluster of fine buildings that leads him to think a well-to-do village is in view, but he is told it is only an aggregation of buildings belonging to some big farm.

As we approach Rolette, 277 miles from St. Paul, the "Lockhart farm" comes into view. While there are many bigger farms, this is not so very small, comprising as it does 5,000 acres all under cultivation or improvement. The staple crop is, of course, wheat, which covers more than half the place, but oats, barley, potatoes and "garden truck" are raised in huge quantities. Good arable wells furnish a bountiful supply of water free from alkali. One of them, having a depth of only 130 feet, flows 65,000 gallons per day. This farm like many others in the valley is under the charge of a skilled superintendent and has its own blacksmith and carpenter's shops, and storehouses of supplies, ice house, oil house, feed grinding mill, boarding houses, and several granaries, each with capacity for 10,000 bushels of wheat.

At 10 o'clock we reach Crookston and are again astonished; indeed astonishment has now come to be our normal condition. One or the other of the party is constantly observing something worthy the attention of all. Crookston seems to me the most promising place we have yet seen on the road. Situated near the centre of the largest county in the State, and on the banks of a river affording a tremendous and never failing water power, with plenty of timber easily obtained and an unsurpassed farming country lying all about, this city has a splendid future. This county of Polk is capable of supporting and making well-to-do a larger population than the entire State can now claim. Crookston has about 4,000 inhabitants and all the accessories and equipments of a city. No one who has enterprise and fair health can make a mistake in settling here—or anywhere else in the State for that matter. One of the largest and best saw-mills in the Northwest is at Crookston. As a point for lumber manufacturing, the place is bound to be second only in importance to Minneapolis, if indeed it does not surpass it within the next ten years. The Red Lake Indian reservation of six thousand square miles has great quantities of excellent timber, and the Thief and Red Lake Rivers furnish a water way for it to Crookston. This vast reservation is held by a little body of Indians numbering only about ten hundred including bucks, squaws and papooses, as they say in the West, or men, women and children, as people in the East prefer to call them. This reservation should be opened to the white man for development; and it can be done without injustice to the Indians. It is a sin for such a magnificent body of land to remain a wilderness when its development would add so much to the welfare and happiness of thousands. Twice have attempts been made to throw it open to the public, but the crafty opposition of certain lumber monopolists who have commercial relations with the Indians has defeated these efforts. Another year will undoubtedly bring a pressure too great for these lumber kings to withstand and the poor but enterprising pioneers will have a chance. Only eight years have passed since the settlement of Polk county began, and though but sparsely settled now, the crop of grain for this year will probably exceed five millions of bushels. And all raised in a strip of country most of which is in sight from the line of the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Railway.

At Crookston we leave the sleeper, as it continues north to Winnipeg, and take a train on another branch of the same railway for Devils Lake, Dakota. The surface of the country about Crookston is somewhat rolling, and more pleasing to Eastern eyes than the flat prairie. We leave the main line to the right and bear off toward Red River. As the new train conductor enters our car Curtis exclaims, "What a splendid figure, he would do for a model of Apollo." And, indeed, he is a fine specimen; over six feet tall, perfect in proportion, a full beard covering his rosy cheeks which are lighted up by a pair of large, dark eyes expressing great benevolence and determination. He looks as though he would think it a small task to throw a car full of tramps out of the window, or pick up a derailed coach and place it in position. He comes our way, stops to pat on the head and give a pleasant word to a bright little negro boy whose genteel appearing mother smiles with pleasure at the attention; then he takes our tickets, reads the name and asks, "Do you know John Pirnie's family?" "If you mean Mr. and Mrs. Pirnie of Cleveland and Chicago," I reply, "Mrs. Sarah Pirnie, the

* Since the above was written the Northwest Indian Commission, composed of Hon. John V. Wright of Tennessee, Bishop Whipple of Minnesota, and Major Larrabee of the U. S. Indian Bureau, has negotiated a treaty with the various Indian tribes of Minnesota, whereby over 3,000,000 acres of land will be opened for settlement. The intention under the stipulations of the proposed treaty is to settle all these Indians, except those of the Red Lake band, upon the White Earth Reservation, the Red Lake band being now excellently situated. It may be that some of the more wandering bands will be removed, if it be their choice, to Wisconsin, as the Government gives them their option. The total number of acres held by the Indians prior to this treaty was 4,753,716. All this will be opened except the White Earth Reservation which contains 700,072 acres and about one-fourth of the Red Lake Reservation. Before next spring this treaty will no doubt be ratified. Bishop Whipple is a well tried and faithful friend of the Indians and will see them fairly dealt with.

excellent medium and healer, I certainly do, and esteem them highly; why?" "My wife is their daughter," replies the conductor, "and my name is Copeland." Next to unexpectedly meeting our old friends the Piranes, it seems good to meet their son-in-law. I immediately fire a few dozen questions at him, concerning the country, its products, prospects, people, climate, etc., all of which he answers in due time, with great deliberation and exactness. That he has to call out stations, collect fares, take care of his train and answer other people before I have pumped him enough, don't seem to affect the flow of information or disturb his good nature. He used to railroad it in Ohio, but has been here some years and much prefers this country; says it is far pleasanter and easier work in the winter here than farther south and east. By the way, I've tried my best to get some one in Minnesota to say the winters are harder to bear than those in Illinois and the eastern States, but my attempts have all been signal failures. I don't believe there is a man or woman in Minnesota or Dakota who will not make oath that the winters are "delightful." "Cold, it is true," they say, "but then the air is so dry and bracing, one doesn't feel the cold; and then, too, there is something about this country that fills one so full of life and vigor that one hardly notices 40° below zero in winter or 100° above in summer—as we sometimes get it." The first few hundred times I got this answer, I doubted its truthfulness, and put it in the list with some of the California stories I've laid away for future working, but after having it dinged into my ears by everybody, including some whom I personally know to be truth-loving people, I am reluctantly forced to admit that what they all affirm is probably true. Indeed I have some confirmation of it to-day, for with the thermometer above 90° I do not feel uncomfortably warm and Mrs. Bundy is standing the journey much better than could be expected. Curtis is always comfortable, no extreme of heat or cold has the slightest effect on him, so I count him out in looking for collateral evidence to corroborate the statements of residents. While I am spinning of the mercury, the train spins along the valley of Red Lake River, which furnishes Crookston with its water power, and after draining and beautifying twenty miles more of rolling prairie helps to swell the volume of the Red River of the North at the point where our train crosses into Dakota. "Grand Forks," sings out Copeland, and here we are in the second largest city of this rightful claimant to the dignity of Statehood. My old friend Col. G. H. Pierce, ought, and no doubt does, feel very proud of this noble Territory over which he governs. While his office doesn't bring him in as many dollars as did the editorship of the *Inter Ocean*, the deficit is more than made up by the liberal supply of climate, ozone and enterprise so bountifully furnished to all who enter Dakota; and the Colonel is fond of them, especially of ozone. Then, too, the Governor has a generous, honest heart, and takes pleasure in smoothing the path of the settler in so far as lies in his power. I hope he will stick to this country; and Dakotians will never do better, than to stick to him.

Grand Forks is an old, old city; it has been in existence twelve years. No wonder it forks out in all directions over the prairie and covers ground enough to give a lot to every human being resident in the Territory. Looking northward, I see a large brick structure at some distance from any other building, and am told it is a Roman Catholic school. Further to the west and two and a half miles from the centre of the town, stands an imposing edifice which I learn is the beginning of the University of North Dakota and one of a pile of splendid buildings to cost nearly a million dollars.

School houses and churches abound through the western country. From the Manitoba line to Mexico one cannot travel far in any inhabited section without seeing a school house; and it is more likely to be the finest structure in its district than otherwise. Speculators and non-resident land holders often groan over the school tax which settlers manage to levy; but nobody pities these non-producing speculators. If they want the benefit of the improvements making by poor, hardworking settlers, let them be made to pay roundly for all public improvements. They have no option and must do it, or give way to those who will turn the sod of these unbroken acres and make homes for the homeless and grow wheat for the millions who want it. The Indian has some show of justification for holding vast tracts in a state of nature, but the speculator has none. He must go! and his trail will be followed before it is cold by the big ranchmen and cattle kings. Huge monopolies of the soil will not be endured very long in this country.

Leaving Grand Forks to double its wealth and population every three years we push on toward our destination. As we get away from the Red River valley, evidences of the severe drought become more marked, the shocks of grain are farther apart,—nearly all the wheat is still in the shock; we have seen but few stacks during the day—the soil is brown and dry, the streams run shallow. Here and there is an 80-acre field covered thick with granite boulders,—marks of the glacial period; the soil grows lighter in color and less in depth. To a stranger the country is not so promising for agricultural purposes as that over which we have traveled during the day. Though the settlers claim that, one year with another, they can raise as profitable crops as the farmers in the Red River valley; for the reason that they can work the ground two weeks earlier in the spring, as much later in the fall, and have a warmer soil than can be found further east.

Of the truth of this I cannot judge, but am glad to hear such testimony from those who have got to work out the problem. At Arville, 43 miles west of Crookston and 342 miles from St. Paul, we halt for dinner. And a good, well cooked, well served meal it is. The dining room is genteel, and a general air of refinement pervades the house, very refreshing to find, and all the more so, as wholly unlooked for. The hotel is owned by Mr. Hersey of Stillwater, Minnesota, who also owns a large farm near the station, and in the shooting season entertains a host of friends, invited guests, who come out to enjoy the hunt and the generous hospitality of their host.

The next point of importance is Larimore, where we cross another arm of the giant St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Railway. This is a bustling, thriving little city, with an attractive farming country to support it. As we draw nearer to Devils Lake, Conductor Copeland invites me to remain with him and go on to the end of the road, a point some 65 miles west of the lake and contiguous to the Mouse River country, where he promises the finest of grouse shooting. When, in answer to my precautionary inquiries, he tells me the road is not yet well ballasted, the time of arrival likely to be near midnight and the accommodations such as the shovels who are throwing up the track can furnish, and that if Sunday is as hot as to-day, the sport will have plenty of fatigue attending, I politely but very firmly decline.

At five o'clock, Saturday afternoon, the train reaches Devils Lake City, 400 miles from St. Paul, about 60 miles from the Manitoba line and in latitude 48° north, longitude 99° west from Greenwich. The first view of Devils Lake and the little city which stands on its north shore is rather disappointing; but evidently we are not observing it under the most favorable conditions. A twenty-one hours ride which lands one at a station where the mercury peeps above the mark of the ninety-fourth degree and with a diabolical leer reaches for the next step upward, is not calculated to show nature at her best. And when, as now, over all is thrown a funeral curtain of smoke from far western prairie fires, I can imagine that a traveler with old-fashioned notions of theology might be led to reflect upon his past life, to ponder over the name of the locality, and if sufficiently orthodox, to sniff for a scent of sulphur. We step out upon the platform of the station and are informed by a countless, colored gentleman of suave manner, that a "free bus" will transport us to the Benham House. We accept upon his information and are driven to the hotel by the man for jumping whose land claim the Ward brothers were shot to death only a few years ago; and I learn that we passed very near the scene of the tragedy as we came into town. I may here mention in passing that no one was convicted of the murder, and that the prevailing sentiment of the community after this lapse of time is against the Ward boys; though the U. S. Land Commissioner awarded the claim to their heirs—on a technicality, it is said, and not on the merits of the case. Major Benham, the host, is an old soldier who served his country gallantly in a Michigan regiment, came out here poor and has materially aided in preparing Dakota for admission into the sisterhood of States.

I find many Chicago and Eastern people here, and without exception they speak well of the country. Here is located the most important Government Land Office in the country, and it is only three years since land in this section was thrown open for entry. I am told there is now no good government land to be had within twenty-five miles of the office. Investigation increases my respect for the character and resources of this region; I am sure that hereabouts and further west in the Mouse River country the seeker for a home cannot go wrong.

It is Sunday morning and the day promises to be a scorcher. Curtis suggests that we take the steamer and cross the lake to Fort Totten. I agree to this, and all the more readily as I have become satisfied this is no place for a hay fever patient now, whatever it may have been in other years, and intend to start on the return trip when Copeland comes along to-morrow morning with his train and grouse.

Devils Lake is a body of brackish water, fifty-five miles in length, with a shore line nearly as extended and irregular as Minnetonka, but less attractive. Marvellous tales are told of the cures wrought by bathing in its waters. I have interviewed those who claim to have been permanently benefited, and who dilate with enthusiasm upon its remedial properties. But until better facilities for bathing and the care of invalids are to be had I cannot advise the sick to come here to experiment.

The steamer which takes us to the fort was built by Capt. Ed. Heerman who navigates her, and was ready for business on the day the first passenger train entered Devils Lake City. The boat was built in 1883, and Capt. H's story of his difficulties in completing the craft gives an example of the pluck and perseverance which characterize these hardy pioneers. When it came time to put in the boilers and engine they were at the nearest railroad station nearly sixty miles distant; it was in the midst of winter with deep snow and the thermometer ranging from 35° to 40° degrees below zero. He loaded the outfit on a sled; and to prevent capsizing, constructed a V of timbers which when inverted and placed over the load brought the ends down on either side of the snow. Securely fastened to the load, this device kept it from careening when the runner on one side slid over a lower level than its mate. Thirteen

days were consumed and thirteen teams thoroughly exhausted in accomplishing the journey, but the Captain avers most emphatically that he did not suffer with the cold.

Fort Totten occupies a commanding position on the bluffs overlooking the lake and surrounding country. The buildings are of brick, manufactured on the other side of the lake. The fort was established some eighteen years ago, the site being selected by General Terry. The Fort Totten Reservation embraces, I am told, 200,000 acres of excellent land, which is greatly coveted by settlers.

Here is an Indian school where the children from the Indian Reservation are educated under the auspices of the Roman Catholic Church. The school is in charge of four Sisters of the order of Gray Nuns. Our party is escorted to the school building by Mr. Frank Palmer, the Indian trader, and introduced to the sisters, by whom we are shown over the school building and chapel. It is now vacation and only eight children—orphans—are in the building. The U. S. Government pays the nuns \$108 per year for each little Indian whose soul they strive to save and whose intellect they, with patience and skill, endeavor to cultivate. The system of farming out to leading religious sects the religious and educational work among the Indians was inaugurated, I believe, by General Grant and seems to have satisfied sectarian leaders. Whether the Indians are the better for it I am not qualified by observation to judge.

An intelligent gentleman who has lived for the past twenty years at different reservations in the Northwest and who is of Presbyterian stock, says the Catholics have the best success with the Indians; that with the Protestant sects if the government funds are not promptly forthcoming the school is abandoned; and that they never acquire equal influence with the Catholic missionaries. He bears witness to the greater devotion to the work on the part of the Catholics and has more respect for their sincerity of purpose, though no sympathy with their theology. He further states as the result of twenty years' careful observation, that the matured Indian is never honest in his professions of Christianity, and that the children seldom become permanently Christianized. This testimony is supported by others who seem to speak wholly unbiased and in strict accordance with their observations. They claim the Indian is only a Christian when he thinks it will help him to ration and clothes, or in some way make life easier. One of these witnesses married a half-breed and all of them seemed to have no race prejudice to blind their judgment. Some things however are plain to the most casual observer. Wherever the white man comes in contact with the Indian, the latter rapidly deteriorates, physically and morally, grows a little weaker each succeeding generation, his blood is poisoned by a nameless disease; scrofula abounds and helps to hasten the day when the red man shall only be a tradition. Schools for religious and intellectual training may lengthen out the struggle but the end is inevitable. There is no hope for the Indian this side of the grave. Only in the next world is there any show for him. And Spiritualism offers the only rational hope that the Indian's heaven is a region of growth and improvement.

But let us get away, the steamer is coming round the promontory, her whistle warns us to go to the wharf; a corporal's guard flies out from the fort and marches to the landing—this is about the only military duty devolving upon the command, that of guarding the landing when the steamer arrives, to protect the Indian and post traders from strayed peddlers who would invade their preserves, I suppose.

Good-by, Gray Nuns! I reject your theology, but respect your devotion, and admire your self-sacrificing spirit and pure lives. I recognize the fact that Humanism has had its part to play in carrying the race forward and that when its work is done it will, like the Indian, fade away. Good-by, Sisters. Your sweet faces and contented air while ennobled by all that is repellent to your refined and cultured natures teach me a lesson of patience and of fortitude. Good-by! God bless you!

As we steam along, Captain Heerman points out a deserted eagle's nest in the forks of a huge tree which stands out alone as if ashamed of its pigmy companions. This eagle used to come back each year to raise its young in the old nest, built before the white man's gun echoed through the forest. But this season she failed to return. Though her rights had been respected, no attempt made to jump her claim and no gun pointed at her brooding place, yet she could not brook the white man's intrusion and has gone further west.

We have heard much about the fishing in Devils Lake, but inquiry upon the spot develops the information that pickerel are the only game that comes to one's hook here, and they are neither gamey nor fine of flavor. It is said, however, there are plenty of bass and trout in the streams and fresh water lakes which abound in this region.

It is not in the nature of things that Devils Lake should be without its weird stories; and several of them we had at first hand. The phantom ship is the favorite here, not the old-fashioned kind, with all sails set, but a modern steamer. Mr. Frank Palmer who is a cool-headed unimaginative man of excellent business qualifications, and director in a National bank, told me a story, which I wish I could put on paper as well as he tells it. He did not volunteer its relation and at first seemed reluctant, but under Captain Heerman's urging he gave it to me substantially as follows: One day three years ago, Mr. Palmer and twelve other men, eleven of them

The Rev. J. M. Buckley, D. D., editor of the *Christian Advocate*, and author of the article recently published in *The Century* on "Faith-Healing and Kindred Phenomena," will contribute to the same magazine a series of articles on the subject of Dreams, Presentiments, Astrology, Clairvoyance, and Spiritualism, of which he has made a life-long study.

Mrs. Oliphant is writing a series of articles to appear in *The Century* during the coming year, describing some of the celebrated men and women of Queen Anne's reign, including the Queen, the Duchess of Devonshire, and Daniel Defoe. Mrs. Van Rensselaer, who has recently written about American Architecture, in *The Century*, will contribute to the same magazine a series of papers on some of the typical English cathedrals, to be illustrated by Mr. Joseph Pennell.

Every day adds to the great amount of evidence as to the curative powers of Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is unequalled for general debility, and as a blood purifier, expelling every trace of scrofula or other impurity. Now is the time to take it. Sold by all druggists.

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Mrs. CHARLOTTE LISLE, of CHICAGO, well known to the Western press, ascribes the cure of a dangerous cough, accompanied by bleeding at the lungs, to Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. "My cough," she says, "threatened to suffocate me . . . but the remedy has removed it."

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We take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the advertisement of the Knickerbocker Brace Co. in this issue of our paper. We can recommend this Company to do as they agree, and orders entrusted to their care will receive prompt attention.—*St. Louis Presbyterian*, June 19, 1886.

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(Continued from Fifth Page.)

soldiers, and the other man being the engineer of the little Government steamer belonging to the port, left Fort Totten in the morning to cross the lake. They had an old scow fitted up with sails; and the object of the trip was to look after land claims belonging to members of the party. They finished their work and started to return, but the wind dying down the old craft lay motionless in the middle of the lake and some miles from the fort. The soldiers' permits expired at sundown and they were in sore distress at the delay. The sun went down, the boom of the evening gun came faintly across the water, but no wind. Time wore slowly by until about eleven o'clock; suddenly two of the crew sprang to their feet exclaiming: "There is the steamer's whistle; they are searching for us." A moment later and every one of the thirteen on board, the scow heard the shrill whistle. Again and again, they heard it. At last the sound of the steam exhaust was heard and soon the dim outline of the craft was seen through the gloom. She drew nearer but was headed too far south; her lights showed plainly and the voices of those in charge were distinctly heard. The becalmed crew hallooed long and lustily but no attention was paid by those on the steamer. During this time those in the sail-boat were querying how it was possible for the steamer to have been fired up and despatched on the search when the engineer was away, and, to their knowledge, no competent substitute available. But this questioning did not lessen their efforts to attract attention. The attempt was fruitless and the steamer forged ahead out of sight and sound. With keen disappointment, the boat's crew impatiently waited a breeze; at last it came, and toward morning they made the landing at the fort. To their profound astonishment there lay the little steamer which a few hours before they had seen miles away. There she lay, no steam on, no fire under the boiler, no indication that she had been in service since they left in the morning; yet every man of them stood ready to make oath to her presence in the middle of the lake with full steam on, whistle blowing, lights burning and crew alert. On inquiry, it was found she had not been fired up and had been at the wharf all the time. The only other steamer was Capt. Heerman's, and she was tied up at Devils Lake City. Such is the story, and no one can hear it told as I did and fail to credit the sincerity of him who tells it. What is the explanation? That the phenomena witnessed were purely subjective is hardly to be questioned, yet the incident is none the less curious.

One will not see the bluen here; he bade this section adieu in 1870, and with the elk and deer, headed toward the Rocky Mountains whose snow white peaks glisten in the sun 550 miles further to the westward; but his bones are to be seen, cords and ear loads of them heaped up beside the railroad track. A Yankee came along one day and thought it a shame to see these remains scattered over the prairies. It was not sentimentality that inspired this thrifty descendant of the Puritans, he kept that for other uses, but his love of honest gain. His experience taught him there was money in these long neglected bones. He quietly made his arrangements for their disposal and notified the half-breeds he would pay from eight to ten dollars a ton for them. Within three years he has shipped to St. Louis over 500 car loads, where they are used in sugar refining and for fertilizing, making a nice bit of money for himself and helping the gatherers to more money than they ever had before or are likely to ever earn again; this man is entitled to the blue ribbon. These are not sailors' yarns, though told on salt water. The water of Devils Lake isn't salt enough to sustain an apocryphal story.

And here we are back again at the three-year old city, and a hot Sunday is nearly gone. The same affable African who first welcomed us to the place escorts us from the boat to the hotel. Major Benham greets us with hearty welcome and supper.—Let us rest!

The Congregationalist Dilemma.

"Shall the heathen who never heard of Christ be eternally damned?" This is the supreme question before the Conference at Des Moines this week, and which will again bob up at the National Council of Congregational churches to be held in Chicago October 13th to 20th. The views of the prominent ministers are very conflicting. "I have no sympathy with the Andover hypothesis, so-called," says the Rev. Arthur Little, pastor of the New England Church of this city, "of a continued probation. In its outcome and issue it is certain to differ radically from the old faith. Its adherents claim it is only a hypothesis, not a dogma, but it seems to be already taking in the minds the form of a positive affirmation."

Rev. Henry M. Scudder, pastor of Plymouth Congregational Church, admits that his influence will be exerted in behalf of the conservatives.

Prof. Smyth is the Professor of Ecclesiastical History in Andover Seminary, and is regarded by many as the most able exponent of the "Future Probation" doctrine, and the leader of the party which takes issue with the more conservative or those who hold that there is no second probation, and that when a man dies without knowledge of Christ, regardless of his opportunities in this life, that he is absolutely lost. He does not think there will be a rupture in the Congregational Church, and has heard various rumors about changes in the officers of the board, but is not in a position to say in how far they may be regarded as true.

Rev. Dr. P. Goodwin says: "The Andover people are anxious to have a larger liberty, and believe that missionaries should be sent out with their own opinions touching the doctrine of probation."

The Rev. Theodore Prudden says that the question is simply as to whether or not men should be compelled to adopt the dogma that all who have not heard of Christ in this world are hopelessly condemned. The Andover professors have claimed the right to hope they would have another opportunity in the hereafter, but have not made it a dogma. The American Board insists that every missionary shall have a dogma with regard to the state of the heathen who die without hearing of Christ. Those who oppose the Board simply claim that the future state of the heathen who die without hearing of Christ is uncertain, and that they are unable to determine anything on this point from the Bible.

Dr. Alden holds that the fate of all men is decided in this life, and that those who do not recognize Christ on earth have no other chance to take advantage of His grace—that is, he rejects entirely the doctrine of probation and holds views of the severest type concerning the disposition of the heathen who have had no opportunity to know of Christ. The process of liberalizing the Congregationalists has commenced, and nothing can permanently impede its onward march. Ten years from now they will be unanimous in giving the "heathen" after death an opportunity to acquire a seat in heaven.

Notes from Brooklyn, N. Y.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The events of interest to your readers which have come to my notice during the last two weeks I will briefly note. On Sunday, the 26th ult., according to the notice previously given, memorial services of the life and work of the late S. B. Nichols were held at the Conservatory Hall. The gathering was large and the exercises affecting. The meeting was called to order by A. H. Daily, who nominated Mr. John Jeffrey as chairman, who was unanimously elected. Upon taking the chair Mr. Jeffrey made a few appropriate remarks, and as there were quite a number present who would address the audience, he requested that the speeches be short. The audience then joined in singing, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," after which William C. Bowen was called to the rostrum.

In a few appropriate and eloquent words, Mr. Bowen placed before his hearers the glorious fruition of the life and work of Mr. Nichols, and pictured in glowing terms his condition as a risen spirit, who had earned the cordial welcome and greeting with which he was received in the Spirit-world.

Dea. D. M. Cole recounted his first acquaintance with Mr. Nichols, and said the first address he had ever made was at the Brooklyn Spiritual Fraternity, of which Mr. Nichols was President. In that address he made an attack upon Spiritualism, but Mr. Nichols told him he was a medium in the hands of the Spirit-world and would be a Spiritualist, for he could not help it. That Mr. Nichols' intuitions were correct, is shown by the fulfillment of his prediction. Mr. Cole dwelt at some length upon the life work of Mr. Nichols, and of the satisfactory evidences of the life beyond, which sustained him in his work. He said that he had never known a man so intensely active, and that when Brother Nichols saw there was a duty to perform, he never waited to consider if he was equal to the task, but went to work, and his labors were usually crowned with success.

Col. William Hempstead said that it was only about two weeks before that he had parted with Mr. Nichols at the steps of his house, where they had been holding a pleasant conference upon questions of interest to themselves; that while he had not been able to accept the doctrines of the Spiritualists through any phenomena he had witnessed, yet through a purely scientific and philosophical course of study, he had finally solved to his own satisfaction the great problem of life, and had accepted as possible much which Spiritualists claimed as established by phenomena. He said that at Mr. Nichols' request, he had frequently addressed the Brooklyn Spiritual Fraternity, as Mr. Nichols always desired to enlighten his meetings with subjects which agitate thought. His home was pure and pleasant, and while we could all rejoice at his attaining a higher sphere of usefulness and happiness, our hearts go out in sympathy to his widow and family in their bereavement.

Mr. James D. Silkman, of New York, addressed the audience at some length. His remarks were listened to with attention and made a deep impression. He had known Mr. Nichols intimately for many years, and valued him highly as a friend and citizen. He was a leader, and had made Spiritualism respected in the city of churches. At his request Mr. Nichols once came to New York City and helped him reorganize the work there.

A gentleman whose name I did not learn, arose and said that he desired to pay a tribute to the memory of his old and valued friend, S. B. Nichols; that he had known him from early life; had been associated with him in business, and as a man of integrity, honor and virtue, he could speak of him in the highest terms. As a spiritual and religious man, he had evidence of his deep sincerity, although he himself had not investigated the phenomena of Modern Spiritualism, which had made Mr. Nichols such an active convert.

Mr. A. H. Daily was then called upon, and made a few remarks, referring the audience to what he had written for the JOURNAL, which would be interesting to those who wished to learn more of the life-work of Mr. Nichols. He then read the following letter from Mr. J. J. Morse:

HON. A. H. DAILY.—My Dear Sir and Friend:

As much to my regret, it will be out of my power to be with you on Sunday A. M. to participate in the memorial service in memory of our ardent brother and dear friend, S. B. Nichols (owing to an engagement made over two months since), may I trespass upon your ever considerate courtesy so far as to ask you to express for my controls, myself, and my family, our joint sincere and earnest sympathies in, and with, the exercises to take place? So lately parting with Bro. N. at Lake Pleasant, his being the last time I clasped on his shoulders, the above named place, and then to learn that our good friend had been called away without being able in person to express our deep sense of his many qualities as our friend in deed and thought, or to bear testimony to his unflinching zeal and unremitting labor for our cause, and all that could elevate and keep it sweet and pure, is a source of great sorrow to us all. But our hearts are now where he can read hearts and minds, and meet face to face the good and true souls that have spoken held converse with him, and, therefore, he knows our hearts are full of a warm esteem and

loving remembrance, growing out of our mutual intercourse during the past year. Thank God he is not dead, but only gone before! The divine glories illumine his brow, and the land we are tending towards he has gained. For my inspirer, and myself and family, let me say we honor his memory, seeing in it good service generously given to the angels, humanity and the truth. Our loving sympathies go out to his wife and family, whom the good angels and our dear brother, now passed and raised, shall bless and cheer for the years to come.

With much esteem, and sincere respect, I subscribe myself,

Fraternally yours,

J. J. MORSE.

Boston, Mass., Sept. 23rd, 1886.

Mr. John Slater gave some remarkable tests, and among them, he repeated to Judge Dalley the words of Mr. Nichols to him a few moments before his transition. With this the exercises closed.

Mr. John Slater has opened his meetings at Arion Hall, and as usual is attracting large audiences.

Mrs. Helen J. T. Brigham will occupy the platform at Conservatory Hall during October. Services will be held Sundays at 11 A. M. and at 7:45 P. M., corner of Fulton and Bedford Avenues.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Cause of Buddha's Death.

BY WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

Some weeks ago, in an article in the JOURNAL, I stated that Buddha's death was caused by eating pork. A correspondent has written me thereabout as follows: "Did you seriously refer to Buddha dying of eating pork? I suppose you must know that there is no good authority for that." As I did seriously refer to the cause of Buddha's death, and as I knew that there was good authority for my statement, I was a little surprised at the receipt of this query. With the kind permission of the editor of the JOURNAL, I shall now succinctly state the facts.

The most trustworthy account of the last days of Buddha is contained in the *Mahaparinibbana Sutta* or *Suttanta*, as it is called in Pali, the sacred language of the Southern Buddhists, or *Mahaparinirvana Sutra*, as it is named in Sanskrit. T. W. Rhys Davids, one of the leading authorities in Buddhism in England, in fact, the chief exponent of Buddhism in that country, in his "Buddhism," page 14, says of the *Mahaparinibbana Sutta*: "This, the oldest and most reliable of all our authorities [concerning the life of Buddha], cannot be dated later than the end of the fourth century, B. C. . . . It exaggerates the events which are said to have happened after the death took place, . . . but in its main facts the *Sutta* bears the impress of truth." Buddha probably died about 480 B. C., though Mr. Davids has invited attention to some facts which indicate that he may have died some 80 or 100 years later, about 400 or 380 B. C. An English translation of the *Mahaparinibbana Sutta* by Mr. Davids is contained in Vol. XI of the "Sacred Books of the East." All subsequent narratives of Buddha's death have their root in the account found in this *Sutta*, which form a part of the second *Pitaka* or *Sutta Pitaka* of the Southern Buddhists' sacred canon. The *Tipitika* (or *Tripiṭaka* in Sanskrit), the Bible of the Southern Buddhists, contains no continuous life of Buddha, but accounts of, and references to, portions of his life are scattered about among the many separate books comprising the three *Pitakas*.

The *Mahaparinibbana Sutta*, our oldest and best authority, states that Buddha's death was caused by eating pork, and the truth of this statement is generally accepted by the Buddhists themselves, as well as by European Buddhist scholars and critics generally. Mr. Davids, in "Buddhism," p. 80, in narrating the life of Buddha, says, "On reaching Pava he is entertained by a goldsmith at that place named Chunda, . . . who prepares for him a meal of rice and young pork—and it may be noticed in passing how improbable it is that the story of the Buddha's death having been due to such a cause should be a mere invention." It is seen that Mr. Davids accepts the truth of the pork story, and very truthfully remarks how improbable it is that such an account of the death of their beloved Master could have been manufactured by his followers.

In the front ranks of critical Buddhist scholarship stands Dr. Hermann Oldenberg of the University of Berlin; and I have seen no book upon Buddhism that is comparable, as a whole, to his great work, "Buddha, his Life, his Doctrine, his Order." In it, to use the words of his translator, Dr. Wm. Hoey, "he has sifted the legendary elements of Buddhist tradition, and has given the reliable residuum of facts concerning Buddha's life." As indicative of his searching, analytical criticism, it may be stated that he discards the universally-accepted tradition of Buddha (Sakyamuni or Gautama) having been a prince, a king's son; and in support of his position, he refers to the absence of any allusion to his father's kingly dignity in the oldest of the Pali sacred writings; indeed, so far as known to him, in the whole *Tipitika* there is only one reference to his father being a king, and that is in a mythical narrative of no authority.

Speaking of the *Mahaparinibbana Sutta*, Oldenberg says, "The external features of Dr. this narrative bear for the most part, though perhaps not in every particular the stamp of trustworthy tradition" (Buddha, etc., English translation, London, 1883, p. 195). On page 200, Dr. Oldenberg refers to Buddha's death in the following manner: "On the way that sickness, which was to terminate his life, attacked him at Pava. Our text, with a naïveté far removed from modern affectation, has in the course of the narrative of Buddha's last addresses, preserved to us the information that his illness was brought on by eating pork, which Chunda, the son of a goldsmith at Pava, put before him." This language shows that even the critical Oldenberg regards the story of his death being due to pork eating as a reliable tradition; indeed, I know of no eminent Buddhist scholar who seriously doubts it. If it is without truth, it is difficult to conceive why and how such a story originated. A narrative which certainly embodied nothing of credit to "the Perfect One," but rather tended to his discredit, would be extremely unlikely to arise in the immediate bosom of the Sangha, the Order or Congregation instituted by him. In fact, in my opinion, the statement concerning the cause of Buddha's death is one of the most trustworthy incidents to be found in the much embellished and largely mythical life of Buddha. It is one of the narratives most unlikely of fabrication.

Being supported by such "good" authority as the oldest and most reliable account of Buddha's last days, and by such "good" authorities as Dr. Oldenberg, and Mr. Rhys Davids, as well as by Buddhist scholars and critics generally, I cannot "seriously" that in all probability, Gautama Buddha's last and fatal illness was brought on by eating pork.

Presidio of San Francisco, Cal.

GENERAL ITEMS.

Mrs. J. Anson Shepard, favorably known as a speaker in Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Louis and elsewhere in the West, has been spending some time with Gov. and Mrs. Adams of Carson City, Nev. She is now at the Aldine House, San Francisco. Mrs. Shepard contemplates spending the winter on the Pacific coast, and it is possible she might be induced to lecture. Societies in need of a speaker would do well to correspond with her.

A. Bate, secretary, writes as follows: "The First Society of Progressive Spiritualists of Troy, N. Y., held its annual meeting on Monday evening, September 27th, 1886, in Keran Hall; room eighteen, when the following officers and trustees were elected for the ensuing year: President, Mr. R. H. Waters; Vice-President, Mr. A. M. Whipple; Secretary, Mr. A. Bate; Treasurer, Mr. E. Gernon. Trustees, J. L. Lodwick, N. Reynolds, J. Carpenter, C. R. Wood, E. M. Cornwell, W. B. Paterson, Wm. B. Sherman, C. Kelsey, and Mrs. Jessie Brown."

Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Priest have located in Chicago, at 289 Washington Boulevard, and offer their professional services to the public. Mr. Priest is a metaphysical healer and comes with excellent recommendations as to his success in Buffalo and elsewhere. Mrs. Priest is a psychometrist and is vouched for by no less competent authority than Prof. J. R. Buchanan, who speaks of her in terms of highest praise. "Mrs. Priest," says Dr. Buchanan, "is one of those who help to make the world better while they live in it, and whose superior endowments in the new healing art make her a valuable citizen in any community."

Mr. W. M. Salter, after a delightful vacation among the hills of New Hampshire, has returned to work. Last Sunday he lectured upon the "Religion of Nature"; next Sunday he speaks on the "Aims of Life." His lectures and work are well worthy of support and the JOURNAL hopes the year just begun will be one of great success for the Ethical Society and its lecturer.

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For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
The Spiritualism Before "Modern"
Spiritualism.

BY THOS. HARDING.

No. 5.

ENGLAND CONCLUDED.

"All things journey: sun and moon,
Morning, noon and afternoon,
Night and all her stars;
Twist the east and western bars
Round their journey,
Come and go!"

—George Eliot.

"If man be not of kin to God by his spirit,
He is a base, ignoble creature."
—Bacon.—Essays.

Calm thought is civilizing the world; enthusiasm is barbarism! Spiritualism rests on conviction of the understanding, based on ascertained fact; superstition is the creature of baseless theory. The former makes its headway among cogitative people; the latter among the thoughtless classes. Enthusiasm, it is true, has done good work in the past, but it succeeded only with the baser element; it was but a barbarous agent, designed to produce effects in the world a little less gross than those which existed.

Socrates or Plato could not be enthused, but the metaphysicians could. Those who among Spiritualists started out intoxicated with the new wine, proclaiming that they were ordained by the spirits to do a great work, have come to naught. They should have gone to Methodism, or to no where, until they outgrew their folly. Religious excitement which produces such explosives as "Glory to God!" "Amen!" etc., tends to take the world back to that primitive condition from which it has long been laboring to emerge. For the effects of enthusiasm look at Ireland—see the barbarous Orangemen and the barbarous Catholics contending for—they know not what! killing their fellow-men for a chimera; not one in a hundred can give a reason therefor deserving of a moment's thought. Spiritualism is here to civilize—to purify—to render permanent the knowledge of immortality; to elevate from enthusiasm to thought, and to take us from theory to fact.

But the dogmatic rejection of reasonable testimony and the repudiation of conclusions reached by competent investigators, coupled with an unwillingness to test the question of mediumship and enthusiasm; it is but the other end of the same string, and is as reprehensible and as dangerous to liberty and civilization. The fog of unbelief might be made to burn as fiercely as the fog of superstition, and the thumb screw of pseudo-science might hurt as severely as that of "holy" priestcraft.

It is refreshing to turn aside from such considerations, and contemplate the liberality of thought enjoyed by a great mind. One of the greatest of Englishmen was Dr. Samuel Johnson, the lexicographer, author and philosopher. He produced the first really good dictionary of the English language; he fills the niche in English history which Noah Webster occupies in American. He was a British lion, physically, characteristically and intellectually (there was nothing small about him). One day at a dinner party the conversation turned upon the manifestations of "ghosts," or what we now call "Spiritualism"; some believed and even related remarkable incidents in relation to spirits, which occurred in their own experiences, while other guests present ridiculed the idea. One of the most unsparring of these turned to Dr. Johnson (who had taken no part in the conversation) and contemptuously inquired—"Doctor, do you believe in ghosts?" He supposed that so practical and learned a man would treat the subject with contempt; but the doctor quickly undeceived him. "I have not had any experience in that direction myself," he replied, in substance, "but there is no country, civilized or savage, in which they are not believed in, and when I find the question so generally discussed and so extensively accepted as fact, I cannot but suppose that there is truth in it"; and he pointedly added, "Those who deny it with their tongues, confess it by their fears." Some of the self-sufficient Englishmen of the present day would do well to ponder this great man's reply, and observe its justice; by doing so, perhaps they might be led to exercise a little commendable modesty.

When rendered in plain Saxon, Dr. Johnson's reply was, "There could not be so much smoke without a good deal of fire," and when we perceive that such "smoke" has been ascending from city, village, hamlet and country, through all the ages of the past in old European countries, we cannot but admit that there must have been much "fire" to occasion it. Indeed, I might, but for the fear of becoming tedious, supply sufficient to fill whole numbers of the JOURNAL with old stories of spiritual occurrences in those very conservative countries, old England and Scotland. By way of specimen I shall cite just one, which has reference to an old estate called "Erillingford," situated on the river Severn, which river at one point approaches within 12 or 14 miles of the city of Bristol. The circumstance was worked up into a ballad by Southey in the year 1804; it was very popular at the time, and may be found in the poetical works of R. Southey, a well known poet.

When the lord of Erillingford was dying he committed the care of his son and heir, then a young child, to his brother William, who was to be the sole executor and guardian of the young lord. But the temptation to possess this great estate was too strong for the virtue of William to withstand, and he cast the young child into the Severn, took possession of the property and assumed the title of Lord of Erillingford. He was not long in possession of the inheritance, however, when on one of the anniversaries of the act, the Severn overflowed its banks, flooding the country and surrounding Erillingford castle with water. Lord William of Erillingford seeing a boat passing with one occupant, hailed it and got on board. While rowing away the boatman heard the cry of a child, and saw what appeared a baby in the water near the boat. "Stretch out your hand, my lord," he said, "and take in that child." William did as requested. The child reached up its hand and "his lordship" grasped it. "This little hand is cold and clammy," he said to the boatman; "it feels like the hand of death, and will not let me go." Farther and farther the little hand drew him over the side of the boat; he struggled to free himself, but he could not, and a fearful cry of agony and despair echoed across the wide expanse of water, as Lord William sank to rise no more. Many such stories are told of the old English and Scotch estates, far too numerous to detail; indeed, there is said to be no old family which has not its mysterious traditions, but I must leave this interesting branch of my subject and cross over to America, and as Sir Walter Scott says,

"Way a hail hae ye, ye
Or ye'll be out a' the way."

As I take leave for the present of old En-

glish and Scotch Spiritualism, it seems meet that I should refer to the honored name of one who has been the agent of the higher world in the convincing of many among the thoughtful classes, in those and other European countries; one who faithful to his convictions of duty and obedient to his guides and helpers, has left a name which history will yet place high on the pedestal of worth and fame; one to whom I am personally indebted (through his literary works) for first awakening my attention to a truth which it is now my humble duty and pleasure to advocate.

The law which gives shape to a world, rounds a rain-drop, and presumably the law which shapes the history of a nation, operates on an individual's life; and so when we contemplate a nation or a world struggling up from darkness to light, from ignorance to knowledge and from the gross self-assertion of barbarism to the dignified calmness of civilization, we are apt to remember our own individual struggles along the same highway, and cherish the memory of those who aided in our enlightenment. Thus I am led back in thought to the time when a book, "Incidents in My Life," was first placed in my hands in Sturgis, the perusal of which aroused me from the lethargy of skepticism and startled me into the first faint believing. Daniel Douglas Home! I have never seen him, but it is possible to love those whom we have not seen. I have revered him for his work. I respected him for his worth. I honored him because the prostitution of mediumship was abhorrent to his soul, and I cherish his memory. As I write his name, how worthless appear to me all those prefaces and suffices, in which small people delight. Why should pure gold be plated; the name "Daniel Douglas Home" is panegyric sufficient. The loss of his mediumship to the Spiritualists of Europe was irreparable.

"The star of the field which so often had poured
Its beam on the battle has set;
But enough of its glory remains on each sword,
To light them to victory yet."

In my next number I shall treat of Spiritualism among the aborigines of North America.

Sturgis, Mich.

(To be continued.)

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
THE THEOSOPHICAL MAHATMAS.

BY WILLIAM TOWNAY BROWN, F. T. S.

I am pleased to see in the JOURNAL of September 25th, the short essay by Mr. Wm. Emmette Coleman on the subject of the theosophical mahatmas. The spirit of the writer is, in my judgment, that of a scientist and truthseeker, and, as I am just as anxious, in the interest of truth, to be shown how I have been deluded as Mr. Coleman can be to have genuine proof of the Mahatmas' existence, it will be for the good of all that I should say some more upon this important subject.

In the first place, let me say that I am well qualified to pass an important judgment on this matter, as I am acquainted with all the parties concerned. Being impressed by the truth and beauty of the Koot Hoomi letters in the *Occult World*, and having made Mr. Sinnett's acquaintance in London, I went out to India in the latter part of 1883, for the express purpose of testing the truth of the Occult Philosophy and of the Theosophical phenomena. I went out at my own expense and greatly against the wishes of my brothers and Scotch Presbyterian friends, who wished me to go on with my profession, which is that of the law. I went out to the East in a quiet impartial spirit, neither predisposed to bolster up Madam Blavatsky nor to have satisfaction in proving her to be a fraud. I remained in India fifteen months; travelled over the country; lived at headquarters with Blavatsky and Olcott; became friendly with Damodar and the rest of the *chelas*; compared notes from time to time, with my fellow investigator, Dr. Hartmann, of Munich; made the acquaintance of Mr. Hodgson of the London S. P. R. when he came out to India, and tried to assist him in his investigations; and was a member of the Board of Control which dismissed the Coulobms from the T. S. on the ground of fraud and corruption.

As regards the philosophy of self-moral culture and development, no one calls it in question. It is the same now as when Jesus worked his "miracles"; for natural laws do not change, though, for periods of time, they may escape human perception. Thus the task which lies before me is to dispose of the personalities in the case, if I can, in such a way as to show that the principles are unimpaired and to absolve the personalities themselves from false and unjust accusations.

On their own confession and statement the Coulobms are fraudulent deceivers. They were justly expelled from the T. S. and their statements are out of court.

Mr. Hodgson of the S. P. R. is a young man of my own age (28), cultured and truth-loving. But he was quite unprepared to pass serious judgment regarding psychic facts and occult phenomena, for the reason that he did not recognize the existence of psychic faculties with which to see the psychic facts. A well meaning man, like the majority of the materialistic school he had no explanation for anything in the occult aspect of Nature but non-existence or fraud. Colonel Olcott made a great mistake when he invited a member of a society of beginners to pronounce judgment upon the "miraculous" verities. He and the society have had good cause to realize his error in judgment and to profit by the experience.

No one calls the good faith of Colonel Olcott in question. My opinion of him is that he is a just, an eloquent and an honorable man.

Damodar, however, is supposed by some to have been an accomplice in the deceit of Madam Blavatsky. To one who knows Damodar, as I do, this is simply absurd. Damodar is a vegetarian and total abstainer, and his writings show great truth and earnestness of purpose. He had to make great caste and pecuniary sacrifices in joining the Theosophical Society. And for what? For no visible reward. Not a single official of the T. S. receives a fraction of salary, and Damodar worked 7 hours a day as Joint Recording Secretary. Verily Damodar can say that virtue is its own reward and that it is a royal thing to do good and have evil spoken of one.

And now as regards the great Blavatsky. Shall I defend her? I shall not. But I shall defend the philosophy.

That Madam Blavatsky and the Theosophical Society are not one and the same is a fact which many are slow to recognize. Every man of us must work out his own salvation, and the Mahatmas are as responsible to us for what they do as we are to them. Thus it is that if at any time we choose to leave the straight and narrow path they are powerless to prevent us. Karma or self-responsibility is the central point of the occult philosophy.

Madam Blavatsky's failings or virtues may be put aside. The evidence from all sources, and when Madam Blavatsky has been thous-

ands of miles away, is theosophically conclusive.

I remember well at Adyar in August, 1884, when Madam Blavatsky and Colonel Olcott were in Europe and when the Coulobms had betaken themselves off the premises, a letter came to Dr. Hartmann and Mr. Lane Fox, from the master K. H., through the self-same desecrated shrine.

Damodar and I had had a dispute and, as neither he nor I would yield, the master evidently observed the psychic commotion and thought right to interfere. The letter took Damodar to task, much to his chagrin, telling him that he had "undoubtedly many faults"; but K. H. asked the Board of Control to remember that, though very imperfect, Blavatsky and Damodar were the best psychic evolutions in the circumstances. This letter, which is in the unmistakable K. H. writing, was in no sense a reflex of Damodar himself, as his self-estimate was considerably mortified thereby. Where then was the fraudulent deceiver? This is only one of numerous examples. All scientific Spiritualists will agree with me, I think, that the sooner we get into our minds and hearts that Theosophy is not Blavatskyism, but the Ancient Wisdom Religion, irrespective of independent personalities, the better. The Theosophical Society has a mission in expounding Theosophy, but Theosophy (God's Wisdom) will outlive each and every society.

Valuable Contributions.—The Mystics.—M. J. Savage on Spiritualism.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I wish to express my appreciation of the valuable papers you are now publishing on "The Philosophy of Religion from the standpoint of the Mystics" by C. H. A. Bjerregaard of the Astor Library. In that great library and elsewhere the earnest and accomplished author and compiler finds ample material for an excellent history of some of the most clear and interior phases of spiritual thought, and some of the sweetest and noblest aspects of religious life. The Mystics have ever been intuitive, taking the interior view of things, trusting the soul, holding soul knowledge as highest, full of faith in illuminating inspiration and in communing closeness to the universal soul. Emerson had large sympathy with them, and appreciated them as only an intuitive and spiritual thinker can. Fenelon and Madame Guyon, illustrious in virtue, were of this school. Muzumdar, the Hindu, has many like views, for the unity of spirit counts dividing oceans and mountain barriers and centuries of time as of no moment. Thoughtful Spiritualists will join me in the hope that the proposed Encyclopedia of Mysticism may be published, and that meanwhile these suggestive and excellent papers may be kept up in your columns.

I am also glad to see, taken from *Light*, an excellent article on "Witches and Mediums" by Dr. Carl du Prel. That London Journal is full of rich food for thought. It is well to have, in that great city, so able an exponent of Spiritualism, which must command the respect even of those who differ from it.

In comparing the *Secular Review* with *Light*—one a representative of English agnosticism and materialism, the other of a spiritual philosophy and natural religion—the contrast is striking. The first is negation, the last is affirmation. One breaks in pieces and leaves the shattered fragments in wild and hopeless confusion; the other destroys only to re-build, using the fragments as stones in the walls of the new and nobler temple. One is cold, the other glows with warm radiance. The range of one is narrow, only three score and ten years in time, and only the life on this earth; that of the other reaches beyond the grave to a progressive eternity in land's fairer than day. One chills us with the sad thought of infinite space without life or soul; the other peoples the vast expanse with life, and makes us feel the infinity of wisdom and love and design as well as of law and force. But let us leave London for Saratoga. Quicker than the lightning's dash thought crosses the wide ocean, and the pen obeys its change of scene and records its action. No fine mechanism has such facile and ready modes of change as the human mind.

Your special correspondent reports the delivery of a sermon by Rev. M. J. Savage on "Immortality and Modern Thought" before "a large and deeply interested audience" at the Unitarian National Conference at Saratoga, Sept. 22nd. We are told that Mr. Savage considers three things settled—hypnotism or mesmerism, clairvoyance and "the fact that mind can impress mind, and... send messages... even half way round the world." These three settled things he thinks do not "prove the central claim of modern Spiritualism," but make the question a rational one.

Mesmerism, clairvoyance and mind reading granted, and what lies beyond held as rational. This is a gain, slow but sure, for all three were ridiculed and tabooed in polite Unitarian gatherings a few years ago. No leading clergyman ever gave his verdict in their favor, no such verdict would have been heard with deep and respectful interest until to-day. We are bound to gain and to win, but persistent and conquering work must go on, and the Spiritualists must do the most and the best of that work. Psychic research societies are all well, but the conceit and prejudices of some of their members are absurd and unscientific, and their best investigators are often raw and awkward in their new field. The experienced Spiritualist is an expert, and can do far better work. Heart and head together are worth more than either alone, and when they keep the just balance each helps the other. We need not look for our main work outside. We can accept psychic research society effort for what it is worth, but our own research is better, and the Spiritualists can and have so verified their statements that they are weighty and will convince intuitively.

Can Mr. Savage, as member of a psychic research society, explain all he has seen by either of his three "settled" conclusions? If not, then research has been poor and superficial.

Here is one fact. Mr. A. L. Thompson, a gentleman in this city whom I have known for ten years, not a professional medium but a business man, and a man of honest aims, writes automatically, his hand moving without his mental guidance or knowledge of what is being written, and has other phases of mediumship—all coming without his wish or effort. He has written many passages purporting to come from — Spencer. Some months ago he was told, in this way, that Spencer was a lawyer in Pittsburgh, and that he would learn more soon in that city. His business led him there in a few weeks, and one evening in his room at a hotel came, by his hand, a message signed with Spencer's name, telling that he had a law office on a certain street, in a block named —, and in a room in that block, the number of which was given, as was the street number at the entrance. Eight years ago he died, it was writ-

ten. The next day Mr. Thompson went to the place, following the street and number given, found the law office and was told by its occupant that eight years before a lawyer named Spencer had occupied it and died. He had never heard of Spencer's existence; all these facts as to his place of business were unknown until told by this writing, and all was verified by his research as above. Any other effort to solve this matter, save by the real presence of Mr. Spencer from the life beyond, is quite circuitous and far fetched. These messages always claim to be from persons once on earth, and who come back in these various ways. Their manners, voices, hand writings, etc., are personated and imitated, and they all declare, "We are verily here!" Is it not absurd to suppose that mesmerism, clairvoyance and mind reading should come under false colors and with assumed names? Have these all conspired and combined to cheat us? Mr. Thompson has written facsimiles of the signatures of leading men here—one so perfect that a banker, not knowing how it came, said, "I would discount a note over that signature if that man was alive." Yet the medium did not know the hand writing of the person imitated and was but slightly acquainted with him, but that person claimed to be present and told of matters in a strikingly characteristic way. For such things the three "settled" conclusions of Mr. Savage offer but faint and far fetched explanations, none indeed, if one is very critical, but Spiritualism has its direct and rational reason for all, and is the proof positive of immortality. The progress of men like Mr. Savage is strangely slow, but they must move on, or go back to materialism. It takes an immense amount of proof to convince such men, and they are better than the average. A Unitarian clergyman would want about ten times as much proof of Spiritualism as a good judge on the bench would need of any matter on which he was to give his decision, and as for the Evangelical clergy, many of them would only set heart and mind against all proof and cry out, "It is the devil!" while a "glorious remnant" hold hard and mind open to the light.

Mr. Savage says: "This apparent semi-independence of the body does at least make the question a rational one as to whether the soul is not an entity, capable of getting along without the present physical body." Emerson and Parker settled that intuitively long ago. Emerson said: "Man is an intelligence served by bodily organs."

If the soul is not "capable of getting along without the present physical body," of course there can be no future life, no light of immortality. Herbert Spencer perpetrates the absurdity of trying to write a book on Psychology, when he is not at all settled as to whether the soul is a fleeting product of the body, or the body the transient servant of the immortal soul. Of course his book is poor and shadowy, thought well of to-day but to be laid aside to-morrow.

If the Unitarians look at Spiritualism from Spencer's standpoint, a deal of mist must be got out of their eyes before they can even "see men as trees walking," or take fair measure of great facts. If they look at it from the intuitive ground of Channing, Emerson and Parker, they will have clearer vision and more heart in their research. But they begin to see that it must be looked at, and "so far so good." For the rest we must work and wait.

Detroit, Mich.

HAUNTED HOUSE.

Crockery and Glassware Rise from the Table Before Their Eyes.

The pretty country town of Gwynedd, in Montgomery county, on the line of the North Penn. Railroad, twenty miles from this city, has been thrown into a state of great excitement by some supernatural agency which has been breaking every fragile article in the house of Francis D. Worley, a resident of the town and a member of the firm of Sharpless, Worley & Neall, wholesale flour dealers, 143 North Broad street, and treasurer of the Commercial Exchange.

STRANGE SIGHTS.

Three days ago, when it first began, the family paid no attention to it, and attributed the mysterious breaking to natural causes, but as it progressed and articles of crockery were continued to fall from the safest of places, the family became alarmed and it then began to dawn upon their minds that some supernatural agency was at work. The dishes and other articles were pushed back on the shelves but they still continued to break, no matter in what position they were placed if the room was deserted for a few minutes, the articles would fall to the floor and smash.

SUPERNATURAL INFLUENCES.

At last, after Mrs. Worley and the rest of the family had become fully convinced that it was through no acts of carelessness or in any way natural, they called Mr. Worley's attention to the mysterious breaking, and communicated to him their fears concerning the unforeseen agency. Mr. Worley, who is a highly intelligent gentleman, and in no way inclined to superstitious beliefs, at first laughed at the fears of the family, but when they had placed several articles on the table where they could not possibly fall off, and in a short time found them on the floor broken, he

BECAME MORE SERIOUS.

and was puzzled to account for it. During the first night, at intervals a crash would be heard in various parts of the house, and the next morning when they made a search of the rooms, broken articles of every description were found.

SCATTERED OVER THE FLOORS.

Mr. Worley came into the city as usual yesterday morning, thinking that the peculiar manifestations were over, but shortly after he reached his place of business, he received a telegram from his son telling him to come home at once as the manifestations were worse than ever.

Mr. Worley went to the store of his neighbor Josiah Bryan, who has a mill at the corner of Broad and Vine, and told him the peculiar state of affairs at his house, and asked him to accompany him to his home. Mr. Bryan consented and together they proceeded to Mr. Worley's residence.

When they reached there they found the family in terror, and almost on the verge of despair. Instead of abating the smashing had increased, plates, cups, saucers and dishes of every description were smashing in the kitchen and dining room, and earthen pots and bottles were flying through the windows. Mr. Bryan was as much astonished as the family, and was thoroughly convinced that it was the work of some supernatural agency.

All of last night Mr. Worley laid awake and endeavored to solve the mystery but without avail, and this morning the doors had to be covered with old carpets so as to collect the debris.

There is now only a few articles of a break-

able nature in the house, and it is expected that they will be broken before evening.

The affair has created the most intense excitement in that section of the city. It is the talk of the country for miles around. Nothing like it was ever heard of before, and the people are almost wild over the wonderful manifestations of supernatural power.

None of them can understand it, and no one makes an effort to explain the horrible breakage of the household ware. Mrs. Worley is thoroughly prostrated by the affair, and her sickness has served to increase the excitement.

People from all the surrounding towns and villages have turned out to get a glimpse of the house, and are continually arriving. Many of them are afraid to go near the place, and keep at a safe distance. They are content to gaze at it from a distance.

Other neighbors a little more courageous have gone to the assistance of the family. Mrs. Worley is prostrated by a nervous shock and has been compelled to take her bed. It is feared that it may be some time before she will be able to get up again.

A physician is in attendance upon her and is doing everything in his power to relieve her. His greatest effort is to keep her from thinking of the sight which she witnessed and prevent her from worrying over it. Fears are entertained of her mind becoming affected should she worry over the affair.

The neighbors stand and gaze with a look of mystery upon their faces when spoken to in regard to the queer and remarkable visit. They can give no explanation; and, in fact, everybody is in the same position.

ALL THE LAMPS BROKEN.

Every lamp in the house has been broken and the family is compelled to depend upon candles for light to-night. There is not three dollars worth of crockery and glassware left in the house. Mr. Worley came to the city to-day and said that he intended to remove the broken stuff from the house and throw it away.

Before leaving home Mr. Worley said to an ITEM reporter that he intended to collect a wagon load of broken articles in his dwelling and cast them away.

The greatest and strangest mystery of all is the way in which the affair occurred.

The destruction has never been accompanied by any supernatural noises, and is no instance was there any warning of the strange manifestation.

"How has it occurred?" asked the reporter of Mr. Worley.

AROSE BEFORE THEIR EYES.

"Why, in every instance," said he, "the crockery and glassware has arisen before the eyes of the family, and after rising a short distance in the air above the tables, fell on the floor and went flying through the air. Much of it went crashing through the windows as if it had been hurled by some unseen power."

WHAT A NEIGHBOR SAW.

One of the neighbors, who was called in last evening, was seen by an ITEM reporter this afternoon and said: "Mr. Worley told me of the strange happenings in his house and asked me to call in and see for myself. When I entered the room the table was set for supper, and the cloth was so arranged that I could see directly under the table, so that it was impossible for any one to be under it without my knowing it. I had been in the room but a few moments when one of the glasses arose right before my eyes off the table and fell on the floor, smashing into pieces. A few seconds later a plate went through the window as if it had been thrown with great force. Other pieces of crockery went the same way until the table was almost emptied. I can give no explanation of the affair. I simply tell what I saw. I was naturally very nervous and breathed easier when I got out of the room."

NO HUMAN AGENCY.

"Before leaving the room however, I examined it carefully to see that there were no wires or other human agencies that could have produced the sights I saw, but I could not discover nothing. I kept my eyes steadily on the table and saw the pieces of crockery rise from it and go on sailing either through the window or else fall on the floor."

TO WATCH THE BUILDING.

Mr. Worley has invited a number of gentlemen to spend to-night at the house and make a thorough investigation, as he is convinced that some other than human agency is the cause of it. The house will be carefully searched and every opportunity given the watchers to fathom the mystery. Those who know Mr. Worley say that they are fully convinced that there is no deception of any kind, and that he is not a man to indulge in any practical jokes or pranks. The residents have begun to view the house with awe, and unless the turbulent spirits are speedily laid it will soon fall into rack and ruin for want of a tenant.—*Philadelphia Item.*

Lette Bayles on Ghosts.

The question to Lette Bayles, when she was upon the witness stand, as to whether or not she believed in ghosts, in one of Miss Murfree's stories, reminds one of a dialogue heard between a lawyer and a witness in Independence, Jefferson County, Mo. One of the "James gang," as the band of robbers were called who for a few years previous to that time (1881) had committed numerous crimes in that portion of the State, was on trial for participating in what was known as the "Glendale train robbery." Mrs., a witness for the State, testified that the night before the robbery occurred she saw the prisoner, and heard him talking to her husband about the proposed robbery. Upon her cross-examination the following dialogue took place:

Q.—"Now, Mrs., tell us again how you happened to see the prisoner, the evening in question."

A.—"He came to the house long in the fast part of the evening, 'an' asked me where was my old man. I said outdoors somewhere, 'an' he went out to find him. Bime-by I 'lowed I'd better see if he'd found him, 'an' when I got outdoors I heard voices in the corn-patch, 'an' I went along behind still like, 'an' looked through the fence. I was a couple o' fence corners from 'em. 'Twas light as day, 'most."

Q.—"You saw them distinctly?"

A.—"Yess."

Q.—"Well, Mrs.—I want to know if you believe in ghosts—in spooks?"

A.—"Waal, I don't know as it's any o' your business what I believe."

Q.—"You must answer the question," said the Judge.

A.—"Waal, then, I do. I've seen 'em."

Q.—"Your house is said to be haunted, isn't it?"

A.—"Yess."

Q.—"And ghosts have been seen walking about outside by yourself and your family?"

A.—"Yess."

Q.—"I thought so. Now can you swear that it wasn't ghosts that you saw and heard out in the cornfield that evening?"

A.—"Yess, I can."

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When newspapers or magazines are sent to the JOURNAL, containing matter for special attention, the sender will please draw a line around the article to which he desires to call notice.

CHICAGO, Ill., Saturday, October 16, 1886.

The Great American Board—All Pagans go to Eternal Perdition.

The great American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions opened its seventy-seventh annual meeting at Des Moines, Iowa, October 5th, with an attendance of over one thousand delegates and visitors. The platform was crowded with clerical magnates, most of them with their divinity duly doctored after the orthodox fashion. In the centre and at the front sat Rev. Mark Hopkins, D.D., an old-time defender of chattel slavery from the Bible, who had traveled 1,500 miles from Massachusetts to be present and give the weight of his eighty years to the occasion.

This Board has sent out thousands of missionaries and spent millions of money in efforts to convert the heathen on foreign lands, acting on the absurd and degrading idea that all who had not heard of Christ and the Bible would be doomed to endless and hopeless suffering—in plain language that God would send them all to hell; putting Delt and devil on the same low level of un-pitying and unforgiving hate. Their progress has not been great—very small; indeed, in proportion to the pains taken. They have never been so prompt to preach against sin as they were to compromise with it. In anti-slavery days they failed in this respect, so said the abolitionists, and proved it, too. N. P. Rogers, in his keen way, called the Board "a great pile of dead and useless lumber" in his *Herald of Freedom* up among the New Hampshire hills.

Now comes up a new trial. In the new atmosphere of our day some good evangelical church members have gained higher views of the Divine character, and feel that God should not be supposed to do what any decently humane man would be ashamed of. They doubt this wholesale infernal doom of the poor pagans. They think that a good heathen may have a better place in heaven than a bad Christian. They believe in probation after death, in hope for future growth. A goodly number of young clergymen have these views, and the Committee of the Board has refused to send out these believers in the "new departure" as missionaries. There has been anxious waiting to see what the great Board would say on this subject, and they sustain the committee. Of course this step into the dark is taken with due dignity and decorum. They do not decide as to a man's fitness "to be a minister of the gospel," but say that "no part of their contributions can go for the propagation of error, either in doctrine or practice." Rev. Dr. Withrow of Boston, preached a conservative sermon the first evening, sustaining the views of the report.

Hereafter the candidates for missionary work will be catechised somewhat as follows. In language, of course, far more soft and guarded than any at our command, but with the same meaning and effect that our words convey.

The young clerical candidate will stand before the grave and pious committee, and will be asked, in substance: "Do you believe God will send all the heathen who have never heard of Christ or the Bible to hell with no hope of learning the right way after death?" If he answer yes, and is sound otherwise, he will be duly endorsed, and sent out, not "without purse or scrip," as in Apostolic days, but with purse and scrip comfortably filled. If he says No! let him be otherwise as sound as possible, he will be told to leave; "For no error of doctrine or practice can be endorsed, and you hold the grave and dangerous heresy that God will not punish a decent pagan for not believing what he knows nothing of, but will give him opportunity after death to learn and to grow in grace."

Here is blackness of darkness of moral vision, mingled with mental absurdity, such

as would be hard to find outside this kind of reverend clergy. The glorious remnant, the minority in opposition, it is to be hoped will keep up a wholesome discussion; but we fear for their courage unless they decide to quit the old concern. This result was not reached without vigorous opposition by a strong minority, among whom was Rev. Lyman Abbott, editor of the *Christian Union*. The discussions filled a day, and were very earnest. At the opening of the session, in which the final vote was taken by which a majority sustained the old and bad way, devotional exercises were held. When such men want to pave the way for a mean thing they are very apt to pray.

This state of things will not last. This wretched decision will bring no peace; an agitation will go on which will cripple the Board and make its missionary efforts the pity and laughing stock of the pagan and Christian world.

Fifty years ago, in Cincinnati, the General Synod of the Old School Presbyterian Church voted that "Slaveholding had not been, was not, and ought not to be a barrier to fellowship and communion" in that body. Then they prayed and were glad, and a reverend D. D., exclaimed in joy: "That volcano is capped at last!" But the volcano burst out with new violence, the anti-slavery agitation grew, and the slave is free. So it will be now. It is the Divine order that no wrong can be settled save by right doing.

From Devils Lake to St. Paul.

Extent and Resources of Dakota—Hints on Sociological Problems—A Fish Story—Fargo—Moorehead—The Park Region—Concluding Remarks on Minnesota.

We are still at Devils Lake City. It is Monday morning, August 23rd. I get up at six o'clock, after ten hours straight sleep, to find the promise of another hot day. Curtis has already done the city and tells me it is well supplied with churches of various strictly orthodox sects, also with a large assortment of dram shops. He remarks about the adulterated spiritual food to be had in the former and poisonous spirits dealt out in the latter; but as the churches are locked and he is a total abstinence advocate I feel sure he is not, according to the rulings of my esteemed Boston contemporary, qualified to express an opinion, for he was present in neither place and cannot speak from personal knowledge.

After breakfast I sit down to consider the extent and resources of Dakota. Here is a Territory—which ought to have been admitted as a State ere this—considerably more than twice as large as all New England, leave out Maine, and it is more than four times the combined area of the other New England States. Great Britain and Ireland could be dropped into it and still leave room for a half-dozen German principalities. Its area is nearly 150,000 square miles. The Missouri River is navigable throughout the Territory and the Red River affords an eastern frontage of 250 miles. Although in 1870 Dakota only had 65 miles of railroad, the metals now span 3,000 miles and railroad building goes steadily forward. She offers, as a whole, the finest wheat growing country on the Continent and is rich in gold, silver, coal, iron and manganese mines. In 1870 her white population was only about 14,000, in 1880 it had increased to 135,000 and now is considerably more than enough to entitle her to admission as a State. This country which within my memory was considered by the best authorities as a desert, and so designated, now produces not far from 75,000,000 bushels of cereals. Twenty-seven years ago one solitary pioneer harvested the only wheatfield in what is now Dakota; it comprised 40 acres and yielded 945 bushels. Dakota has more miles of railroad than has the State where first the Pilgrims and Puritans landed, or any one of two dozen other old settled States. 300 newspapers and nearly 2,500 schools are supported; and the Territory pays more revenue to the post office department than any one of thirty-two of the States. She can with her present wheat supply, satisfy her own wants and furnish enough to feed half of the States. And yet her development has hardly begun, the soil is still unbroken on, probably, three-fourths of her tillable land. And what is true of Dakota largely holds good of a vast region in this Northwest.

Think of all this, you philanthropic people! You who are vexing your minds with sociological problems, listen! Instead of studying theories and inflicting dull essays and dreary books upon an innocent and long suffering public, do some practical work that fits plainly before you. Organize emigrant aid societies; assist the industrious poor to homes in this inviting country and elsewhere. Send out your financial agents, men of big heart and sound judgment; let them study the needs of the poor settlers, loan them small sums at a low rate of interest, and foster industry, health and happiness among those who bravely strive against stupendous odds to conquer poverty and previous condition. Go about your over-crowded cities and furnish the industrious poor with information as to how they may get a little farm in the West where they can rear their children and become well-to-do and important members of the body politic. Stimulate their interest, coax it into action, then help them to help themselves. Here is a grand country for them; such as prefer Kansas, and sections further south should be given a chance wherever their inclinations lead them to settle. The ragged boy is now driving the ox team that draws the plow that turns the sod of Dakota's prairie who is to represent her

sometime at Washington. Stop your theorizing and show that you really do love your fellow man. Pool your money and brain with his muscle and energy and you will make happiness and wealth for all concerned.

The morning slips away while I grow enthusiastic over the country. The train which is to take us back will soon be here. We shall have to bid farewell, possibly a long farewell, to Devils Lake City, its enterprise, its churches, hotels and brilliant hopes. By the way, speaking of hotels, I heard a story this morning which if true would indicate that hotel keepers as well as ministers are sometimes "called" to their vocation. The story runs as follows: After the civil war was over, among those who returned North with broken health, shattered constitutions, and pictures of vile Southern prison pens burnt into their memories, was Major Benham of Michigan. Instead of the stalwart, manly fellow she had bade God speed and sent off with her blessing to battle for the preservation of the Union, his sweetheart welcomed back a lover whose appearance was only the shadow of his former self. But his soul was as bright and good as ever; the true hearted woman recognized this, poured out her love upon him, and by its health-giving potency brought him back to a fair degree of health. Untiring their lives with the bonds of love they started out to make a competency. But absence from the channels of business, while defending his country, made it hard for the returned soldier to get into the current, all the harder because of a constitution weakened by the barbarities of a Southern prison. He saw among his acquaintances men who had staid at home and fattened on the necessities of the country while he was breasting bullet and bayonet. The harder he strove to get alongside these, seemingly, more fortunate ones in the struggle for a competency the more he felt the burden of his patriotic sacrifice.

At last he determined to go West, secure the bit of land he was entitled to, and make a new beginning. With wife and babies he finally reached the vicinity of Devils Lake, Dakota. The land had not been surveyed, the railroad was a long way off, supplies hard to obtain, no society, only a wild country with magnificent possibilities to stimulate their hope. But with loving hearts and strong purpose the young couple met the hardships of pioneer life. A cabin was built, a few acres of prairie sod turned, and a beginning made. The country tavern did not abound with any great frequency in that region, and so it came to pass that the Major and his wife were often compelled to divide their scanty store with land hunters, emigrants, and, later on, with surveying parties; taking whatever the guests saw fit to voluntarily offer in payment. At last this pay-what-you-please style of business did its sure work. It wore out the house-wife and still further impoverished the struggling farmer; until one day on taking an account of stock, it was found that a bag of flour, another of salt, and a few potatoes completed the inventory. A cow of doubtful reputation as a "milker," and a yoke of rawboned but faithful oxen comprised the breathing, outdoor assets. The reason of this careful inspection was because the Major had received word that a distinguished party of railroad magnates had got astray from their supply wagons, and must dine with him. What was to be done neither could tell; the Major looked at his wife, his eyes moistened, his great heart throbbing with loving pity, while he almost cursed himself that he had brought her and the babies to such straits, to say nothing of the perplexing dilemma of how to provide for the railroad people. Visions of a possible pass over the road, when built, flitted through his mind. If only he could manage to provide for them, he might, sometime, with their favor, be able to get back to Michigan and visit his old friends. But it was no use, not a bit of meat in the cabin, not even an ounce of codfish, or canned stuff. To be sure there were plenty of big pickerel in the lake, but not a fish hook was there left about the place; none to be borrowed nearer than some miles away.

In his perplexity the Major unconsciously wandered off to the lake shore. The day was hot; with his depressed spirits came a return of the old "goneness" that had first come to him on a long forced march during the war. The brave old soldier, who had honorably won his rank on the field, succumbed; throwing himself on the ground under a scraggy oak he listlessly looked off over the lake. Some two rods from shore in water half way up her sides stood his cow, a beast of small profit and little value. She had secured immunity from the flies in her present position and was as tranquilly chewing her cud as though she had been a good, honest, Sunday school cow. She lazily turned her sleepy eyes toward the Major and seemed to blink a recognition. But the Major was in no mood to recognize her civility. He lay pondering over his situation and rubbing the arm that had once been pierced by a rebel bullet, through which twinges of pain were darting now and then. Suddenly, with a bellow of fright and surprise, the old cow scrambled out of the water toward him; jumping to his feet in a half-second way just as the beast reached about water, what was his astonishment to see an enormous pickerel holding the cow's tail in its mouth; as the beast struck dry land she made one desperate spring and threw the fish high and dry on shore. A flash of inspiration seized the Major; here was the answer to his unconscious prayer; by some inscrutable providence he had been led to this spot. He hurried forward, struck the pickerel on the head with a stone to quiet it, then seizing it by the gills, raised it up

until his arm was straight from his shoulder—and still his booty, dragged on the ground. His "goneness" was gone, and with it the pain in his arm. Not many minutes passed before he stood in his cabin door calling to his wife to see his trophy.

"My dear," said the Major as she came forward, "by this token I know I am called to open a hotel. We will move over to the proposed site of the railroad village if I can't get the station established on our own land. My duty is clear."

The good woman thought him a little wild, but thankfully proceeded to prepare the fish for dinner. When the railroad prospectors arrived they sat down to a table on which smoked a fourteen pound pickerel garnished with potatoes and reinforced with hot biscuit. Never had they tasted so delicious a fish, they declared, and to this day they sound the praises of the pickerel of Devils Lake. "Major Benham followed his 'call' and is now a popular and successful hotel keeper as you see," concluded the story teller. Upon cautiously and delicately intimating some degree of skepticism concerning that part of the account wherein the tail of the cow is seen in the mouth of the fish, my informant replied: "It is not at all strange or improbable, the big fellow was hungry, he may have mistook the strands of hair on the tuft of the tail for a lot of young eels, and, making a grab, entangled his teeth in the matted hair, which held him long enough to end the scene in the manner described."

At last we are off. Copeland comes back from his hunt—mentioned in last week's account—with 55 grouse and a large stock of experience. We make an uneventful run back to Grand Forks, where we change cars and instead of crossing into Minnesota, keep on the Dakota side of Red River to Fargo. This takes us through one almost continuous wheat field eighty miles in length. At Fargo we cross Red River into Moorehead where we spend the night.

Fargo is the most important city in Dakota, next to St. Paul and Minneapolis its name is more often heard throughout the east than any other city in this region. The Northern Pacific crosses the Red River at this point. I would gladly spend a day there, for with such friends as Col. Lounsbury to show the advantages of the city, one could not help being well entertained and instructed, but the thermometer persists in keeping above 90°, and Mrs. Bundy is anxious to get into the region of the great lakes. Moorehead aspires to rival Fargo and the jealousy between the two cities is something quite amusing. Just now, Moorehead is ahead in hotel accommodations, having a house which would be a credit to a metropolitan city. Last year a medium sized cyclone came along one morning about five o'clock and gave this house, the Grand Pacific, a shaking up. No serious damage was done, but some narrow escapes are chronicled. Clara Louise Kellogg afforded considerable amusement at the time; she was occupying the suite of rooms to which our party is assigned; the roar of the wind, falling plastering and other trifling manifestations caused her to leave her apartments and dance through the halls in attire quite as striking, but somewhat less appropriate than any she ever donned in opera. The voracious hotel clerk avers that her voice ran up the scale to a higher note than was ever reached on the operatic stage.

We leave Moorehead soon after seven o'clock Tuesday morning, with a long, hot day's ride before us. Some "steamers" are seen threshing wheat. Most of the wheat is still in shock, and a half-dozen teams are required to haul in the sheaves fast enough to feed the machine. Wagons with enormous boxes are provided, into which the threshed grain is raised by machinery; as fast as one is filled, another takes its place and the first is hauled away to the elevator at the R.R. station or stored in the buildings on the farm. In some instances there is insufficient storage room and the grain is heaped upon the dry ground where it is threshed. Fergus Falls is 55 miles southeast from Moorehead, and 156 miles from St. Paul; it is on the Red River, too, but here the river runs west and south, not having yet headed northward. Fergus Falls is delightfully situated and one of the handsomest places we have thus far seen. Within the city the river has a fall of 53 feet, affording a force equal to more than 5,000 horse-power, and this is more than equalled by the fall of 100 feet that occurs within a mile of the city limits. Thus Fergus Falls has a water power which, as it is always steady in all seasons, will in time give it a leading importance as a manufacturing center.

As we leave Fergus Falls the character of the country changes and grows more rolling. From here southward it is very appropriately named "the Park Region," beautiful little lakes are constantly in view, timbered knolls take the place of grassy plains, farms grow smaller but none the less thrifty looking. Many of these little lakes are becoming popular as fishing and pleasure resorts. As the country lies up, and facilities for obtaining recreation with a minimum amount of fatigue and discomfort are increased the popularity of these lakes will grow and thousands will make annual pilgrimages to this health-giving region. Alexandria, Oaklisk and Inter-laken are already visited each summer by a considerable number, of whom a quite large proportion are from the extreme Southern States.

On we go, passing thriving towns, the most important being Bank Centre and St. Cloud, and reach St. Paul at 6:15 in the evening. Here we have three hours to wait before taking the night train over the Chicago, St.

Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha R. R. for Ashland. Our entire party is thoroughly fatigued; hot, tired and dusty, we don't feel equal to going to a hotel and dressing for dinner. We consult the thermometer and find it only 94°. We inspect the fine Union depot and are agreeably surprised to find every accommodation for comfort and refreshment and in almost as attractive style as the million dollar hotel up town offers. We unanimously agree to settle down for the long wait.

And now before we leave Minnesota I want to say a word more of its soil, resources, growth and advantages. Some of the JOURNAL's readers are, no doubt, contemplating change of location; others have friends about to settle in the Northwest. Among the JOURNAL's European readers are those who occasionally write me in the interest of little colonies about to seek homes and fortunes on this side of the Atlantic. To all these I would say: Before you decide to move, take time to become as well informed as possible concerning the different sections of country you have in mind. Study the resources, climate, rainfall, transportation facilities and all that bears upon health, prosperity and happiness. I know of no new country that offers superior advantages to those of Minnesota and Dakota at the present time. There is considerable good government land still to be had at points within 25 to 50 miles of Grand Forks and Devils Lake in Dakota. But the settler who has from a few hundred to two or three thousand dollars will do better to buy railroad lands. Among the roads holding land in Minnesota none has so much good land as the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba. This road has nearly 2,000,000 acres of choice land still for sale, land that will the second year after the soil is turned yield from 16 to 30 bushels per acre of the best wheat in the world. The cost of wheat raising averages about forty cents a bushel. So much has been said in newspapers about wheat growing in this State that the public has a notion the country is good for nothing else. This is a big mistake. It is not the best corn country, but nearly all kinds of small grain do well, and vegetables are better than in States farther south. Apples, pears and small fruit do well and large yields are had. As a dairy State, Minnesota is rapidly coming to the front and has already received the first premium against spirited competition.

Any one who can come to this State with from \$500 to \$1,500 and a firm purpose to acquire a farm, and later on a competency is quite sure to succeed. I would not deal in a lot of dry statistics if I had them at hand, and I have not, but I advise those who are interested and can do so to take a trip through Minnesota and Dakota. Those seeking further information should write Mr. A. H. Mohler, Land Commissioner, St. P. M. & M. Railway, St. Paul, Minn., who will no doubt supply full and trustworthy particulars.

As one of innumerable instances of the good fortune attending those who come west the case of Mr. James J. Hill, President of the St. P. M. & M. Railway, may be cited: "Jim Hill, as he is quite generally called—except to his face—began a few years ago at the bottom of the ladder. Some say he was a day laborer on the road whose vast interests he now controls; others that he was a low-priced clerk in the employ of the company. Now he wields an influence second to no man in the State. He is liberal, public spirited, full of resources, and of indomitable energy. He is doing much in many ways to improve the State and is generally popular with the people along the various lines of his railway. Though his time and mind are so taxed in public matters, he finds opportunity for the gratification and improvement of his love of art and literature. He has one of the finest private collections of works on art in the country and is an authority on the subject. He is an excellent judge of men, as is evidenced by the personnel of his staff. I could name many men in this and other western States whose success equals his."

Nine o'clock is at last here. Now for a sleeping car. We shall be whirled through the towns and forests of Northern Wisconsin before daylight, and early breakfast hour will find us at the "Chequamegon" in Ashland—barring a broken rail or other mishap—which never, or almost never, happens on the ably managed C. St. P. M. & O. Railway.

At the forty-ninth anniversary session of the Illinois Universalists, lately held at the Church of the Redeemer, corner of Robey st. and Warren avenue, prominent clergymen from all parts of the State were present. The report of the executive committee indicated a very promising growth of Universalism throughout the State. The permanent funds of the convention were stated to aggregate \$3,565.38, invested for the most part in real estate. The growing tendency toward centralization in church organization was noticed in the report, and was contrasted favorably with the former leaning toward independent government by the different congregations.

The manuscript of a few of the prominent writers of the JOURNAL are peculiar. Some underscore, on an average, every other word; others are indiscriminate in the use of dashes; others find place for a superabundance of commas, while others seem to take special pains to render proper names so obscure that no one can possibly decipher them. We are often compelled to reject MS. on account of the penmanship being so bad that too much time would be required to place it in proper condition for the compositor.

Voices from the People.

INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
The Knight of the Cross and Vine.What was Seen by a Mexican Dispatch Messenger
near Roma, Mexico.My noble steed,
Why start with speed?
'Tis only a cross and vine,
And Heaven be praised,
His soul be raised,
'Tis only a dead man's sign!I have seen a sight
That has made me white!
To the Holy Virgin pray,
That his weary spirit,
Be comforted to-night,
And go upon its way.From a distant shore,
He came of yore;
I know by his ancient vest,
By his great cross-bow,
Of years ago,
And by his mail crowned crest.Yes, you can laugh,
And grieve and chafe,
And call me a holy fool,
Not to know a ghost,
From a graveyard post;
Or a broncho from a mule.Yet I will avow
That near you bough,
I saw the grave-lights gleaming,
And near that cross
O'er grown with moss,
The fire of death was streaming!And then I burst,
That grave accout,
And out the phantom came,
In a glowing shroud,
Like an evening cloud,
Caught in the lightning's flame.I made a sign
Of the cross Divine,
On my brow and on my sword,
And the phantom bowed,
In his glowing shroud,
But he spoke no warning word.You have seen the ray
From a star turn gray,
And fade from mortal view,
O'er earth's eastern rim,
When the moon grew dim,
And the morning light shone through.And thus that ghoul,
Of Satanic rule,
Has disappeared in air;
Praise to the sign
Of the cross divine,
And to St. Mary's prayer.Some ghostly deed,
Gives him the need,
To wander around the tomb,
Where his body is laid,
And his soul has stayed,
To answer the judgment doom.I will throw a stone
On his grave o'er grown,
And if Heaven be his goal,
The priest shall say mass,
That his soul may pass,
When the evening church bells toll.Perhaps the mesquit*
I love too well,
Has wrought within my head,
The fantastic shape
Of man or ape,
The shadow of the dead.If dispatches were sent
As the wire is bent,
I would not linger here,
Near this lonely grave,
Of saint or knave,
And tremble with strange fear.But a cavalry band,
From the Rio Grande,
With a Texan ranger leading,
Is at my back,
And on my track,
And o'er the mesa speeding.And I will wait,
However late;
For these dispatches shall be given,
What 'er befalls,
This midnight ride,
By ghosts in hell or heaven.And I will see
On benches here,
What immortal man has said,
Above you shrine,
And I will read,
And here is what I read:The bones of Captain Albert
Alvord rest here,
Stranger disturb them not.
In the city where I was born
I have been long since forgotten.When and how I died is a
fitting subject for the novelist.
Once a Captain in the Royal
Army of Spain. Now an un-
worthy servant among the great
legion of Immortals.It is not queer
That men start with fear,
On the verge of the great unknown.
If all they can see,
Is in eternity,
Is an epitaph and stone.This inscription was placed here by
the good-will of Alvord and by
his beloved friend and companion,
Frisar Sanchez of the Spanish chapel
at Mexico.

REV.

A Mexican liquor distilled from the Mescal
plant.
Mrs. Hall's Materialization Seances.

Mrs. M. A. Hall gave three seances at the house of Mr. E. Howard, 305 South Street, Openbury, on August 21st, September 1st and 2nd. The number of spirits was limited at each seance to fifteen to prevent over-crowding. On each occasion "Sister Dora," one of Mr. Howard's guides, manifested herself and completely enveloped that lady with her drapery; she also, on a promise given on the first night, brought on the third occasion the spirit form of Mrs. Howard's little boy in her arms. Flowers were at each seance distributed among the sitters, who were also permitted to touch the drapery as the spirits passed. The most exquisite perfume was produced at different periods of each sitting, and what is more remarkable with respect to this feature, although extremely powerful during the time of its manufacture, all trace of it had entirely disappeared ere the sitting had closed. Lights of great brilliancy were shown, and rappings on the wall innumerable, some of these being given after the medium had left the seance. The spirit form of Mr. Critchley's wife appeared, and very perceptibly kissed both Mr. Critchley and Mrs. Howard. Numerous other spirits appeared, to the gratification of all, in the whole of the seances were very successful and satisfactory. — *G. T. Page in Medium and Daybreak.*

Mrs. M. E. Robinson, of San Francisco, Cal., writes: For the first time in many years the doors to a spiritual meeting have been thrown open and the Golden Gate E. P. Society take the first step. We justly feel a little proud. Just now, a heavy rain is falling, and the sun is shining upon the sea, and a large and intelligent audience gathered attentively to her well handled subject—*"Spiritual Dynamics."*

The Situation.

to the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Thirty-six years ago I began to investigate Modern Spiritualism, and twenty-five have passed since I first announced myself a believer. In all this time I have not had so much as a doubt, and I have always said, "I am a Spiritualist," on all proper occasions. I have never sung but one song, to express it in that way. Should I now add any other word or prefix to the simple term Spiritualist, I should call myself a Scientific Spiritualist. One reason why I have no statements is this: I have many friends in the wide world with whom I have influence, I wish them to know that I have been consistent in this thing—I have never denied being a Spiritualist.

Thirty-five years ago I taught a district school in the town of Newbury, on the eastern shore of Lake Sunapee, midway between Blodgett's Landing and the south end of the lake where the railway station now is; and at that time I surprised Mr. Nathaniel Baker's family, with whom I boarded, with this prediction: "The time will come when a railroad will be built past this lake and a steamboat will ply upon its waters."

Twelve years ago Mrs. Mary E. Breed of Warner, while taking care of Mr. George Blodgett's invalid mother, became a Spiritualist and has since then been a medium. She has said that I was the means of her conversion; at any rate during that summer I visited the lake every Sunday, and we held spiritual meetings either at Blodgett's or at V. C. Brockway's. Mrs. Brockway was also a medium. Mr. Brockway was station agent on the railroad and lived some five miles from Blodgett's. Sometimes we went between those places in a rowboat, going in the very same track which the steamers now take. Thus we were building wiser than we knew, traveling those roads over and over, boating the lake over again and again.

Eleven years ago ideas of a Spiritualist camp meeting took possession of me to such an extent that one day I started on foot from home to Newbury station, to see if grounds could be found there suitable for that purpose. I found a place that the railroad company had fixed up for picnics, which I thought would do to begin with.

Ten years ago Mr. George A. Fuller called to see me and said: "I am trying to get up a Spiritualist camp meeting at Sunapee Lake." My answer was: "I have been thinking of that and I hope you will succeed; will do all I can to assist you."

Nine years ago Mr. Fuller held his first Spiritualist camp meeting on that very spot which I had selected. Eight years ago the camp meeting was changed to Blodgett's Landing, and

I have been watching the development of Sunapee Lake as a place of summer resort, the chief attraction of which is the Spiritualist camp meeting. I have seen steamboats built, until now five are in operation. Little villages have sprung up on the shores and on the islands; some of the cottages have cost thousands of dollars. Six hotels have been built, and houses are in use during the summer months. The three principal hotels are called Lake View, Bunnell's House and Forest House—the last named at Blodgett's, the first on the opposite shore, and the other at Sunapee village. Mr. Fuller's administration ended last year, and I must say that we owe a tribute of praise to him for his indefatigable labors for the success of this institution.

Mr. George Blodgett, the owner of the grounds, has worked with a devotion of time and money that is worthy of our cause.

The boats and railroads have made themselves useful. Sunday excursion trains have been run from Boston and also from Claremont.

To stand at the wharf at Blodgett's on Sunday morning, and see the steamboats swing into the harbor, ever loaded with passengers, with bands of music playing, the inspired Spiritualist cannot but see in all this a sure prophecy of the "good time coming."

Sunapee Lake scenery of unkempt forests and great rocks, to laid indeed. It is situated on the height of land between the Merrimack and Connecticut Rivers, and has been, and is now, a noted place of resort for the wild Indians. To stand on the shore at Blodgett's, and see a thousand aborigines across the lake from the northwest, is a sight that would interest a painter.

Our camp meeting has been somewhat infested with fraud, the same as all others have been. Our nearness to the "Hub" affects us sensibly; sometimes favorably and sometimes otherwise.

New Hampshire was once a province of Massachusetts, before it became an independent State. Boston has been called the Athens of America, and truly it is a great centre of education and refinement; but some of Boston's great lights, men that were born in Massachusetts, Vermont and New Hampshire, are spirits now: Denton, Parker, Channing, Allen, Putnam, Harvey, Pierce, Webster and a host of others who were equally great, were unknown to fame; these, our spirit friends, are always on the side of right.

What if, as spirits, William Penn, Franklin, Washington, Lincoln, Garfield, Grant or Patrick Henry, should just happen to make us a call while they visit the other camps? Would it be at all strange if some of those ancient spirits should do so while on their way to and from the Hub, and more especially as some of their mediums were stopping at Sunapee?

One of the correspondents of the JOURNAL, recently asked: "Where are the Builders?" Now, as I am informed by a man while at Sunapee Lake this summer, that he was a builder, I will proceed to tell the story in my own way—how I found him, and who he was. For various reasons, real or imaginary, my annual tour to Blodgett's had been delayed, but during the third week of the camp meeting I began to feel a strong attraction, and, as I was lacking the necessary funds, I did not know whether I should go or not; and then again, after I had loaned the money I was taken sick and could not go. But Tuesday morning, Aug. 24th, found me aboard the stage for Bradford Station. The only passenger inside the coach was a corpulent lady from Boston, who had been boarding at North Sutton, and was on her return home. She was quite social and companionable, but at last she asked me a question: "Why is it that you New Hampshire folks are so late?" I helped her out at Bradford, with her large bundles of old weeds: goldenrod, burdock and cat-tail flags. In the cars I met a Christian lady of my acquaintance, who after learning from me my place of destination, went on to tell what awful drunken things those horrid Spiritualist mediums were, and then started her head out the window and surprised the startled birds outside, with a revival song.

On the boat I happened to sit down by the side of a gentleman who interested me about every thing, after the manner of a newspaper reporter; but when in turn I began to question him, he started up suddenly and said: "Now we will clear the deck and have a Shaker dance." He and his company were Massachusetts people, who had probably been to visit the Shakers at Enfield, and so learned to dance; this lasted until we arrived at Blodgett's Landing.

A homesickness and awkwardness at once took possession of me, for those who knew me did not know me; nobody knew me in recognition, and nobody spoke to me. I pushed on up to the Forest House, in a resolute manner, and registered, and told Mr. Blodgett that I should stop a few days anyway. He seemed to know me. I attended the meeting in the grove in the afternoon, and the conference at the hall the evening, but could not seem to get a fair opportunity to speak; for the chairman's attention seemed to be devoted to pumping those who had nothing to say. We were in the Forest House, on grounds all over, and forced a recognition into some that knew me, and made new acquaintances, some of whom were doctors. Finally I found myself seated on the platform of the hotel with my new-made friends around me, talking to the people who thronged all around, for there was no meeting that morning; not so much as the pretense of a conference; and on a hearing on the "Religion of the Future."

"The Medical Practice," and the laws and social conditions of the time, and many other advance thoughts. I was listened to with attention, with only one trifling exception, for I should think nearly two hours. The dinner bell rang and I closed by telling them I had said it about all. Having delivered my message—fulfilled my mission as we Spiritualists call it—I felt some better. They seemed to stare at me some while at dinner; after which I sought seclusion, trying to call to mind what I had said and how I had said it. Judge of my astonishment and emotions when I got back to the hotel just at night, and grasped the hand of A. A. Wheelock. He had been seeking for me. He is the same man that was sent to assist me thirteen years ago at a State convention at Bradford, when I had a little spiritualist son; that he had been commissioned to clean up a Hull. He had been a seer.

Thursday morning Mr. Wheelock and his medium, a little old woman, called on me and I agreed in pulling up old stumps, roots and weeds. "I am a builder now," he said. "I want you to write ques-

tions for me and hand them in when I speak to-day, and when I get under control I will handle them."

When he was ready to speak in the grove I gave him questions concerning one of my subjects: "The Religion of the Future." He swept over that camp meeting like a cyclone. He popularized himself and his subject: "A Scientific Spiritualism." Other speakers took the same for a subject that day. They all knew me after this, and I was able to make myself acquainted with them.

In conclusion, Mr. Editor, I seem to sense some new spiritual movement in the distant future beyond camp meetings, and I must ask the question: What is it?

South Sutton, N. H. FRANK CHASE.

Pleasant Truths.

Written by Master of Spirit-Life.

How soon, like the fallen moth in the troubles that afflict him, is the scorched and terror-stricken one who has passed through the flame and bears the agony that surely follow! He that learns to shun the flame before he encounters it, learns none too early. He that bears the name of man should be wiser than the insect. Since the brain is given to direct the body, why is not the highest it is used to teach the rest to follow? If the best in the brain directs the man to follow after evil, then is he little above the brute, and he falls because he has not in him the worth of a man. Sin is the perverted truth. By those who seek in the impure use of the senses for happiness, never is the thing they seek. Minds that fill with wisdom, as the ocean tides flow in, are more to be desired than ten thousand hollow pleasures such as life affords.

Since life began, life shall flow on; and to the rise it flows on in the pleasant way. Since life cannot end, let it not flow to the Source of Life in a polluted stream. Make clean the flow, brighten and sparkle with wisdom. In streams that brightly flow, the simple bathe and find themselves refreshed. Not so if the stream is a turbid one, and flows in the foul ways of life. Some may bathe in these, to rise polluted. Alas! how many streams there are, filled with driftwood and other dross, that make them unfit for the use of the simple, and even the wise are hardly able to avoid contamination and cruises from contact therewith. Since there are these, let us prepare the clear and crystal stream to flow freely, where the soul that seeks to purify itself shall find opportunity to do so.

Since some prefer the truth to a lie, shall not the lie be put aside in such company, and truth brought forward? Let us, then, on the spiritual side, show to you who read, the way we look upon the—*the present—*—the future. First, we know it is not here, there, and puts its hideous shape into the folds of the shrouding drapery. Since to see the lie as it is, is to despise it, let us despise it draped as well. Since there is to be found the truth, pure and simple, let us search for it, and when found, shall we not welcome it, and place it in the sunlight of our love? Since we abhor the evil, why try to hide its shape, and pretend it is only a seeming, and not a real? Let us see the truth, pure before us—for it fears not to do so in the dazzling light of noon-day.

Since we find in nature no charity for sin, should it be expected of mortal man to see in the faults of his kind cause for charity? Do any see in the plan of the universal Father, charity for sin? Some say, "Let us speak only of the good deeds of our neighbor, and let us pass by his faults in silence." Wherefore this condoning of the faults of men? It is because each has his failing, and hopes the same condoning for himself? Is it because you have been taught, "Charity covers a multitude of sins"? This it does indeed, but never hides or eradicates them. Accept the truth; seek not to hide the faults of those who do well in some ways, and do evil in others. In the spirit life those only are considered worthy who have sought to eradicate evil from the world, and to make it a better place, and not a place of evil. Let us not be mortal to know the evil when seen. Since this is so, shall we condone the faults of others which they could avoid, permitting ourselves to speak of them only in a charitable way, or keep silence in regard to them before the youthful,—to let them see us accept the sinner as companion and friend? Since we desire only good for the sinner, is it not the better way to let him become aware of his sin, and see the sin in its true light, and know that it is not for our acceptance, or himself well burdened with it, and that he, to become the companion of the good, must first himself become so? In the spirit life it is not seen by us, that the pure soul comes from the mire of life's ways. The pure soul is the one that was wise and escaped the places where it would have been compassed itself with the impure argument, to escape from which, is in no way caused by the work of man, not of an hour. Let the standard be high, and the aim will be high that seeks to follow the standard.

In the earth-life, some eat in the places where men look to find strengthening food, the food that fills the mind, but strengthen not the soul. If there is strengthening food served, the rest may be small, and still the end be gained. To those who partake of the superficial food served by many, the power of the food is not in the food, but in the mind that is weakened. Let, then, the superficial be served in small quantities. The satisfaction that is experienced after a repast is much enhanced by the knowledge that needed strength is gained wherewith to fight the battles of life. Those who strive only to make pleasing the food they serve, use time only to lose it. Sorrow for the past is the inevitable lot of those who misname time, and improve not their advantage ground for good.

A Strange Occurrence.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

At the time of this strange occurrence, my people lived in a city called Danganon, in the northern part of Ireland. My grandfather, Wm. Wilson by name, was in the boot and shoe business in that city. The family at that time consisted of father, mother, and three sons and one daughter: James, William and Tom, the boys—Amelia, the daughter. There were also a young son, who was named John, living with them, and though he was not relative he was treated as one of the family; it was with this young man that the strange story is connected.

My uncle Tom, the youngest of the boys, and this young man were bosom friends. However, the young man died and was buried. How long he had been dead when this strange incident occurred I don't know, but on this night in question the three boys were sleeping in different apartments. What occurred I will give you in my father's own words: "I had retired," my father says, "and had been in bed but a short time, when looking across the room, which a bright moon had lighted, I was very much surprised to see a mist rise from the floor, and in the mist the form of a man with his back to me. Slowly he turned till he faced me, and there I saw as plain as ever, as I have seen him since, the form of whom we had buried. The sight was more than my young nerves could stand, and I fainted, and did not recover until morning. My brother James's room was next to mine, and the supernatural visitor entered it. James saw him as he entered, and being without fear, he sprang from his bed and advancing towards him, he asked him in the name of God what he was doing, and asking a reason for James not to touch him, in a clear voice he spoke these words: 'Wilson, I have come to do you no harm, but to be aware of the army.' He then went to Tom Wilson's room, and what passed between the two no one in this world will ever know. All that Tom would tell was that in three days he would die, and in speaking to his mother whom he dearly loved, he would say: 'If you knew what I do, mother, you would say as I have said to you, for I am sure I cannot tell you.' In three days Tom Wilson died, and though all the clergy were called in, and all that human power could accomplish to break that terrible spell was done, yet all was vain.

James enlisted and served twenty-one years in the army, and after going through four wars he came home a broken-down man.

No one of my family has ever died, but all of the rest of my mother's family were afflicted with the same by three terrible raps like striking a table with a rattan; each rap makes the room ring. This is followed by an electric shock. If any trouble is in store for me, I am fully aware that it is going to occur.

DAVID H. WILSON.
418 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

Mr. Roberts writes: Your paper has met my hearty approval in the matter of insisting upon "best conditions." For eighteen years I have been hunting more or less for evidence of a continued life, and is not an instance have I had any manifestations in which fraud was not possible under the conditions insisted upon by the medium. Can a medium be found through whom reliable manifestations can be had? If so, I shall be glad to make a pilgrimage to have a sitting.

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For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Thoughts for the Times.

BY C. W. COOK.

I have read, with a thoughtful interest, Charles Dawbarn's articles on "The Social Position." This is a subject which has long interested me very deeply. I am made sad when I see the almost universal lack of the comforts of civilized life which is everywhere apparent among the laboring classes. The very ones who produce the comforts and luxuries of our civilization, are somehow deprived of their enjoyment.

Wendell Phillips said: "In our vaunted Christendom, two people out of five don't have enough to eat." There is some cause for all this, and philanthropists everywhere have sought to remedy the evil. Many plans have been suggested. None are yet adopted by our Government.

Henry George has his plan; the greenbackers have theirs; the prohibitionists have theirs; the female suffragists have theirs; Mr. Dawbarn has his; and so on till we come to the anarchists who expect to right all wrongs by free plunder.

One asked what was to be a wise spirit: "What is the cause of the want and destitution in the world around us?" His reply was brief, but it covered more ground with two words, than all the others. They were these:—"False Pride."

I might, and perhaps ought to stop here and let the reader meditate for himself upon the suggestiveness of Emerson's words, and the far reaching application of this reply. It is just that kind of speech which Carlyle characterizes as: "Under all speech, that is good for anything there lies a silence that is better. Speech is thin as time, silence is deep as eternity." Reader, ponder upon the spirit's reply—"False Pride."

Again it is that in the light of Spiritualism, true pride will never rest satisfied till every human being has all that is necessary for the best and highest development here on earth, of his whole nature—physical, mental, and spiritual. It is the true province of all governments, in so far as may be to secure this. The rapid development of monopoly, and the accumulating accumulation of capital in a few centers, in our own country, is conclusive evidence that our government, as it is now managed, comes far short in this important requisite.

Emerson said: "The true test of a country's wealth is not in the richness of its mines, fields, and factories, but in the kind of men which it produces." So the true test of the greatness of a government is not in advancing, enhancing, and increasing of its material resources, but in advancing, enhancing, and increasing the worth of man; and this in its own citizens not only, but in every human being on the round earth.

It is evident, however, that no government can be essentially better than the individuals who compose it. For, as Herbert Spencer says, "There is no chemistry whereby you can get golden conduct out of leaden instincts." The true evils, then, under which we groan can never be radically removed by mere legislation. At best, they can only be restrained or modified thereby. It is like lopping off a few shoots from the tree of evil while the root is left to grow vigorously onward to its fruition.

The true remedy will be found in moral—*in spiritual culture.* This age has made wonderful, almost miraculous advancement in intelligence, discovery and invention. Its moral culture has not kept pace therewith. The churches of the day are impotent to effect the necessary advancement of moral and spiritual culture. It is time that the theologians of the day turn to the truths of the present; because they are under the bondage of authority rather than the inspiring leadership of intelligence and progression. Spiritualism with her science, her philosophy, and her religion is alone adequate to supply this want of the age. She looks not to mythical mummeries, miraculous changes, nor atoning blood for man's spiritual development and moral growth. She appeals not to man's ignorance and credulity, but yet to his self-interest, his desire to shun hell and gain heaven; but she looks rather to nature's laws of growth and culture and the mutual aid of men and spirits in discovering and applying them. And she appeals to man's intelligence and philanthropy for an enlightened moral culture of the masses to the end that "existing governments may be purged" and all the people of all the earth finally enjoy what all produce in a Universal brotherhood of man.

Necanah, Wis.

Existence of the Mahatmas.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

In your JOURNAL of the 25th of September, Mr. W. Emmette Coleman relates his mind upon the subject of his personal desire to be convinced of the existence of the Mahatmas, and takes occasion to say that he is perfectly satisfied:

(a) That Mahatmas are the product of the Kalmuck mind of Madame Blavatsky;

(b) That this Kalmuck woman has had for nine years a vast conspiracy ramifying over the one million square miles of India; and

(c) That Mr. Brown, to whom he refers, saw one of the Mahatmas and widely spread conspirators in Northern India.

"I am satisfied" that no amount of proof would satisfy Mr. Coleman, except a personal visit from a Mahatma. And it is to preserve themselves from him and his style, that the Mahatmas do not go out to prove their existence; that they will visit him is as yet unlikely.

Now the two first positions, a and b, are enough to disprove Mr. Coleman's conclusions, for any tyro in Indian literature or traveler in Hindustan knows that the Mahatmas have been believed in by the Hindus from time immemorial; and it is a ridiculous impossibility that Mrs. Blavatsky could have got up this immense conspiracy requiring such wonderful co-operation and expenditure of money as it would naturally demand.

As to Mr. Brown's evidence, I only desire to add my own thoughts upon the matter. I have seen him, and I have seen the Mahatmas. I have seen him in various parts, both in Blavatsky's presence and away from her. And I can put my hand now on over fifty such letters that are owned by a friend of mine not one hundred miles from here, all of which were received in a manner which Mr. Coleman even would not admit to be possible.

But the Theosophist is not to prove the existence of Mahatmas. Properly developed minds will know of that naturally. Our object is to spread the doctrine which Mahatmas have pointed to, and not to accentuate phenomena. As one of them said in a letter now in the United States, but not published: "You (Theosophists) must prosper by philosophical and moral worth, and not by phenomena." So we must in America try by all means to keep out of the crowd of proof for the existence of Mahatmas. But I would beseech all earnest, truthful inquirers, to bend their investigations toward finding out what a Mahatma's state is, and then direct their energies to reaching that state themselves; for even a very little of this practice is productive of much benefit.

New York, Sept. 25, 1886. WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

The Material.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I wish to present to the readers of the JOURNAL the reminiscence and experience of a life that is now far in the shades of evening. In the morning of life we have ambitions and hopes that are seldom, if ever, realized. We are apt to set our affections too much on material things, which only minister to our passions, and we are apt to set our affections on our material nature and wants. Our physical body is only the dwelling place for the time being to develop the intellectual, social, moral and affectional nature. The physical or animal part of our being is perishable and mortal, and all material wealth and comforts are also perishable and mortal, and can only at best give us pleasure or satisfaction for a short time. We may be placed in a position that we may have a great deal of the material wealth, power and influence to govern and control others, which will increase our responsibility; and if we use the same for selfish purposes or self-aggrandizement, by so doing we can only receive an outward and perishable applause and incur the risk of dwarfing our real and immortal nature. But let us use our energies, ability and example to promote the best interest and common good of humanity, by so doing we will increase our actual capacity for real and lasting happiness. The more we give in that way the greater will be our supply.

A. A. Healy writes: I heartily approve of the JOURNAL, and think the course it is pursuing most exact a healthy influence upon the "cause," as well as help to commend it to the good opinion of people whose good opinion is worth having.

A Great Revival.

to the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

During September, this place has had a regular pentecost of spiritual events. About the first of September, from the camp meetings came Dr. Rogers, a state-writing medium, in whose presence messages were written within closed states to the astonishment of the scientists.

A presence was also executed a portrait of a gentleman who died New Haven, Conn. years ago. The widow of that person says it is good likeness, and it is certainly a beautiful specimen of art. It was done in forty minutes by the invisible powers or spirits, without the use of the human hand.

Mrs. Thayer, the flower medium, has been with us during the most of September, and the wonders wrought in her presence are miracles in the eyes of the ignorant. Long and intelligent messages are written within closed states, without even the aid of a pencil, and fresh and fragrant flowers have been placed in the states when so closed. All this has been done in my presence, in broad daylight, and when the states were in my possession. These wonderful manifestations have awakened interest in the minds of many intelligent persons from various parts of the country.

Mrs. Fuller lectured two Sundays during September to good audiences, who were highly pleased with her teachings.

The Unitarian Convention was in session here from Sept. 20th to the 24th in the Methodist Church, which brought here over two thousand strangers, and their able discourses were highly appreciated and gave a great impetus to the cause of truth and righteousness. Intelligent members of that body as well as the better class of Spiritualists begin to learn that both teach the same fundamental doctrines, and that they should co-operate with each other. The still small voice from the angel world has made ten times as many Unitarians during the present generation as such educated preachers.

We have also had great pleasure in listening to a course of lectures by Wm. M. Larkin of Oakland, Iowa, before our Spiritualist Society, which caused great interest in our ranks. He proves the Spiritualism of the Bible and of to-day, and the same, and demonstrates that the orthodox churches are not the true Christians, but the Pharaohs of the age. We wish that his lectures could be heard by the whole country. His teachings will do more good towards bringing the earnest belief in the Church upon the true ground, than any other lecture I have heard. He demonstrates by the Bible and history that primitive Christianity and modern Spiritualism are one and the same. We hope that he may be called to speak before all Spiritualist Societies, as we feel confident they would receive a new and higher inspiration in the great cause of human progress. EDWARD F. BULLARD.

Saratoga, N. Y., Oct. 8th, 1886.

Brain Food for the Children

In the *Archives de Pediatric* Dr. Warner remarks that in every attempt to control brain action in children, or to aid its action, two factors are needed—nutrition and force acting upon the brain directly: that nutrition is a less coordinated, and uniform kind of action may be desired—that is, the child may be healthy, but stupid, fat, and very low, strong but inert—in which case town-life and more stimulating food may be needed. As to articles of diet, Dr. Warner says that meat broth and best tea appear to produce a stimulating effect upon the nerve-system of children, increasing the quantity and brain-stimulating quality of their food. It may be especially useful in some cases of dull-brained children. But farinaceous foods, in contrast to meat, are less stimulating, more quiescent, less suitable to the brain evolution, more adapted for cases of nervous excitability, especially if combined with fat. In such cases hydrocarbonaceous rather than nitrogenous diets become indicated. Dr. Warner further states that anemic, administered to children, has been found to have often appeared to him to be a great aid.

E. B. Layan writes: We could not get along without the cheerful face of the JOURNAL.

Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

An Oblo woman went to bed one night, and woke up next morning to find her jaw dislocated.

The old Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, in the region made famous by Washington Irving, has just been enlarged for the accommodation of those who lay down to await the last trump.

Maggie Green, of Soda, Mich., aged ten, ought to be a lucky little girl. She has on exhibition at the Benton Harbor Fair 2,125 specimens of four-legged corks, picked with her own hand and arranged on cardboard.

45 Randolph-st., Chicago, Ill.

RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY
DEVOTED TO SCIENCES, LITERATURE, SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY, ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

VOL. XLI.

CHICAGO, OCTOBER 23, 1886.

No. 9

Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, Information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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PHILOSOPHY OF RELIGION.

From the Standpoint of the Mystic.

A Series of Papers Prepared for the Religio-Philosophical Journal from a MS. Work, Designed as an Encyclopedia of Mysticism.

No. 9.

BY C. E. A. BIERBERGARD, OF THE ASTOR LIBRARY, N. Y.

THE ROOT AND LIFE OF THE PERSONAL.

The Personal has its basic foundation in the universal form; its physio-psychological life springs from Soul (Nephesh); it is affected by Spirit (Ruach), and centers in the Heart (Lebb). We will now consider each of these points.

(1) THE UNIVERSAL FORM

It is that grand pattern after which all things were made; the Idea, the servant of the Word, or Wisdom objectively considered. It is the Logos of Philo, the Ideal-world of the Neoplatonists; it is the Sophia of J. Boehme, and that "Human Image" which Dante saw in the center of the vision, described at the end of the Divina Comedia.

All these terms do not represent anything abstract such as speculative philosophy does, they represent a PERSONAL figure. To the Mystic and to the poet the divine workmaster, the Universal Form, is (a) PERSON. Let us quote a poet. Schiller sings as follows in "Das Ideal und das Leben."

"Ist von jeder Zeit gewalt,
Die Geopfer selbiger Naturen,
Wandelt sich in das Licht des Fusses,
Gutlich unter Gattens die Gestalt.
"Tüchelt aus dem eignen doppelten Leben
In des Ideales Reich,
Tret in der Vollendung Strahlen
Schwebet hier der Menschheit GOTTESKIND."

In E. A. Bowring's translation:

"Set free from each restraint of time,
Blissful Nature's playmate, Poise, so bright,
Reams forever over the plains of light,
Among the Deities, beneath the sublime,
"To the ideal realm for refuge fly
From this narrow life below:
Free from earthly stain, and ever young
Bliss Perfection's rays among.
THINE HUMANITY'S PATH FORM IS VIEW'D."

(2) THE PHYSIO-PSYCHOLOGICAL LIFE

of THE PERSONAL springs from SOUL (Nephesh). We have before called it the nephetic power. Nephesh is a Hebrew term of the widest meaning. It stands for *anima*, the vital principle by which the body lives; for *animus*, the rational soul or mind, considered as the seat of various passions, emotions, the affections pertaining to a rational being, such as love, joy, fear, sorrow, hope, hatred, etc. It also stands in the sense of One's self, or the interior and ground element of his being, the *Personal Hypostasis*; but as Prof. Bush ("The Soul; or, an inquiry into scriptural psychology, as developed by the use of the terms soul, spirit, life, etc.") said "this usage (of Nephesh as meaning the Personal) is grounded upon the universally innate impression that a man's soul is, *par excellence*, himself." We therefore want to emphasize the other senses in preference to the latter one.

It is not the place here to describe the details of the activity of the Personal by means of Soul or Nephesh. It is enough to say that the nephetic power is its workshop, and also furnishes the tools by which it influences both the inward and the outward life of the individual. Through the nephetic power it not only creates or produces the bodily organism from its very root but it fashions it after its own idea, it makes it an expression—as far as possible—after its own image. This, its own image, is what the ancients called the *schema*. Such a pattern or model, after which the body is formed, has been recognized in our own day by Carus and Zerkow. As far back as last century we find the idea maintained and elaborated. G. F. Stahl's (1690-1734) doctrine commonly called "Anima-

ism," while representing a reaction against the mechanical and chemical theories of the 17th century, substitutes a personal plastic power for the unconscious and accidental forms of mechanism and chemistry, and accounts thus for the fact of a certain individuality of the soul carrying along with it a certain bodily form. In our judgment it is the only modern theory that covers the oriental doctrine of Karma, or necessity.

Karma is the result or logical consequence of the soul's previous life. As the soul is, so is its form; as its form is, so must its bodily organism be.

Emanuel Hermann Fichte and Lotze have carried on a rather violent conflict about the *schema* and the soul's power to elaborate a physique conforming to the *schema*, but both have overlooked THE PERSONAL as the inmost power of the soul; hence they have come to deny the soul's ability to effect chemical processes, which, they argued, followed their own laws independently of the soul. If we understand the PERSONAL'S "omnipotent" powers, no chemical "law" can stand in its way. "The chemical law," as far as the human body is concerned, is dependent upon the WILL of the PERSONAL.

The famous Bishop Mylster (1854) has expressed himself on the subject of the *schema* in words well worth quoting, thus:

"There is evidently for the body a *schema*, a fixed form, according to which the material portions collect and arrange themselves in so far as external obstacles permit it; these obstacles the power issuing from the interior constantly labors to overcome, and the new material portions, which it incessantly appropriates to itself in lieu of that which is passing away, arranges itself in the body according to the original *schema*. If this *schema* or impalpable form did not exist, we could not properly say that man has a body, for the material incessantly changes, but the *schema*, the real body—not the evanescent flesh and blood, which cannot inherit the kingdom of God—constantly arises afresh in new material."

In another place he says: "It is quite arbitrary only to admit the use of the word soul, after consciousness has been awakened. It is likewise the soul which develops itself, which comes to consciousness; it is it which appropriates the bodily material to itself and fashions it after its own *schema*."

GENESIS OF THE NOTION OF PERSONALITY is the title of the fourth chapter of J. Luys' "The Brain and its Functions" (N. Y., 1882), from which we quote the following:

"The notion of our essential personality—that *notio principis* around which all the phenomena of our mental activity revolve—arises from the intimate contact between the sphere of psychical activity and the intellectual sphere. It is a complex phenomenon, which undergoes development—a true physiological process which has its phases of evolution, its own mode of origin, its manifold conditions on which its life and endurance depend, and its passing moments of disturbance during which it may be eclipsed and momentarily disappear."

"The processes of sensibility have not for their sole object the transformation of external excitations; they contribute in a much more effectual manner to operations of great delicacy, which are designed to co-operate in the genesis of the notion of our individual personality." "The effective participation of the elements of the sensorium completes and perfects it." "We have shown that by means of the nervous system the elements of sensibility may be dissected and drained away from the regions where they originate, and transported to a distance into the plexuses of the sensorium, which are the common reservoir of all the partial sensibilities of the organism." "We have shown, also, that all the sensitive regions of the human organism find in this sensorium a symmetric point vibrating in unison with them, and that by this means our individuality in its totality, sensitive fibre by sensitive fibre, is transported to the plexuses of the sensorium where it is manifested. The result is, that these plexuses enclose in their minute structure our living and feeling personality all complete, the sensitive elements which constitute it being fused into an inextinguishable unity. They serve as the basis of its manifestations, they unite to bring it to birth, they vivify it incessantly by their own energy, and thus, by always maintaining its vitality and sensibility, they keep it in perpetual contact with the excitations of the external world, which every instant flow in. Through this subtle mechanism, the notion of our personality comes to life in us."

"As a natural consequence of this physiological evolution, from the very fact that the perceptive regions of the sensorium have given it birth, it results that it comes into direct contact with external impressions, and is inevitably associated with all the nervous excitations these develop in their train. It is constantly informed of these, is constantly conscious of all that passes. It is impressed, it is moved, it is sorry or glad according to the various modes in which the elements of the sensorium, which are its natural basis, are themselves impressed by the incident stimulation."

(3) THE PERSONAL AS AFFECTED BY SPIRIT (RUACH).

We all know that spirituality lies at the root of all life, and connects the whole created world with its first cause, and that consequently the entire province of life, both in its lowest forms and its highest, is the province of spirit. But that which most concerns us here are the operations of Spirit in THE PERSONAL as its *Spiritual Sense*.

The spiritual sense, NOUS, is (a) the spiritual law, as organically wrought into the individual self-consciousness, and as such is an ever busy sovereign power or central consciousness with legislative and judicial authority. (b) It is the cognitive power of THE PERSONAL, enabling it to determine the supermundane principles, motives and ends, which ought to guide it to *real freedom*. The spiritual sense, employed in perceiving and thinking, in feeling, in resolving and purposing is THE MIND OF THE PERSONAL.

(4) THE PERSONAL CENTRES IN THE HEART (LEBB).

We now come to speak of the personal life as it centres in the Heart (Lebb), but because this subject is almost unknown among men of this day—certainly in this Western hemisphere—we will, for the present, speak in the form of a review of the various opinions about the Heart, held by people at the different corners of the earth, and at some other time set forth the principles of a complete KARDIOLOGY.

In the Sankhya system, Manas* the Heart, is considered as an eleventh or internal sense, to which the ten external ones convey their impressions, and which in turn directs and rules them. It receives and arranges the impressions made on the senses by external objects and transmits them, thus arranged, to the general consciousness, which again transmits them to the Intelligence and this again to THE PERSONAL. This definition tends to prove the Heart to be an administrative faculty and to partake of Mind.

Tirumana Mathar* tells us that the Personal regarded the Heart as the source and ground whence the "thoughts branch forth like a wood."

The Homeric Kardiology is rather interesting. The Heart is the central living heart of man. The word KARDIA is used as an esoteric expression for the internal nature, in opposition to PHRENES, the Heart, in the physical sense, as seat of the passions. By Homer, the slain man is called AKEROS: without a heart, lacking a conscious personality. The Latin COR carries the same pneumatic-psychical sense. But the chief asserter of the Heart as the central organ of the personal life is Aristotle, and all the physicians that follow his teachings. The Heart, from which the formation of the embryo takes its beginning is, in his estimation, the centre whence proceed all the organs of sense, and whence, therefore, the soul, as the life principle of the body, develops its activity.

Chrysippus, among the Stoics, taught that the Heart was the abode of the reason and the affections; and Poedonius, that the soul (with its three fundamental powers) had its proper dwelling-place in the heart. Even Plato, who placed the Logos, Reason, in the head, regarded the Heart as the seat of feeling and thought.

The Hebrew mind was very definite and clear in its understanding of the Heart as the seat of Mind, Wisdom, the faculty of thinking, etc., but the passages are so numerous, that we must pass by them. Any one can readily find these and those of the New Testament by means of a Concordance. We mention a few:

"Understand with their heart" (Luke 1, 51). "Wherefore think ye upon ye hearts?" (Matt. 9, 4). "Why reveal ye these things in your hearts?" (Mark 2, 8). "I applied my heart to know, and to search, and to seek out wisdom, and the reason of things" (Eccles. 1, 25).

THE PERSONAL IS FREEDOM.

Elisba Mulford ("The Nation," page 108) has defined The Personal in relation to freedom. In the following citations we have changed *personality* to "THE PERSONAL," that evidently being meant, the author refraining from coining the new word, uses an old one into which he endeavors to infuse new life.

"Freedom is the manifestation of The PERSONAL. Man has in his nature impulses and the power of following them, and desires and the power of gratifying them; but his being is not in these, and deeper than these, and beyond these, there is a consciousness of an I—a person. In the assertion and realization of this, and in the extension of all that is alien from this, alone is freedom. It is the realization in man, through his own self-determination of his true being. The law of freedom is the law which is laid at the basis of The PERSONAL. The act of freedom is a self-determinate act, the determination of freedom."

"The assertion of The PERSONAL and its manifestation as personality is in the will. The will derives from the PERSONAL its contents. The self-determined will alone is free. The will defined in an abstract and formal conception, and divested of personality, and its substance in it, allows no freedom, and when thus divested of its content it is without freedom also."

"The action which is arbitrary is not free. It is the mere formal act of the will. It proceeds only from the will, not from the conscious determination of The PERSONAL—that is, the whole, the real person—and having no other source, it is only willfulness. This action, separated thus from its substance in The PERSONAL, is therefore, and instead of implying force of character, it is force without character. It is a barren heaping. It has no more dignity than the operation of a physical power in nature. The will in this conception may be as strong and as unending as iron, but its quality is no better than iron."

"The action which springs immediately

from impulse or appetite is not free. The pursuance of a blind instinct, or the subjection to a strong passion, is the negation of freedom. Thus the animal is unfree. It is determined and limited by its animal nature. The desires and emotions, the impulse and passion of men, as separate from the PERSONAL, are therefore to be apprehended as external to the will, and the immediate subjection to them is ignoble, as the degradation of the PERSONAL, and unworthy, as the negation of the true and real self in man; there is in it the loss of freedom. Thus Shakespeare says:

"I'll never
Be such a goeling as to obey instinct, but stand,
As if a man were author of himself
And knew no other kin."

"The action which is merely unlimited and unrestrained is not free; the power to do whatever one lists or pleases is not freedom. The most false representation of freedom is this apprehension of it in the absence of restraint. It is then identified with mere caprice. The freedom which in this assumption is called natural freedom is unreal. It is illustrated by the old words denoting the wildest and the most unrestrained play of desire, 'a boy's will is the wind's will'; but in that unceasing motion and that sweep of limitless fields there is no freedom. It is not until the boy has passed on to the life of the PERSONAL realized in its conscious self-determination that he is truly free."

"The action which is simply momentary is not free. The will in its freedom has elements of continuity and identity, which subsist in the PERSONAL and are reflected in Character. The error in the popular apprehension of freedom in the schools of theology is in representing the freedom of the will as consisting only in a power of choice, only an empty formal possibility in the life of man, but having no determinate moral content."

THE PERSONAL AND PERSONALITY: A SUMMARY.
Before dismissing the subject of THE PERSONAL we desire to quote in full a chapter from Fred. A. RUACH'S "PSYCHOLOGY, or a view of the human soul." 2d Ed. N. Y., 1841. The book is now out of print and rare, but its excellence is undoubted.

PERSONALITY.

The term comes from the Latin *personare*, the original meaning of which is to sound through. It was used in Roman law of one who was not, like a slave, a mere thing salable and transferable, but who had a right to speak and defend himself in courts of justice. In this respect the German word for person fully agrees with the Latin and English, for *last* (sound), plural *leute* (people), has exactly the same meaning. From this it must appear that those who consider the external, visible body as that which is named a person, are mistaken. It is true that *persona* signified a mask, but in distinction from *larva*, one that like an instrument rendered the voice of the actor more audible. The term *person* has, therefore, a direct bearing upon the intelligence of man, since only an intelligent being can comprehend rights and duties, and consequently defend them, and since only such a one can speak. The animal has a body, and in the more perfect animals we discover all the organs of the human frame, yet we hesitate to speak of animal personality. The animal is an individual that feels itself, but cannot be a person, because it is not conscious of itself.

Before giving a definition of personality, it will be well to define the term individuality. We have it in common with the deity, while we share personality with the animal. Individuality is the centre or union of many organic functions that proceed from it and return to it. It is the power that produces all of them, and keeps them related to each other, and to their whole. It is, therefore, that by which a being is concentrated upon itself—the centre of all organic activities. It renders a living organism indivisible, hence it is called individuality, i. e., that which cannot be divided into two. The stone remains what it is, though it be broken into small particles, but an animal is destroyed when its members are torn asunder. That which is wanting to individuality, in order to make it personality, is a soul capable of thinking and willing.

PERSONALITY, on the other hand, is likewise a centre and union of the manifold, but one that is awake in itself, that has found and laid hold of itself, and having once found cannot again lose itself, but will enjoy itself forever. It is the centre of all our bodily and mental activities; emancipated from all that is not itself, it reigns over all the powers of body and soul, for it is that which must take care of both. It is the person within us; that determines itself to be this or that; to open itself to any influence, or exclude it; to follow one or the other direction; to enter a sphere of activity, or withdraw from all, and retire within itself. PERSON is the union of reason and will, for I know, and I will; it is the identity of self-consciousness and self-love, and whatever takes place in either must centre in it; and only thus can it be identified with the being that knows and loves itself. It remains the same, whether it is active practically or theoretically, or whether abstracted from all without, it confines itself wholly to itself. Neither character nor age, neither knowledge nor temperament can affect it. The expression for our personality is the letter person. A short explanation of it will render clear what we are to understand by person and personality.

Every word contains a thought, and every thought contains truth, if its contents correspond entirely with those of its object. Is

the object a physical or historical one? then its contents, and those of the thought of it, are not exactly the same. I have, for example, as correct an idea of the sun, as the present state of astronomy makes it possible for me to form; but the contents of the sun are light, and other qualities, while those of the ideas which I have formed of it, are but the sensations and perceptions of these qualities, but not light itself. Of all the thoughts we have, there is none that in this respect is equal to that which we express by the pronoun I. Every thought, as we have seen, pre-supposes a subject that thinks, and an object thought of. In the thought contained in the word I, subject and object are perfectly the same, for it is I that thinks and I that is thought of. There I am active, because I think; here I am passive, because I am the subject of thought. There is a difference, consequently, but one, that when rightly considered, is really none. For the identity between the thought and its subject, expressed by I, is such that the being of the one is that of the other also; that the one cannot be separated from the other, for the one is the other. This it is that we call *personal identity*. Our consciousness may be enriched with knowledge, and again forget all it has learned, and yet our I will remain the same. I can possess nothing else in the same way that I possess myself; for no where else can subject and object be united as they are in the word I. The same that I express by this term in my mouth, I express by it at the most advanced age; and even in the hour of death neither form nor contents being in the least changed. This personal identity remains so much the same in spite of all changes, both in body and mind, that though two children resemble each other much more in their nature, than the same person resembles himself as regards bodily vigor in his youth and old age—yet will the personal identity be the same with him in all periods of life, while the two children, resembling each other in other respects, widely differ in their persons.

It is this I, this personal identity, which, as the conscious centre of body and soul, attributes both to itself in saying, I must take care of my body and of my soul. Without it, there could be no mine and thine. It is invisible, can neither be seen nor felt; is neither bone nor muscle, neither nerve nor sinew; and is only accessible to thought. If I say, I have wounded myself, I speak inaccurately, for I ought to say I have hurt my limb, my body. This invisible I is that general activity, which accompanies all our actions and knowledge. It is I that feels and perceives; that comprehends and recollects; that judges and concludes; that resolves and wills and acts. I am active in all these different ways, and yet remain the same in every single activity. I may enter upon any activity or exclude all.

The idea of personality, as may be easily seen, includes that of independence of everything that is not itself. It rests upon itself, and as it is the centre of all in man, so it is the centre of nature around, for it is not only conscious of itself, but conscious of all other things. If by self-consciousness it inclines to itself, taking an inward direction, by consciousness of other things, it takes an outward direction, one away from itself. And in this light we have yet to view personality.

The person is not only the centre of man, whose radii and periphery are all the activities of body and soul, and by which all of them are pronounced, that is through which they sound, *personat*, but it is also.

1. The centre of nature, the echo of the universe. What nature contains scattered and in fragments, is united in the person of man. Every isolated feeling, every solitary sound in nature is to pass through man's personality, and to centre in it. His personality is the great, beautiful, and complete bell, that announces everything, while nature contains only parts of it, the sounds of which are dark and dull. This by no means leaves any form of Pantheism; all it says is this: What would be the most glorious sunset if man should not perceive and enjoy it? What would be the order of the universe if man were not conscious of it? What the laws of Astronomy if a Newton and Kepler had not discovered them? They might exist, but as without an eye there would be eternal darkness, without an ear uninterrupted silence, so there could be no order or regularity without an understanding capable of perceiving it. The songs of birds, if not heard by man, would neither be plaintive nor joyful. It is he alone that perceives the nature of things, and their systematic connection with each other. But again, the personality of man is the centre of nature in another respect; as we have seen that there are animals which having but one of the many physical organs of man, constitute nevertheless a full and complete being, so the moral qualities are distributed, and a single one frequently makes up the whole character of a certain species of animals. The serpent is sly, the tiger treacherous, the fox cunning; and so each animal has a prevailing quality which determines its whole nature; but man unites all in himself. Like the fox he is cunning, and like the serpent he is sly; hence he can sympathize with every being in nature, and may in this respect be called the centre of nature. Nature is external, knows nothing of itself, mind alone can seek and find itself and all other things.

"Was will die Natur nach Norden geschickt?
Sich selber zu finden, oder sich zu verliert."

2. Our personality is the centre of the whole human race, for it contains the greater (Continued on Eighth Page.)

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
The Spiritualism Before "Modern"
Spiritualism.

BY THOS. HARDING.

NO. 3.

AMERICA.

"In a chariot of light, from the regions of day,
The Goddess of Liberty came,
Unnumbered celestials directed the way,
And hither conducted the dame.

Unmindful of names or distinctions they came,
For (angels) like brothers agree,
With one spirit endowed they, one (object) pursued,
And their temple was Liberty Tree.

But hear, Oh brave, 'tis a tale most profane,
How all the (conservative) powers,
(Priests, churches and pope) are untiring slain,
(To cut down this guardian of ours.

From the north to the south blow the trumpet, to arms!
Through the land let the dire tidings flee;
Let the far and the near, all unite with a cheer,
In defence of our "Liberty Tree."

"When the Indian speaks, the Great Spirit hears him."
Among those aged pines we hear the ghosts of the
departed,
Their ashes are here."
—Thomas Paine (Adapted).

"The Coctaw always thinks."
—Coctaw Indian Chief.

Carlyle once said, "Let the church take care when God lets loose a great thinker," but when large numbers of great thinkers and great actors from a higher sphere are let loose on purpose to enlighten the world, give true liberty of thought and impart aspirations after the intellectually unknowable, then, indeed, may every usurper tremble. The morally shackled may then break their bonds and tread the earth as free men. We pay no priest to think for us; we dare to think for ourselves. The man who shuts his eyes and accepts what he is told, on "faith," is not the equal of the Coctaw Indian, for in his reply to the government agent one of their chiefs declared, "The Coctaw always thinks." The ancient Indian acknowledged a great or universal spirit; he saw him in everything. As he stood of old, on guard over his fellows, through the long starlight, motionless as a statue of marble, his eye fixed on the wonders of nature above and around him, and thinking—thinking!—naught to do through the long night watch but to think, it is little wonder that he should have worked out a simple but sublime theology. When he spoke he said, "The Great Spirit heard me," and among the tall pines he could hear the spirits of the departed red men whose ashes were under his feet. Alas! for the degeneracy of the Indian.

Bishop Eads, of Kentucky (see Shaker Sermons by H. L. Eads), used the illustration of a little boy who prayed for a drum; his father overhearing the prayer bought a drum for the child. "Now," says the Shaker Bishop, "when the child's father answered that prayer, God answered it." Suppose you take up my coat and inquire, "Who made the wrinkles in this coat?" The reply would be, "That is Tom Harding's coat," and, of course, it was "God" (or nature) who made the earthquake at Charleston. It is not a moral question, but one of fact. The Charleston earthquake was an insignificant result, inseparable from the necessary operations which produce grand and general ends. When we solicit the aid of a spirit, we solicit "God's" aid; and when the spirit replies, God replies; for it is the all in all; the center and circumference, spirit and matter in union.

The true spiritual condition is that in which we are at one with the universal spirit. In that condition prayer is needless, because our desires and wills are then immersed in the eternal, and we are absorbed in "the bosom of Brahman." There is a trinity in most "religions"; there is in mine:

1. The personal condition, which may be personified by a youth.

2. The intellectual, represented by the youth matured.

3. The intuitional, answering to age, where the individual is perfected in and through experience, and belongs to the Spirit-world proper. All below this is either intermediate or primary, and whether the individual be embodied physically, or unembodied, he has his being, and lives in the true Spirit world. But what can we do to deserve or obtain an entrance into that high, intuitional condition? Nothing! We are the creatures of laws, and laws are subject to wisdom, which operates in, by and through them. "The great spirits are the laws of nature."

A willing self-denial for principle brings with it a certain satisfaction which is sometimes mistaken for the superior condition of oneness. But when the conviction of unity with the spirit of all things has been reached, it can never be mistaken for anything else. It is the birth-right of the uncultured Indian as well as of the learned Caucasian, or the profound mystic. Study and book learning do not hasten its coming, nor ignorance retard it. It does not come in answer to prayer and well-doing. But the subject is turned and overturned in sunshine and storm. That in which he trusted fails him; he finds darkness where he expected light, and unexpected light in the midst of darkness; his judgment at fault and his hopes blighted until he is enabled to trust the hidden arm and say, "Behold here am I!"

This is the work of true Spiritualism. No age or country was or is, or ever will be exempt from it; it is the work of law, applied by the God-like spirit to an imperfect soul; by and through which it becomes like them, not thinking its own thoughts nor doing its own will, but finding its highest pleasure and most perfect peace in yielding to the vital current and permitting itself to be borne along by the stream of the eternal verity, and fitted for companionship with the "Gods." The study of these subjects may unsettle the mind, if one has not the cares of "business" to distract; but mark this: the experience of them never does. It is hard for a rich man who has no cares to enter this "heaven."

The American Indian had such experiences but he had not the language and opportunity of the mystic to express them. "Few there be who find this heaven," and whether the majority of mankind are re-incarnated again and again, until they do, is to me an open question. There may not be as many immortal spirits in the universe as we think.

The peculiar life which the early American Indians led previous to the advent of the Europeans was well calculated to bring them in rapport with the Spirit-world; they were the children of nature, unspoiled; they knew nothing of the double dealings of diplomacy; they went straight for their object, undistracted by the cares of so-called civilization. Many of their chiefs were clear-headed, intelligent men, capable of perceiving and appreciating the workings of visible and invisible nature. Their medicines men understood the human mind, and applied their remedies in association with mental influence, and their mediumship and general knowledge caused them to be regarded as wise men, aided and assisted by the spirits of the departed. They saw visions and dreamed

dreams; they held a mystic control over their tribes, and influenced the affairs of their nations by a weird Spiritualism.

The speeches of Indian chiefs reveal the character of the men. Their point-blank utterances, honesty, and language true to the idea which they sought to express, mark them as having been eminently spiritual, before their characters were adulterated by long contact with the venal white man. After that event—when they had discovered their weakness—a plaintive sorrow and a sad retrospect color their eloquence; their language seems like that of proud men, bowed down by the force of adverse circumstances, which all the power they could exercise could not circumvent. Mark the pathos and evident sincerity of the following extract from the reply of an old Indian chief. How sad he was, and yet how brave! How dignified, and yet how submissive:

"Brother, we have heard you talk as from the lips of our father, the great white chief at Washington; and my people have called upon me to speak to you. The red man has no books; when he wishes to make known his views, like his father before him, he speaks from his mouth. When he speaks the Great Spirit hears him. Writing is the invention of the pale faces; it gives birth to error and to feuds. The Great Spirit talks, we hear him in the rushing winds and the mighty waters, but he never writes.

"When you were young we were strong; we fought by your side, but our arms are now broken; my people have become small. My voice is weak, you can scarcely hear me; it is not the shout of a warrior, but the wail of an infant. I have lost all mourning over the misfortunes of my people. There are their graves and amongst these aged pines we hear the ghosts of the departed. Their ashes are here and we are left to protect them.

"We have heard you talk, we have slept upon it; you ask us to leave our country, and you tell us it is our father's wish. We would not displease our father; we respect him and you as his child. But the Coctaw always thinks; we want time to answer; our hearts are full. Twelve winters ago our chief sold our country. Every warrior you see here was opposed to the treaty. If the dead could have been counted, it could never have been made; but, alas! though they stood around, they could not be seen or heard. Their tears came in the raindrops, and their voices in the wailing wind, but the pale faces knew it not and our land was taken away.

"We do not complain. The Coctaw suffers but he never weeps. You have the strong arm and we cannot resist. But the pale face worships the Great Spirit; so does the red man. The Great Spirit loves truth! When you took our country you promised us land. There is your promise in the book! Twelve times have the trees dropped their leaves, but yet we have received no land. Our houses have been taken from us. The white man's plow turns up the bones of our fathers. We dare not kindle our fires; and yet you said we might remain, and you would give us land. Is this truth? But we believe that now our great father knows our condition, he will listen to us. We are mourning orphans, but our father will take us by the hand. When he fulfills his promise, we will answer his talk. He means well—we know it. But we cannot think now, grief has made children of us.

"Brother, you stand in theoccasins of a great chief, you speak the words of a mighty nation, your talk was long. My people are small."

Under the circumstances this is, perhaps, as pathetic and eloquent a speech as ever appeared in print. The impress of inspiration is there, and the spirits, whom the speaker said stood around, though invisible to the pale faces, doubtless impressed their magnetism on the speaker. By the contemplation of such scenes, we may judge how palpable a fact was the Spiritualism of the ancient American Indians, and how fully realized it must have been among that race of men centuries before the "white man's plow turned up the bones of their fathers."

When a person is accustomed to spirit intercourse and perceives that Spiritualism had always been, how supremely foolish seem the objections of the skeptic, so palpable and reasonable does mediumship appear. A seerist was once lecturing on the brain and its relation to thought, when he advised all thoughtful persons to use a proportion of fish in their food, as it contained phosphorus. At the conclusion of his remarks a gentleman friend stepped up to him and inquired, "What proportion of people's food should consist of fish?"

"Why," said the scientist, "that would depend on circumstances."

"Well, but in a general way," said the inquirer, "for instance, how much would men like me require?"

"Oh," said the lecturer, looking him over very comically, "I should think you would need a few whales."

And so we think that those in this age of the world who deny the truth of Spiritualism, would need quite a good stock of whales in their cellars to supply them with the necessary phosphorus for the coming winter.

Sturgis, Mich.

(To be continued.)

IMPORTANT QUESTIONS.

The Bhagavad-Gita and the Bhagavata Purana.—The Prem Sagar or Ocean of Love.—The Lives of Krishna.

BY WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

An article in the "JOURNAL" of October 14, 1885, I alluded to the fact that the two Sanskrit sacred books, the Bhagavad-Gita and the Bhagavata Purana were often confounded the one with the other,—in most cases of confusion the Purana being taken for the Gita. The Bhagavad-Gita is a comparatively small work, forming one of the epical interpolations in the Maha-bharata; and it is considered as, in some respects the grandest production in Sanskrit literature. It is usually regarded by Sanskritists as having been written a few centuries after the beginning of the Christian era. The Bhagavata Purana is an extensive work, in twelve books, supposed to have been written about the twelfth century after Christ; and is of quite a different character from the Gita, though both were written in furtherance of Krishna worship.

Some indications of a seeming confusion relative to the identity of these two books are found in Mr. Bjerregaard's article (No. 3) on the "Philosophy of Religion" in the JOURNAL of Sept. 4th, in which mention is made of "Krishna's speech in the 'Ocean of Love' (Bhagavad-Gita, chap. 10), pointing to the Krishna avatar as the unitive power of all art and life." This remark identifies the tenth chapter of the Bhagavad-Gita with the "Ocean of Love." No knowledge of this chapter having ever been so designated, is possessed by the writer; but the "Ocean of Love" is the name by which a Hindi paraphrase of

the tenth book of the Bhagavata Purana has been known for a number of years. The tenth book of this Purana consists of a detailed life of Krishna. A translation of this tenth book from Sanskrit into Braj Bhakha, a local Hindi dialect, was made by Chaturbhuj Mishra. A paraphrase of this translation, rendered into Hindi proper, "the pure language of Delhi and Agra," was subsequently made by Shri Lalaji Lal Kab. The latter called his paraphrase the Prem Sagar, or Ocean of Love,—from Prem, or Prema, love, and Sagar, or Sagara, ocean. The Prem Sagar is very popular in India at the present day and two English translations thereof have been published,—one by Capt. W. Hollings in 1848, and the other, an improved version, by E. B. Eastwick in 1851.

This is the only "Ocean of Love" in Sanskrit literature of which the writer has heard, and it has no connection with the Bhagavad-Gita. The tenth chapter of the Gita is not called "Ocean of Love," but "Devotion to the Divine Virtues." As Mr. Bjerregaard's remarks show that he is referring to the tenth chapter of the Gita, and not to the Hindi paraphrase of the tenth book of the Purana, it is evident that the use of the words "Ocean of Love" was a slight inadvertence. It commonly happens that matters referred to in the Purana are quoted as from the Gita, the latter work being the better known; but the converse seems to obtain in this case,—matter contained in the Gita is referred to as if found in the Prem Sagar, a paraphrase of a portion of the Purana.

Parties desirous of pursuing a life of Krishna, the latter part of his career, including the incidents of his death, excepted, would do well to obtain a copy of one or the other of the translations of the Prem Sagar. The concluding events of his life, being in the eleventh book of the Bhagavata Purana, are not mentioned in the Prem Sagar, which is confined exclusively to the tenth book of the Purana. A full life of Krishna, however, including his death and the immediately preceding events, may be found in the fifth book of the Vishnu Purana.—H. H. Wilson's translation, vols. 4 and 5. A perusal of either of these lives of the Hindu god will evidence to the reader the strong contrast, save in a few particulars, between Krishna, Devakiputra and Jesus, the Son of Mary disrobing the statement so often made by uninformed persons, that the narratives of the life of the latter were largely derived from the accounts of Krishna's life current in India in ancient times.

Presidio of San Francisco, Cal.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

A LETTER ON THEISM.

BY WM. B. HART.

Soon after the publication in the JOURNAL of last February, of an article of mine on the existence of God, I received some half-dozen letters from acquaintances and distant strangers, expressing various views concerning it. As a psychological study it is interesting to note how different minds approach a subject in their contemplation of it from their different standpoints.

One correspondent, an exceptionally intelligent young gentleman, not easily thrown off his poise, wrote me in this wise: "While I may not agree with you, I must say, however, that the argument was apparently logical." Another, a man of mark in a Southern State, whom I never saw, but of whose integrity I am favorably impressed, and whose name I occasionally see appended to a brief article in the JOURNAL, excused himself from entering into a discussion of the subject, but referred me to a book of which he is the author, and which he was kind enough to send me, for a solution of the problem: which solution, however, in his handling of it, I found placed the question on a basis differing materially from the one I had discussed, requiring a different line of argument to meet it, and hence, wholly shifting the point of observation, ignoring my argument in toto, requiring me to do the work all over again, and this, too, with no guaranty to assure me that I should not have to face another evasion in the end. Obviously there is no profit nor sense in carrying on a discussion in which the parties participating are not willing to meet one another on a common level as raised, and there abide the result; especially is this true when the matter in controversy is submitted to the public through the press, thereby seeking public endorsement and provoking public criticism.

A third correspondent, an old friend, at once proved the strength of his convictions and confidence in them, by frankly meeting the issue where I had placed it, in some pertinent exceptions taken and queries propounded, which I replied to at the time; and as these exceptions, and queries may have occurred to others substantially as they did to my friend, I have thought that my letter to him might present the argument more satisfactorily, perhaps, than I could hope to present it in the usual essay form; and with this in view it is here offered as a contribution to the discussion of theism. It so happens that there are every where a class of minds not easily cloyed, minds that are disposed to hang on to a subject which interests them, like a dog to a bone, until they have extracted the marrow or found there is none in it, and with such in view I here, without further preliminary, present said letter for what it is worth:

MY GOOD FRIEND: In my last communication I intimated a purpose to respond to certain interrogatories and suggestions in your letter to me touching matters theological. But before entering upon the argument, permit me to state in brief just where I stand as respects theism. I do not pretend to be able to disprove the existence of God. I am not an atheist, properly so called, and never was; my prepossessions are all the other way. My situation is one seeking to find bottom in what appears to be an unfathomable abyss, but unable to approach the goal along the well beaten paths in which others claim to find it; that is to say, unable to accept as proof what seems to satisfy you and theologians generally. And I am unable to perceive that you or any one else has any better means of knowing or judging than I have. When I set myself about to examine with anything like thoroughness the foundations of theism, I am staggered and confounded, and compelled to confess to myself that I do not know. There is an impenetrable mystery that meets me at the threshold, discouraging inquiry and resisting progress. Understand me, I do not say that the subject in its entirety is too vast for my comprehension—that I cannot, "by searching, find out the Almighty to perfection"—that is not my case. My position is, I can not find Him out at all, and the worst of it is, I am conscious of no faculty which will enable me to do it, and I am given to believe that such is the case of all mundane intelligences. What you hold as proofs, I regard as unwarrantable assumptions, and hence, cannot shut my eyes to the chicanery—so it seems—resorted to in support of your

views, not by yourself alone, but by all of your way of thinking. Though I differ from you, I am happy to say I have ever found you alike free from that vulgar conception and self-righteousness, which attributes moral taint to unbelief, and from that timidity which shuns discussion of the faith you accept and commend to others.

With respect to my article in the JOURNAL on theism, to which you have taken exceptions, it has occurred to me you did not give yourself sufficient time in its perusal, or bestow on it sufficient attention to do justice to it or to yourself. In preparing that brief exposition of my views for publication, I aimed to use words with all practicable precision. Precision in the use of terms, you must know from your familiarity with the technicalities employed in your profession, is of paramount importance. It is important to the last degree in the proper handling of a metaphysical question so abstruse as the one to which I refer. In my essay I intended to affirm nothing more than could legitimately be inferred from my propositions as I stated them, as for instance: Is the Infinite cognizable in any-wise by the finite mind? To cognize is to know. Now, if it be conceded that we cannot know God in any-wise, then there is an end to the contention on my side. We are not concerned about questions of "comprehending" or "comprehending," as you express it; at all—terms which might be construed to convey a meaning not altogether such as is expressed in the term "cognition."

But, if the question, Is the Infinite cognizable in any-wise by the finite mind? be answered affirmatively, then it devolves on whomsoever asserts this to show in what respect it is true. Cognition is either infinite or it is not. There is no mixing up incongruities here,—partly infinite and partly finite; it is the one or the other. Whatever appertains to Deity as characterizing his essential Being, is allowed to be infinite in every aspect it can be thought of without an iota of the finite. If an intelligent being can in any respect apprehend God, then such being must be endowed with infinite apprehension in each and every particular in which he apprehends God. He has gone up to God's level, so to speak. Now it seems to me the very terms of my proposition preclude debate on this point.

"We know that God is," says the theist, "though we cannot know all about him." My answer is, perception of an infinite Being, implies infinite apprehension on the part of the perceiver. If I attempt to hold such a one to this issue, ten to one he goes off in a dolorous homily about the insecurity of every thing we hold dear in this world.—"There can be no criterion of right and wrong, no binding obligation, no stability to the social compact, or even the universe itself." Evade it as we may; disguise it as we will, you will find,—at any rate I have found, my good friend, that the theist, when crowded into close quarters in argument, always assumes his major premise. He don't like to do this, of course, but it seems to be the necessity of his case. "We cannot explain how God exists, or why he should govern thus and so; it is enough to know, that God is." Totally unconscious he seems to be, that it is not the "how" or the "why" that is the subject of inquiry, but the fact itself. Do we indeed know or can we know that God is? Until this preliminary question is settled, all other considerations are impertinent and nugatory.

Canst thou by searching find out God? Canst thou find out the Almighty to perfection? Theologians are fond of quoting this text; and while they concede their inability to attain perfect knowledge, they stoutly contend that they can know that God exists. If we ask, What hinders complete knowledge? they can give no other answer than to point out the disparity subsisting between the finite and the infinite. "The subject is too vast," they say, "for human faculties to compass in its fullness;" but he fails to perceive that the disparity and vastness, constitute the very reason why he can not know God at all. As I said in my article, our point of observation lies below the plane of our object; how can we see what is above?

When he looks around on the operations of nature, the theist observes evidences of a power which baffles his comprehension, and he jumps to the conclusion that this is God. But his reasoning, so far as he does reason, is on a par with that of the aboriginal Mexicans when they first beheld Cortes and his mounted soldiers. Never having seen a horse before, and being naturally superstitious, they forthwith concluded that horse and rider were one—unknown monsters all, come to destroy them. What this power is, and what relation we sustain to it, is the nut to be cracked, not to be swallowed whole.

You will notice, my friend, if you will take the trouble to read my article again, that I discriminate between knowledge and belief. I attempted to make it plain that the conditions which bar the way to knowledge and certainty, were equally in the way of a rational presumption, that is, a conclusion based on probabilities, concerning which belief is properly exercised. I asked, then, as I ask now, How is it possible to determine what is probable or improbable, in a realm about which we seem to know absolutely nothing? I make these remarks to call your attention to the terms in which I couched my argument, and the precise points to be considered. In framing that argument, I aimed to forestall some of these questions to which you solicit my attention. For instance, you say: "Because you cannot compass the Infinite, must you disbelieve in his existence?"

Again, "Because it is difficult to conceive, and impossible for man fully to comprehend, a power antecedent to nature, must we doubt his existence?" A little reflection, I think, will enable you to perceive these questions are irrelevant until my position in relation to cognition is first overthrown, or otherwise satisfactorily disposed of. My contention concerns not belief, nor presumption, but positive knowledge. I have elsewhere in my article impliedly ruled mere "belief" out as not germane to the discussion; and the only instance where I use the term "comprehend," is where I hypothetically concede a Creator: We have come to this: Either admit that God is finite, or that man is infinite. One or the other is imperative. As logicians it seems to me we cannot escape this alternative.

But you may say, "Can we not measure a limited portion of infinite space? for instance, and thereby know thus much of infinity?" I answer, no,—emphatically no. You cannot measure any part of illimitable space. Try it. Run off a mile, a hundred, a thousand, and in imagination a million, if you please, in any direction, or in all directions; in so doing you do not even approach the nearest border, so to speak, of infinity. The phantom recedes as you travel on. Go where you will, imagine what you may, you cannot reach the hither shore of that illimitable ocean we call space. What of space you have measured is not only finite, but it makes no part of the infinite; if it do, then infinity is divisible and you have a portion, and what is left is minus thus much, and hence incomplete. If infinity still, then you are as remote from it as you were when you began

your survey. Infinity is not susceptible of diminution, it is not a thing of parts, subject to being divided, or measured in detail. We cannot think of it as a whole even, for whole presupposes parts, and these imply finitude. The idea of gradations, or of comparability, is utterly excluded when we think of the infinite or the eternal. People talk about a past eternity and of an eternity to come, as though there could be two eternities. Eternity is infinite time, and cannot be conceived of as divided midway. I am purposely prolix on this point, because we have here reached a crisis in the discussion where the incautious reasoner gets confused; he feels that the grip of an invincible logic is upon him, and if opinionated or not quite ingenuous, he will dodge, equivocate, do anything in short, rather than face the music. I make this as a general remark, not as applicable to you.

Then again, as if distrusting the validity of your previous reasoning, you observe: "But we have nature still, what shall we do with that? When and how did it originate?" With respect to these matters, I suppose an agnostic would reply, "I do not know." Probably he would remind you that there is nothing in his creed committing him to any theory of the "cosmos;" and then I fancy he would leave the problem for you to elucidate if you could. He would say—at any rate I would say, that, in view of such riddles, we are getting beyond our depth; that we have no faculty by which we can grasp them; that for aught I know or can know, nature never originated, never had a beginning, so it seems. You further ask, "Can we comprehend it (nature) any better than we can the being who created it, or even as well?" I am not quite sure I understand the idea you here wish to present. As for comprehending the intimate or ultimate essence of either, I am not aware that any one pretends to. But as between God and nature, however, be it observed, there is this difference: Nature we do know exists; the being of God we must take upon trust. You further ask, "What kind of evidence will you accept? What kind of evidence does nature furnish of the existence of one Wm. B. Hart?" As to the latter question, I answer, "The very best kind of evidence a human being can have, namely, my own consciousness." So thought Descartes: "I think, therefore I exist."

My good friend, look at this matter how we will, we are beset with incomprehensibles on all sides. If it be thought imperative upon us to make a choice, wisdom would suggest that we select that which presents the fewest difficulties, the least obnoxious to the imputation of absurdity. When we essay to carry our speculations back to the origin of things—the "universe," for instance, we are necessarily limited by the nature of our faculties. There is no help for this. Even in the matter of divine revelation, we can receive light only to the extent of our capacities. Undoubtedly as between God and nature, either alternative is fraught with difficulties; but which involves the greater? Please do not overlook this point. Which involves the greater difficulty—the eternity of matter, or the eternity of God? In the happy assurance of your faith, possibly, my friend, you have not given much consideration to these questions. You and I are a part of a universe which we see and know to some extent. We have every assurance of which our nature is capable, that the universe exists; we see it with our eyes, and where these fail, we can supplement our means of information with the microscope, the telescope, and other appliances, including our other senses. All this, I say, we know. Theism in accounting for this universe postulates a Being we don't know; more than this,—it postulates a time when this universe came into existence out of nothing through the creative fiat of a Supreme Creator; more than this,—it postulates a Being without beginning, subsisting throughout eternity; more than this: If the universe were thus ushered into being in time, then anterior to such creation and to all creation, during an antecedent eternity, the Infinite only existed, a lone solitary occupant of an inconceivable immensity, which nevertheless, he filled. What a thought! A time, when in all that immensity now filled with glittering orbs, and pulsating with life and light, there was naught save one! A being quiescent, immovable, unchangeable, ever thinking the same thoughts, but not acting, throughout the ceaseless eons of an uncompleted and uncompleted eternity anterior to the first creative act! All this, I say, which we don't know, theism is obliged to assume as a substitute for a self-existent universe, which we do know, barring our ignorance of its beginning, if beginning it ever had. Are you shocked, my friend, in view of this presentment? I hope not. If it looks preposterous to you, I cannot get away from it. A quiescent God, during past eons without end! Nevertheless this corollary is forced upon us. "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." So it reads. We have no account of any prior creation, and we have no right to assume any, and if we do, we cannot escape the dilemma of antecedent eternity of inactivity dating from the first creation in the remote past. If we attempt to escape by assuming an eternal series of past creative acts, we only succeed in piling up inconceivables one above another, and with no warranty for so doing. Thus the matter stands.

Greenwood, Ill.

THE ANDOVER CONTROVERSY.

The Andover controversy, which has raged so bitterly for a few years past, will be likely to come to a head at the forthcoming session of the Commissioners of Foreign Missions in Des Moines, Ia. In view of the importance of this controversy, which is attracting attention not only in the Congregational but in all other denominations, a few words concerning its origin will be of interest. It may be premised that while the atonement, the inspiration of the Scriptures, and future punishment of the wicked are the three main centres of the controversy, the last named is the one which figures most conspicuously and which has caused most feeling between the two factions.

A history of the whole contest, recently printed in the Boston Advertiser, and evidently prepared by some one thoroughly familiar with the long quarrel, traces its origin to the ordaining of the Rev. George A. Jackson over a Congregational church in Leavenworth, Kas., in 1872. In his examination Mr. Jackson stated that he believed the words "eternal punishment" to have reference not to the endless duration of the soul but to the endless duration of the condition in which the soul might exist. "Eternal punishment," he thought, might mean "punishment in eternity." On the final debate as to his qualifications the controversy began, though it was subsequently ordained, and it has continually gained in heat and bitterness, as new candidates for ordination came up declaring the same views as those of Mr. Jackson, among them the Rev. James M. Whitton, who has a great reputation as a Greek scholar; the Rev. James F. Merriam, who was

defended by the Rev. Washington Gladden, one of the leaders in the new movement; the Rev. T. T. Munger, whose installation was largely secured by President Porter of Yale College; the Rev. W. E. Merriman; and others. The agitation at last became so general that a new creed was called for at the National Council held in St. Louis in 1884, which was eventually formulated in 1885, and declared against the new movement. This only served to bring about a renewal of the controversy, which at last reached the highest degree of excitement when it became known that in Andover, the very stronghold of orthodoxy, which had been relied upon to withstand the assaults of New Haven, Boston, and Oberlin, there was a division of belief consequent upon the retirement of some of the old conservative professors and the accession of younger and more liberal men. This added fresh fuel to the fire, and since that time, four years ago, the quarrel has raged with extreme bitterness and rancor in the religious newspapers, in lectures, and in the reviews. Since the famous quarrel over psalmody in the good old colony times of the church there have not been so many pamphlets printed, pro and con, or such a storm of controversy. Temper and prejudice have been exhibited to a remarkable degree, and personal rancor has hardly been concealed under its thin veil of religious courtesy and brotherly feeling.

This great quarrel, which has now become a National one, turns upon the simple question whether sinners are punished eternally or whether there is a probationary state after death in which the "beaten," for instance, and those who have not heard of the atonement may receive its benefits. The new school, of course, contend for the latter view of the question, and the fight might have gone on for years longer, as there is no definite way of deciding either view, had it not for some mysterious reason affected material interests. It is now claimed that under the administration of the American Board by its Secretary, Dr. E. K. Alden, who is an adherent of the new movement, not a single new missionary was commissioned last year, that the number of missionaries and the contribution of funds for the support of mission work have steadily fallen off and that the church work at home and abroad is in a stagnant condition. Hence the annual session of the A. B. C. F. M. at Des Moines during the first week of October is looked forward to with the greatest interest, inasmuch as the cooler and more conservative members of the commission, who are not actively engaged in the struggle, are determined some settlement shall be made and that the controversy shall stop. As both sides, however, are in good fighting trim, it is evident there will be a tough set-to before the peacemakers can get in their work. The quiet little town of Des Moines bids fair to be shaken to its foundations by the pending theological earthquake.

Chicago Times.

Woman and the Household.

BY HESTER M. POOLE.
(106 West 29th Street, New York.)

WORK.

The promise of delicious youth may fall;
The fair fulfillment of our summer time
May wane and wither at its hour of prime;
The gorgeous glow of Hope may swiftly pale;
Even Love may leave us spite our plumed wall;
The heart, defeated, desolate may climb
To lonely reason on her height sublime;
But one sure fort no foe can e'er assail.

'Tis thine, O Work—the joy supreme of thought,
Where feeling, purpose, and long patience meet;
Where in deep silence the ideal wrought
Bourgeons from blossoming to fruit complete.
O crowning bliss! O treasure never bought!
All else may perish, thou remainest sweet.

—Mary Clemmer Hudson.

THE WOMAN'S CONGRESS.

Shortly after this issue of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL goes to press, the fourteenth congress of the Association for the Advancement of Women, will be held in Louisville, Ky. It is the first time in which the congress has been invited to meet so far South, and the meetings will be attended with no little curiosity on the part of those who take any interest in its sessions.

The list of topics upon which essays will be read and discussions follow, are these: "The Freedom of Fate," Mrs. Ellen M. Mitchell, Col.; "Education in Industrial Art," Anna D. French, M. D., New York; "What Agencies should Women Employ for the Uplifting of Society?" Mrs. J. T. Sunderland, Michigan; "The Mind Cure," Sarah Hackett Stevenson, M. D., Illinois; "Marriage and Divorce," Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, R. I.; "The Old and the New South," Mrs. Jennie Caldwell Nixon, La.; "Woman's Industrial Position," Rev. Antoinette Brown Blackwell, N. J.; Mrs. Imogene C. Fales, N. Y.; Mrs. Clara Bewick Colby, Neb.; Rev. Augusta C. Chapin, Ill.; "The Association of Collegiate Alumnae," Miss Ellen M. Folsom, Mass.; "Women as Landholders in the West," Mrs. Emma Haddock, Ia.; "Symposium—Woman's Suffrage," Professor Maria Mitchell, N. Y.; Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney, Mass.; Miss Laura Clay, Ky.; "The Effect of Stimulants and Narcotics upon the Health and Morals of Women," Mary J. Safford, M. D., Mass.; "The Government's Duties in View of the Mingling of Races in America," Miss Mary F. Eastman, Mass.

The attendance at these annual meetings is limited to the officers and members who can afford to take the journey from their homes, and to the more progressive people of the city of meeting. But the influence is deeper and wider than would appear on the surface.

It is a fact that among conservative people, women do not understand each other. Life is narrow and repressed. If there are stirrings within for more varied knowledge and greater power of expression, it is kept secret. They have no power for joint action, except what they may have gained in church associations. Whatever they may have learned of their powers, they have learned there. But the slow growth of civilization has freed women from the habits of silence and segregation, and they are fast developing in the knowledge of their true relationship to each other and to the world at large. Accustomed to rule, if they ruled at all, in the small sphere of home, all hereditary influences are against dealing with affairs in a large way. Unused to the administration of justice, to looking at a subject from many points of view, it is to be supposed that they would, at first, show immature qualities of brain and heart.

No one who has watched the growth of woman's societies, can be any thing but gratified with their tendencies. There are always some who want to rule, but a love of power is seen every day among the stronger sex. Wisdom is a plant of slow growth, and the ages have not yet seen its flowering. There is to be learned tolerance for others' opinions and idiosyncrasies; patience with their impatience; love for their bitterness, and above

all, hope and faith in the slow growth of whatever is true and good and helpful to all.

HOW TO FORM A CLUB.

The time will come when every hamlet will have a woman's club. It is a normal school, and will be so regarded. Two or three earnest, energetic women will set about interesting their neighbors. Rich and poor, old and young, will be invited to join. A desire for improvement and sympathy with the objects in view, will be requisite for membership. The constitution and by-laws will be as simple as can be, and, at the same time, constitute an organization. There must be a president, vice-president, a recording secretary, a treasurer and an executive committee, which, with the first named officers, will take charge of the business of the club. If it grows to any importance, a corresponding secretary will be necessary. Stated meetings will be held, a fee for membership exacted, and a place for meeting fixed upon. These are usually at private parlors, and the expenses of carrying on the society are then merely nominal.

If the society becomes a success, sub-committees will be appointed or elected, each carrying forward its specified work. At stated intervals these committees will report through their chairman, at the business meetings, or previous to the social or literary meeting in which members take part.

But, having formed our club, what shall it undertake to do? Whatever the members desire. It may be for the study of literature, or art, or history, or the science of government, or social questions, or science. Whatever may be selected, let it have some special topic under consideration. If it be literature, it ought to be the literature of one period, combining with it a study of the social and political condition of the people of that age. And just so with art.

But, in the immense expansion of modern life, and the variety of all-important subjects in which everybody, to-day, is interested, whether she will or no, there can be no lack of absorbing and vital topics. Temperance reform,—how attainable; the relation of diet to temperance; the economy of the household,—how to eat, drink, sleep and keep well; home influence,—how to interest children in the family life; the action of woman's dress in health; woman in the industrial arts; the reformation of fallen women, and the prevention of profligacy, and especially such topics as are treated in the Congress of Women,—these are some of the important questions in which we are compelled to be interested.

I have not touched upon charities. This is the soft spot in the heart of our sex, which has been played upon by church societies ever since there were churches. Women have worked faithfully and unceasingly; they have wrought with the loveliest of motives, but often to the end of fastening upon the public evils which that very public is now sorely perplexed to cure. The illogic of the womanly nature when untrained and undeveloped is only too patent. We are only half ourselves without the use of reason. But let it be an ethical reason, a warm, flowing reason, informed with that intuition which is the glory of womanhood.

And these very clubs shall be our best educators. We shall never usurp the place of man; we shall never wish to do so. But we want to stand beside him as his peer, bringing into the councils of the nation, as into the councils of the family, all the sweet, spiritual power that lies within us; that feminine power, deep and strong though late in development, which the world does not yet understand, but which it sorely needs.

Concurrence of Testimony to Psychical Facts.

The testimony of recent believers in spiritual phenomena would be more readily accepted if the facts they narrate were carefully compared with the experience of other seers, occurring at all times and all over the world.

The history of the Seeress of Prevorst is a rich repository of psychical facts. In Vol. III, p. 241, of the *Spiritual Magazine*, is an article by that excellent and trustworthy writer, "T. S.," on this very remarkable story; of which he says:

"I know of no case in which the varied phases and phenomena of Spiritualism are so fully exhibited."

An instance of concurrent testimony alluded to occurs in a statement of the Seeress, and of its confirmation in the experience of an English lady. The Seeress says:

"I observe frequently that when a ghost visits me by night, those who sleep in the same room with me are, by their dreams, made aware of its presence. They speak afterwards of the apparition they saw in their dream, although I have not breathed a syllable on the subject to them."

The following account, illustrating the above, was given to me nearly forty years ago, by Major-General Briggs, who was one of a mediocrity family.

Mrs. Major N. was sleeping in the same room with her sister—but in a different bed, at Interlaken, in the month of June, 1847. Mrs. N. heard something fall heavily on the floor. It was one of a number of crystal pebbles she and her sister, Miss Julia B., had gathered during the day. Attracted by the noise, she looked toward the table, and there she saw a female figure in a nightcap and gown, standing near it. Supposing it to be her sister, she addressed her, saying, "What is the matter, what are you standing there for?" on which her sister Julia, who had been awakened by the same noise, but who was in bed, said, "Where? I am in bed." Mrs. N. continued to gaze on the figure, and distinctly made out that it was her friend, Mrs. Captain C. W., whose husband was one of their party, but who had died the February before. She mentioned her conviction of the appearance to her sister, who instantly exclaimed, "Well, how strange that is! I have been dreaming of my infant Julia, who I thought was dying, and the nurse said, 'Yes, she will die, for her mother has come to fetch her.'" While this conversation was going on between the sisters the figure disappeared.

April 17th, 1849. Ammannensis for Clara N. Looking through "T. S.'s" interesting paper, I find another instance of agreement between seers very far separated. It is difficult to come at the real meaning, either of the Seeress' assertion, or of the Brahminical philosophy. The Seeress shall speak first:

"When she looked into the right eye of a person she saw behind the reflected image of herself, another, which appeared neither to be her own nor that of the person into whose eye she was looking. She believed it to be the picture of that person's inner self. In many persons this internal image appeared more earnest than the external, or the reverse; it bespoke the character of the person; but with many it was more beautiful and pure than the other. If she looked into the left eye she saw immediately whatever inter-

nal disease existed—whether in the stomach, lungs or elsewhere—and prescribed for it. In Kerner's left eye she saw prescriptions for herself; and in that of a man who had only a left eye, she saw both his inward malady, and the image of his inner man," etc.

Compare this with the philosophy of Brahminism.

The Atman, or Self:—"This principle in man appeared to be the prana, the breath, the air, or something more subtle than the air; the ether being the Atman in nature."

"Or else, the atman was a small being, a homunculus, a purusha, which had its seat in the heart, where it was felt stirring, and from which it directed the animal spirits. Here it sat at its ease, for it was not larger than the thumb. It could even make itself still smaller, for it was felt making its way among the arteries, and could be distinctly seen in the small image in the pupil, which it reflected in the centre of the eye."

A purusha, quite similar, appeared with dazzling effect in the orb of the sun—the eye and heart of the world. That was the atman of nature, or rather it was the same atman which has manifested itself in the heart of a man and the sun; an invisible opening at the top of the skull affording a passage for it to go from the one dwelling to the other."

From *Barth's Religions of India*, by Rev. J. Wood, for *Trubner's Series*, p. 12.

A clairvoyant once spoke to me of seeing the "life-stream from above, which she said, entered at the top of the head. I believe that we might learn much of the "life-stream from above."—Light.

Late October Magazines Received.

THE BROOKLYN MAGAZINE. (New York.) Fanny Davenport warmly defends the morals of the stage in her article, "Is the Stage Immoral?" In this month's issue. Memories of Historic Charleston is a timely article of the unfortunate Southern city. The first of a series of sketchy papers on The Royal Navy of Great Britain is given. Two glimpses of Edgar Allan Poe, narrates the opinions of Epes Sargent and Judge Burdwell of Poe as he was seen by them frequently during his lifetime. Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher's Letter from England is devoted to Seeing the Signs in London, and besides these features there are still some forty or more pages of excellent popular literature, exclusive of fifty other pages containing Mr. Beecher's and Dr. Talmage's sermons.

THE SONG FRIEND. (S. W. Straub, Chicago.) This bright musical monthly is filled with interesting matter for musical people. Miss Amy Fay describes her visit with Franz Liszt, a short time before the great pianist's death. The editor furnishes an article on Training Chorus. Other instructive articles together with musical news, etc., constitute the reading matter, while the music includes a concert solo, The Wanderer's Chime Bells; also, Down among the Daisies, and a four hand piano arrangement of the wedding march from Lohengrin.

THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE. (New York.) By the River-side is the frontispiece of this month's number and is followed by A Secret Inheritance by B. L. Farjeon. Cambridge, an illustrated article by Oscar Browning; Mother to Babe; Days with Sir Roger De Coverley; Some Less Known Towns of Southern Gaul; Only Nature, and The Voyage of the Pelican will be found excellent reading.

THE UNITARIAN REVIEW. (Boston.) Contents: Israel's Last Word: The Oldest German Romance; Mussulman Art; Sweetness and Light; Religion its own Evidence; Editor's Note-book; Review of Current Literature.

THE AMERICAN KINDERGARTEN AND PRIMARY TEACHER. (New York.) The contents of this issue is devoted to the interests of Parents and the teachers of young children.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL MAGAZINE. (London, England.) This monthly of Education and Self-Culture contains many articles on timely and varied subjects.

LADIES' FLORAL CARNET. (New York.) A magazine of Floriculture and Domestic Art.

New Books Received.

NATHAN THE WISE. A Dramatic Poem in five acts. Translated from the German of Lessing by William Taylor. Cassell's National Library. New York: Cassell & Co. Price, 10 cents.

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Kanopolis is no fancy scheme on paper, with lots at 25 each, but a genuine town of wood, brick, stone and mortar, with the air of business and the life and vim of a growing, prosperous city.

A number of stores are established, a grain elevator is in operation, a steam printing establishment is now running, a large, three-story brick hotel is being built, a cooper's mill will soon be in operation, a carriage and spring wagon factory is being erected, a soap factory is under way, a depot is near completion, excellent brick are being manufactured, and several hundred thousand sold as soon as ready, and negotiations are pending for a large flour mill, a stove foundry, a pottery, a broom factory, and many other industries which it is expected will soon locate here.

The Town Site is the finest in the entire West, the drainage is perfect, the purest water can be had in great abundance, the air is bracing, the climate is delightful and there is everything to induce health and make life enjoyable.

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Business Locations.—Few, if any, places present the advantages that Kanopolis does for those desiring to engage in all kinds of mercantile pursuits. Merchants now here are doing a thriving business. More stores of all kinds are needed, and can do well, as factories are starting and the town is in the center of a country of 12,000 inhabitants.

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Exchanges and individuals in quoting from the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, are requested to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications of correspondents.

Anonymous letters and communications will not be noticed. The name and address of the writer are required as a guarantee of good faith. Rejected manuscripts cannot be preserved, neither will they be returned, unless sufficient postage is sent with the request.

When newspapers or magazines are sent to the JOURNAL, containing matter for special attention, the sender will please draw a line around the article to which he desires to call attention.

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, October 23, 1886.

Jesuitism—Dangerous Papal Policy.

For a time it seemed that the enlarging thought and progressive spirit of our day had even penetrated the Catholic hierarchy and reached the gloomy recesses of the Vatican. High officials of the Church of Rome, representing it in Germany, France, Italy and Ireland, showed a spirit more in accord with modern life than had previously marked their acts. But now comes a reaction. The Pope has been sick, and a papal sickness is a mysterious thing. The Society of Jesus represents the old Catholic spirit and methods; it is full of intrigue, ready to justify the means by the end, and to do evil that good may come—to the Holy Church; it is dark, mysterious, unscrupulous and relentless, holding freedom and justice as but dust in the balance against its own weighty claims, urging those claims by soft persuasion or haughty arrogance, holding every Jesuit as its obedient vassal, and all government by king or republican president as having no rights which it is bound to respect. As it was when Luther hurled his anathemas against it, so it is to-day. Its power is less, although still greater than is generally supposed, but its undaunted and despotic spirit is the same. Luther did not overstate its danger or its wickedness, and his fiery words are good warnings now.

The sick Pope, Leo XIII., has recovered his health, fallen into the hands of the Jesuits, and set his face toward the Dark Ages. He has issued a bull reestablishing the Society of Jesus in all its former privileges, indulgences and immunities; and making null and void all acts of previous Popes to lessen or restrict its power. Thus has he made this Society the enemy of modern free civilization and of the modern State, and opened the "irrepressible conflict" between the free press, the free school and the free church on one side, and Catholicism with Jesuitism as its working power on the other. Still further, and more evil and dangerous, he has emphasized and re-affirmed the dangerous theory that the State has no rights which the Church is bound to respect, and that the true Catholic must set his foot on the laws of the land if the Pope orders him to do so. He has issued an order prohibiting all Italian Catholics from taking any part in the political affairs of that country—a papal blow aimed at Italian liberty and nationality. These must die that the Church may live.

A papal decree has also been issued prohibiting judges in all Catholic countries from giving, or executing sentences of divorce. A New York Tribune correspondent gives this clause as follows: "The judicial functionaries must refuse obedience to the State, and to the laws of the country which are in contradiction to Roman Catholic precepts." This affirms that allegiance to the Church stands above any allegiance the citizen can owe to the State and make it impossible, if obeyed, for the good Catholic to be a good citizen. Orders have been issued through Italy forbidding Catholic parents from sending their children to public schools. To-day such orders go to Italy. To-morrow they may come to the United States.

This is not a matter of sect or doctrine in theology. Any sect, Protestant or Catholic, that takes such ground puts itself in antagonism to modern civilization, to the duties of citizens to their government, and to the ideas of spiritual progress which are now pulsing through the air we breathe. Doubtless many good men and women in the Romish Church are full of regretful apprehensions at this papal action, and will be slow in obedience to it, if indeed they obey it at all. We are glad to see that the Christian Union, with wide circulation among orthodox Congregationalists of the liberal class, opposes this backward papal step ably and earnestly, and not on the ground of Protestantism.

Catholic, or sect against sect, but on the higher and broader ground of freedom and law against slavery and papal despotism. On that ground we stand with the Union. The people of this country should remember that while these Jesuits have had their power restricted in some European countries, the United States is open to them, and we are heedless of the fact that their grasp, soft as velvet but firm as steel, is being laid on untaxed church lands and temples, and on the very hearts of men and women among us. The odds, in the long run are against Pope and Jesuit, but a struggle is inevitable. Let us be firm for the right; quick to see and strong to oppose this backward step, so dangerous to religious freedom and progress, and so treacherous to our government by undermining the idea that the citizen must obey the laws which he helps to make.

The Religious Trend.

The world is more reverent of good to-day than ever in the past. Despite closed churches, scantily filled pews and declining dogmas, people are as a whole better and happier than at any past time in history. The Pope may fortify his weakening power with bulls, each more wild and savage than its predecessor, Presbytery, Conference, and Convention may reaffirm eternal damnation, dyspeptic preachers may declare they have looked over the battlements of hell and found it paved with infant's skulls, and yet comparatively few will now be frightened into the ranks of Rome or Protestantism. As the world grows in years it makes headway toward the goal of Good; it grows clairvoyant, and piercing the thin veil brings back glad tidings and fresh hope. Daily the world comes into a fuller knowledge that

"Sweet souls around us, watch us still,
Press nearer to our side;
Into our thoughts, into our prayers,
With gentle helping glide."

Spiritualism is the active agent in this beneficent work. It has inspired every religious movement since the world began, but its wonderfully subtle power responds to the individual only to the degree of intellectual force and spiritual receptivity with which he touches it. Its finest properties lie latent until the world grows refined enough to complete the affinity. At each stage of growth the individual attracts additional strength from the all-pervading world of spirit, until in time he reflects the radiant light which comes only from a pure and loving heart that knows not malice nor evil, but only noble things and love to all.

In so far as the phenomena of modern Spiritualism tend to settle conviction of the continuity of life, to calm the troubled heart into peaceful resignation, to enlarge the conception of duty and destiny, to quicken the love of good, to stimulate altruistic action, to enlarge the understanding, to draw men into closer bonds of unity, to brighten and clarify the vision of the Over-Soul, in so far as they do all this, so far are they desirable. But of themselves they are powerless to effect this. They are but aids in forging some of the tools wherewith the individual must build his own road to the summit of ineffable glory and happiness; only helps in character building; only guides toward the goal. Their value depends upon the seeker's attitude of mind and the use he makes of them when obtained. Most advocates of Modern Spiritualism have a more or less clear conception of this and strive with varying success to act accordingly. Though they halt and stumble, yet they advance! This advance is, it is true, not always apparent. There are those who seem to have retrograded; but the retrogression is only seeming, a visible, unmistakable symptom of some old theological burden inherited or acquired, which in its removal leaves the subject weak. Give him time and he will grow into a comprehension and appreciation of the (to him) new ground of morals and religion. A new basis for morals is not readily adjusted by one past middle life who has kept the law through fear of punishment and hope of a harp and crown, rather than from pure love of the Good. His eyes are naturally first opened to the fallibility of priest, preacher and dogma before perceiving the infallibility of the Good.

The pulpit is learning that it cannot drive people into the pews nor frighten them into a sectarian heaven; that a rational religion posited on the precepts of science and saturated with love is to be the religion of the future. Love of power, sectarian pride, hereditary bias, short sighted policy, narrow bigotry, one and all combine to make the pulpit reluctant to let go the old grip, but the grip slowly weakens nevertheless. The minister who most readily adjusts his theology to the daily advancing thought of the world is the most successful, the most popular and does the most good. "When I was young," said a white-haired Methodist minister not long ago, "the most successful and influential pulpit worker was he who built the sectarian wall thickest and highest; now, he who gets it thinnest and lowest is the best and most popular preacher." God speed the day when the man on either side of the wall is thought by the other to be good enough for heaven.

A Prose Poem.

Under the title "Soul in Nature," the JOURNAL publishes this week an essay from T. B. Fortnash, which will surely find response in the hearts of readers. This poem in prose loses much of its beauty in print to those who heard it flow from the lips of the eloquent speaker. It contains deep lessons of truth and springs of inspiration, and will benefit every reader who gets into the soul of it.

Modern Medicine.

When one considers the imminent need of a more humane, rational and effective system of medical practice than is taught and practiced by any of the recognized and long established schools, one is quite ready to look with interest upon any new movement having for its avowed object the alleviation of pain and cure of disease, however visionary or heterodox it may, at first blush, appear. With increase of intelligence comes steadily increasing doubt of orthodox medicaments, whether for soul or body. The horrible barbarities practiced by legalized quacks in the name of science, are enough to delight a Geronimo. The Apache roams in every thickly populated community; equipped with cunningly contrived tools of torture, he relentlessly pursues the delicate woman, the helpless child and the unfortunate man. He knows that he has license to kill and he assumes that this gives authority to do it in the most cruel and diabolical manner. Unlike his brother in Arizona, Dr. Geronimo of the city or town has a white skin, a sheep-skin and a fee bill. His color gives him a start, his diploma protects him in his barbarities, and his fee bill is sure to plier the pockets of his victims or paralyze those who administer upon the estate of the legally murdered.

If these statements seem severe, the JOURNAL is prepared to substantiate them with proof. Late instances of maltreatment full of the most sickening and blood curdling details can be given, and, too, where the Apache is not some poor, half-starved wanderer, but well fed, well-housed, influential, and with reputation for "skill."

The sin of all this lies not so much with the murderous mangle or medicaster as with the school which has made a manslayer out of one who might otherwise have been a good artisan, a passable artist, or a skillful assayer.

There are, however, large numbers of conscientious, humane men in the medical profession, men who help the world to grow healthier and happier; but they are men who do good in spite of the incubus of traditional error which fetters them, and not because they cut, carve and excavate, or purge and paralyze their fellow mortals. Some of the best physicians have little faith in drugs, give them with reluctance, and where they can rely upon the good sense of the patient, plainly tell him the less he medicates the better. When they administer drugs such doctors usually avoid toxic effects and rely upon the dynamic. They really have more faith in psychology as a therapeutic agent than in poison, but in most cases are not sufficiently informed to know how to accomplish their aim without catering to the inherited belief of the patient, whose ancestors doted on hell and calomel.

Among other agencies springing up to aid in banishing orthodoxy from medicine and religion is a movement called by various names, such as Christian Science, Mind Cure, Metaphysical Treatment. Under whichever of these banners the new practitioner labors, he strives for the same result, to wit: remedial effects through psychical agencies. The several branches of this modern movement all utilize material drawn from modern Spiritualism, which in turn got it from that Spiritualism which had no beginning and will never cease to be. None of the teachers of what for convenience and brevity's sake may be called Mind Cure, have yet traversed the mighty subject, sounded its depths or climbed its heights. In teaching they are subject to the limitations that environ minds lacking antecedent preparation and intellectual equipment. They have a glimmer of light, but still grope in semi-darkness. They are not always logical upon their own premises; often stumble and halt, wrestle with a defective terminology and flounder in a sea of vagueness—if not absolute vacuity, at times. But a keen realization that they have their grip on a stupendous truth fraught with incalculable benefit to the world, animates and inspires them. And they are successfully prosecuting their propaganda in all parts of the country.

Mrs. Lord in Chicago.

During the late visit of Mrs. Maud E. Lord in Chicago, she gave a number of sances at which manifestations were had highly satisfactory to critical observers. Probably the most marked sitting was a strictly private one at the house of a prominent citizen on Michigan Boulevard. Beside the family, there were present several well known society people and a gentleman whose name is familiar to English speaking people the world over, whom for convenience we will call Mr. J. Three hours slipped away before the session ended, this will show that an interesting time was had. It were useless to attempt to describe in detail the marvellous tests received by various members of the circle, tests against which up reasonable doubt can be urged. In addition to spirit voices telling of secrets known only to the speaker and sitters, faces were repeatedly seen and recognized. A male voice fully recognized as that of a young man whom we will call Frank—for some years in spirit-life—whose parents were present, sang in clear, loud tone at different times.

On the following evening Mr. J. and his two sons took a carriage on Michigan Boulevard near 25th St., to go down town; when nearly opposite the house, where the sance had occurred, the two young men simultaneously heard Frank's voice singing a line of the song of the evening before. This was heard four times while passing one block. The JOURNAL has no doubt of the fact, and

bases its conviction that the impression was not subjective, but really what it seemed, upon evidence which would satisfy any one qualified by experience and study to express an opinion.

When Mrs. Lord left town she expressed a half-formed intention of returning soon and spending some months. Should she do so she will aid the Western Society for Psychical Research in the series of experiments marked out for the fall and winter. In this connection the JOURNAL will say that any person possessing medial power and willing to work with the W. S. P. R., will be fairly and liberally dealt with upon making their wishes known at this office or to J. E. Woodhead, 171 West Washington Street.

Plain but Refreshing.

It is most refreshing and encouraging to find a man who can stand in his own pulpit and speak plain truth to his own denomination. Heber Newton does not hesitate to do this. On last Sunday from the pulpit of his church in New York, he paid his respects to the Episcopal Convention which had been in session in Chicago the week previous. The JOURNAL has a special admiration and respect for men who hold truth and common sense paramount to sectarian and party interests, and is glad to quote Mr. Newton:

"The general convention of our church," said Dr. Newton, "now in session in Chicago, is being petitioned to take such steps as in its judgment may hasten some practical and substantial union among the churches of our land. This memorial is the outgrowth of the remarkable congress of churches which has called forth so striking a manifestation of the growing desire among churches to draw nearer together. Might it not be well to seriously consider what we need to give up for the sake of an effective union? We must give up our characteristic attitude toward our sister churches. That attitude would be of insufferable arrogance were it not for its comical unreasonableness. We are in size only the fifth of the denominations. In intellectual forcefulness we can not claim to rival Congregationalism or Unitarianism. In organization we do not approach the Catholic Church. In missionary zeal we are behind the Presbyterians, and in evangelical enthusiasm as far behind the Methodists. We have no monopoly of the fruits of the spirit. Our airs are, to say the least, unbecoming, and if we propose to take the initiative in the matter of union we must lower our tone, at least so far as making our invitation an affront to other churches. Fancy any steps toward union proceeding from a church which should style itself 'the American Catholic church.'"

"We must give up our dream of liturgical uniformity. It is a beautiful dream, but wholly impracticable. We must give up our ecclesiastical dream of absorbing other churches and then ourselves becoming absorbed in a reunited Catholic church. Let our house of bishops issue a pastoral counseling our clergy to refrain from preaching learned sermons proving the errors of other churches and vaunting the claims of our own church, and then let the bishops themselves set an example. Let that pastoral urge on our clergy the duty of fraternity in every possible way with other Christians, and again let our bishops show us the way thereto. Let that pastoral suggest our preaching in other pulpits, and let the convention repeal the canon which closes our pulpits against all non-episcopal ordained clergy."

What Next?

It appears from an exchange that Dr. R. C. Fisher, of Sharon, Pa., the physician who has attained such a reputation as a faster has fasted on nearly forty occasions. February 22nd he began an absolute fast, which lasted seventeen days, during which time he performed the heaviest kind of physical exercise that could be suggested to him. To the astonishment of everybody he was stronger when the fast terminated than when he began. On another occasion while fasting he handled weights that aggregated ninety tons. It is generally believed that he outrivals Succi, because, as has been pointed out, Succi subjects only himself to abstinence, while Fisher enables others to fast. Abner Applegate, for instance, for twenty years Justice of the Peace there, and one of the best known men in the county, had suffered with asthma for four years and had spent a fortune in efforts to get relief. Fisher suggested to him, that he fast, guaranteeing that strength should be given him by means of the nutrient which Fisher had prepared. Applegate, very dependent, and almost on the verge of the grave, consented, and, despite the fast grew stronger daily, while the distressing malady wholly left him. Dr. Fisher, while aware that his nutrient may be lauded as an elixir of life, does not wish to pose as a Succi or a Tanner. He realizes that his nutrient is what the medical fraternity has always been striving to find—something that will sustain the strength of the patient while undergoing specific medication and while the patient is fasting. The formula for the nutrient the discoverer of the preparation yet keeps a secret—in fact, he is very reticent about his achievement. He is willing, however, in the interest of medical science, to demonstrate to a committee of reputable physicians that by the use of his nutrient he can enable any invalid brought before him to fast for a period sufficiently long to permit specific medication to perform its work.

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A Matter of Mutual Interest.

Long evenings are here, vacations are at an end for town people, farmers have past their hurry, and the time for more attention to intellectual and spiritual culture has come again. The JOURNAL offers aids in the direction of psychical research, and spiritual growth unsurpassed by any other newspaper.

The JOURNAL affirms the continuity of life and a world beyond the grave where eternal growth is the orderly and inevitable course of law.

The JOURNAL is critical and cautious concerning all claims put forward in the name of Spiritualism, and for the reason that it prefers the stupendous truth shall come clean and free from dross to all who seek it, even though its acceptance may be seemingly slower and attended with less enthusiasm than when arrayed in deceptive, delusive fashion.

The JOURNAL would not advise hunting quail with a brass band, neither will it encourage the investigation of the subtle, things of spirit in ways equally wild and foolish.

The JOURNAL does not make propagandism its leading object but seeks first to demonstrate and establish the facts of Spiritualism and to aid Spiritualists in attaining spiritual culture; it cheerfully lends aid to earnest seekers and listens patiently to candid critics.

The JOURNAL respects and honors good men regardless of their theological beliefs, and has no war to make on religion, believing as it does, that a knowledge of spirit phenomena brought home to any soul will intensify the religious sentiment, even at the expense of sectarianism.

The JOURNAL is not the organ of a sect but aims only to be an exponent of truth; and seeks to set forth truth that it may encourage the wavering, satisfy the seeker, strengthen the Spiritualist, be taken and assimilated by all.

The JOURNAL has dealt many hard blows but never one in anger. It has received no injuries for which it seeks revenge, nor any favors requiring it to swerve from the strict line of rectitude to pay.

The JOURNAL believes its efforts in eliminating error, discouraging deception and supporting the proved and provable in Spiritualism, have greatly aided in bringing psychical research into reputable prominence and stimulated inquiry in various notable quarters where the subject had been previously tabooed.

The JOURNAL believes its regular readers, with exceptions most rare, will cheerfully acknowledge the truth of these assertions, and believing thus, it asks them to aid in making it a stronger and better paper than ever. Contribute to its columns and to its subscription list, and thus help yourselves, your friends and the publisher!

A Life-Giving Injection.

A singular case is reported in this city, where a young lady was brought back to life through the use of a one per cent. solution in alcohol of nitro-glycerine, administered hypodermically. It was never utilized in that way before. Dr. Lackersteen had the case in charge. The patient's pulse had ceased to beat, and the slightest breath was not perceptible. Her father, mother, brother and husband stood around her bed, and all had given her up for dead. Dr. Lackersteen did everything he could think of to restore respiration, without effect. Ten minutes must have elapsed, though at that time he was not in a position to watch the passage of time. Then it suddenly struck him that he would like to try an hypodermic injection of this solution of nitro-glycerine. He took up ten drops of it and let the corpse have the full benefit of it. The first minute there was not a pulsation, but just a gasp; that was all. He looked at his watch and there were four such gasps distributed over the first sixty seconds but that is not life. In the second minute there were six respirations and a slight heart pulse could be heard, but no pulse could be felt. In the third minute there were eighteen respirations, and the pulse became distinctly perceptible at the wrist. In the fourth minute it was 180 and upward, so that it could not be counted. Her face flushed. Her eyes began to roll in their sockets. All the muscles relaxed from the extreme stiffness of death. All the contraction of the limbs gradually relaxed, and she became conscious. In this physician's opinion in all cases of shock or collapse a hypodermic injection should be tried before they are given over for lost. Just before the woman collapsed her last words were: "Good God, the cold wave of death is over me."

Death of Professor Butleroff.

In a late number of *Light* is the following brief mention of the departure of an eminent Russian scientist, a professor in the great University at St. Petersburg and an earnest and devoted Spiritualist. We fully endorse the expression of regret and the high appreciation of his worth by our London co-worker:

"We deeply regret to announce the death of Prof. Butleroff, the distinguished Russian savant. We are, as yet, in receipt of none of the particulars of the event. In a letter which has been received by a friend of the deceased gentleman, announcing the news, the writer says: 'In fact, this loss is irreparable for his friends, for science, and especially for Spiritualism,' in which he was an enthusiastic and firm believer to the last; and by his labors in scientifically verifying the facts and the phenomena, he made our movement popular to some extent among his colleagues. We accord our deep sympathy with his widow, a sister of which is now the widow of Mr. D. Home."

Mrs. Sarah Graves speaks encouragingly of the cause in Grand Rapids, Mich. She lectured there lately in Conversational Hall.

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(Philosophy of Religion.)

(Continued from First Page.)

ality and individuality united in one. It expresses a single and individual being, separating it from all others; and again it is most general, since every one is an I like myself. This I is, therefore, not like a proper name, but it is a word that conveys a most general idea. Thus in our personality, the general and individual, are so united, that the one is contained in the other. This will appear from the following remarks: We speak of a national spirit, of national honor, of national art and literature; these do not and cannot exist in the abstract, their existence must be concrete. It becomes concrete when the general and individual grow together, *concretesco*, or are united, when, therefore, the general becomes conscious of itself in the individual. Greece, as such, could not become conscious of its honor or literature, but when this general national spirit becomes individualized in a Plato or Sophocles, it becomes conscious of itself. Hence it is their personality, in which the Greek Spirit must centre and through which as its organ, it expresses itself by works of literature and art. True genius, must therefore always bear the character of a national generality,—genius comes from *genus*—and the less individuality appears in its productions, the more valuable it is. The history of a nation, and its institutions will all express the national spirit, as the actions and feelings show the character of a person; but without individuals a nation could have no history. According to this,

3. Our personality is complete only when we are conscious of God and our relation to him, and when we suffer God to speak to it and through it. It is not nature nor matter that produces personality, but God, who is the ground of all personality. We can know a thing thoroughly only when we are acquainted with its ground—no man must know God before he can become truly acquainted with himself. In saying that God is the ground of all personality, we mean, that he freely created man; that there was no emanation, by virtue of which the Deity flowed forth into man, and could not return to himself again. If that were the case our highest wisdom would become our Egoism; and the Bible and Theology would become superfluous. So the personality of God differs widely from that of man. Its elements are omniscience and omnipotence, and all the other infinite attributes. Those of human personality are a limited reason and will, attached to nerves and muscles.

This personality of man is not, however, active immediately after birth. The child feels as soon as it enters the world, but it is only with difficulty that it becomes conscious of itself. It may soon notice its single members, the hand, the foot, the lips, but to enable it to comprehend the body and soul as a whole, whose center it is itself, requires much time and labor on the part of its instructors. Hence, long after the child speaks, it names itself, not by the term I, but by its proper name, speaking of itself in the third person, as "William wants this or that." It is with the personality of the child as with the life of a plant, which needs the aid of many physical influences. Or like a torch that must be lighted before it can illuminate. Hence it is that children exposed in their infancy and grown up in the woods, can neither speak, nor think, nor remember. A boy found in the Hanoverian woods, about eleven years old, ran on his hands and feet, climbed trees with great skill, and was perfectly wild. When caught and properly attended to, he could remember nothing beyond the time when he was placed under the influence of man, and so it was in many other instances of the same kind, eight of which have been noticed by Linnaeus under the head *homo sapiens ferus*, or the wise wild man.

This awakening of the child in itself is like the rising of a light in the midst of darkness. The state of existence, preceding that in which the child finds itself, is dark, and we are not conscious of it. So man is like a night-plum, whose top only is penetrated by the light, while many powers and qualities are left in the dark soil below, which will never wholly rise into the sphere of light. As regards even our person, therefore, we are surrounded by darkness in the midst of light.

(To be Continued.)

SOUL IN NATURE.

A Paper Delivered Before the Conference of Unitarian Societies of Illinois, in All Souls' Church, Chicago, Oct. 14th,

By Rev. T. B. FORBUSH.

(Reported for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.)

In the grand story which is told in the history of the Kings of Israel about that earliest and in some respects most attractive and commanding of the Hebrew prophet preachers, we read that after the great struggle in which Elijah, as Jehovah's man discomfited and overthrew Baal's men, he went away into the wilderness and journeyed on alone day after day, sleeping under the friendly shelter of the juniper trees at night, until he came to distant Horeb, from whose rough cliffs he could look afar over the blue waters of the Mediterranean, and dwell there in some cleft of the rock with mountain, sea and sky as his only companions. And when we have read thus far, if any thing of the spirit of the story has taken possession of us, and we have in any measure gone along with this lonely man into the sublime solitude, we are not surprised to learn that some word of God came into his heart, and that when he went forth upon the mount he stood before the Lord. He had held communion with nature until the rigid forms softened and the eternal spirit shone through. The rock, the wave, the dawn, the sunset, the stars and the night shadows had been his companions until he had grown into some kind of unity with them and could feel, rather than hear, the "still small voice" with which the soul in them spoke to the soul in him—spirit recognizing and commanding with spirit. And "the burden" which thus "rolled out of the heart of nature" was one of strength and cheer. It forbade despondency, it chid away gloom. It assured of the stability and everlastingness of right, and declared that it would never be without servants and supporters in the world. Thus the prophet met God in the mount, and he came away from that communing with a clearer faith and trust and with some fresh courage to work for enduring truth and righteousness among his people.

I do not think those who have lingered among mountains, especially among mountains whose slopes overlook the infinite expanse of the sea, will have any difficulty in catching the meaning of this old story. They have known what it is "to stand on the mount before the Lord" when the silent peaks out the clear heavens at day dawn, or when the soft evening light flushed them with ethereal glory. Into their hearts there have come whispers of the voice singing in

the silence; have come upliftings and revelations, and when that word of duty, which is always the word of God, bade them leave these shrines of serene worship and go again to accustomed avocations, they have been conscious of some new strength, of some fresh insight into life and some deeper tone amid its jarring noises. No lover of mountains is surprised that the prophets of the race, the Elijahs, the Mahometas, the Christs have met God amid their solitudes. There is a mighty presence brooding on the heights which almost flashes into vision to unillumined eyes and breaks into speech to untuned ears. And when the favored ones come, those who have eyes to see and ears to hear, then there is sight, then a word is spoken, then the open secret stands confessed. The sensitive soul is face to face with the eternal. Out of such recognition spring songs, prophecies and heroisms.

But one need not seek distant mountains or seas to "stand before the Lord." The world is overwrought with the evangel of his presence. These mightier objects are only the emphasized words. Because they have been sharply projected into his consciousness the world has held them "in more dear regard," oftentimes in worshipful reverence. But they are no more pregnant with meaning than the common things which flash a glint of brightness into every day's life. I can look into the soul of nature just as deeply through the wealth of morning-glories which hang their delicate blossoms in my little yard with every sunrise, as through mists which shroud Katahdin or Mt. Washington. There is as true an eye-flash of supreme beauty where the crimson woodbine overhangs the brook among the green willow branches, as in any of the mighty woods "where rolls the Oregon." And the miracle of light and color is just as perfect when the Wisconsin west wind sweeps over a blossoming clover field that is alive with yellow butterflies, as it is where the airs of the Himalaya breathe across the rose gardens of Kathay. You can get just as close to the heart of nature in your little skiff amid the reedy channels of St. Clair as though floating over the coral groves that fringe the many scented tropic isles.

The miracle of nature is so full and perfect that it surrounds us everywhere with marvel. Every slightest thing is a part of an infinitely wonderful whole. When we touch it anywhere an immeasurable life floods us. Wherever we come in contact with it, it is all there waiting for us, just as the whole ocean is present in each pulse of the tide, in every creek or bay. And so closely intermingled is the eternal soul with every form of this material life that it looks right out into our eyes, when we look closely enough, whether we are attracted by a falling leaf or fascinated by the roar and plunge of a Niagara. There is human tendency to see meaning and power only in mighty things that startle and awe. The prophet must bring down fire from heaven. The Christ must raise the dead. God is manifest when the storm strikes the sea, or the tornado devastates the land; is present in Alps and Amazon; in vast solitudes, and in the starry expanse which domes the mountain peak and presses down upon the boundless level of the plains. But spirit is everywhere. It is pulsing in the weed that springs through the crevice in the pavement just as truly as in the aurora whose wondrous fire we see in the northern night. There is life, there is beauty, there is soul, there is God in these least things which so perpetually surround and interpenetrate our lives. Only go just a little below the surface of our daily living, and we stand upon the mount before the Lord, listening to the still voice.

But in order to feel this soul in nature we must gain companionship with it. We must somehow dwell with it and in it touching it at many points and seeing it under various aspects. It is one of the weaknesses of our modern times that we expect to do the world by express train: Twenty minutes for the Yosemite! a half-hour for the Rocky Mountains! is the allotted time. And then we murmur at the tameness and lack of inspiration. Nature—God—does not respond to such peremptory demands. We pay our paltry entrance fee, but there is nothing on exhibition. We go away dissatisfied and sharply criticize those who have reported visions, upliftings and divineness. We say: "We have looked at all this; we have been in the woods, on the river, have stood among the hills and by the sea, and found nothing there, only sunshine and shade and a little purer air. The men of other times were mistaken; they did not have modern eyes to see through things." Not they did not see through things, but they saw into them, and that was better; and they saw into them because they did not attempt to go round the world in eighty days—did not think to burglarize nature of her secrets, or to have inspiration "on call." They dwelt in these grand presences, sat with open eyes and open hearts in the morning, in the evenings and in the midnight; walked slowly and lovingly among familiar objects, growing accustomed to all the moods and tenors of the verb of being, until at last soul spoke or shone, or somehow made itself felt through all. It is difficult to tell just how it comes about, just what channels are open between the life within us and the life without us; but when a sensitive soul in a receptive mood immerses itself in nature, dwells with it calmly and lovingly, not searching after manifestations, but letting them come in their own way, at last it will stand "in the presence of the Lord." The vision may not be lasting, it may be only a brief withdrawing of the veil, as once on a misty mountain top I caught through a rift in the horizon haze the sparkle of the far-off sea; one moment and no more, yet in that moment I had seen into the immeasurable distance; and these glimpses into the depths of the life which is around us, come in just this fugitive way. They are not permanent; no higher moods are permanent. They flash upon us and are gone. It is difficult even to recall them with vividness; but they are the moments when our souls and the souls of the universe stand face to face.

We feel a mighty presence whose great tide floods every inlet of our being so indescribably full that words and thoughts fail. Time does not measure these moments; they are a part of eternity. With the turning of the eye or the dropping of a leaf a subtle change may pass as the spirit silently withdraws itself beneath the surface of sense, slowly sinks down into secret depths; but we have seen the invisible, we have been conscious of the everlasting soul.

Such insight, such revealing—fugitive as it may be, rewards only those who are patient dwellers at the doors of life. The transient caller may not expect it. The prophet went forty days and forty nights along his wilderness way before he reached his Horeb cave. How long he dwelt in that cave no man knows. But he lived at first-hand with nature until he had taken mountain, sea and sky fully into his heart, and they had taken him fully into their hearts before the mantle of matter grew so transparent that he could

see soul shining through, and found himself "standing before the Lord."

I sometimes feel that we—especially we who dwell in busy, bustling cities—hardly give God fair play. We load ourselves down with cares and interests; we wall ourselves in with brick and mortar; we even shut out the sky with smoke and dirt, and then expect inspirations. We clog the channels between our souls and the indwelling soul, and grow faithless because we are conscious of no rising tides. That we have any sense of the all-embracing Presence in the midst of this weary clatter, shows how strong is the tie which unites these struggling human units to the great One in whose life they find their being. For to self-absorption nature is dumb. It is exceeding courteous. It respects our individuality too much to interrupt us. When we are busy, whether with important matters or trivialities, it will not intrude. If it makes its presence felt it is by a subtle influence which insensibly surrounds us and creeps into our consciousness; as one sometimes draws near a friend who is lost in thought, speaking no word, making no motion, and waits till the subtle magnetism of personality steals over him and recalls him from his reverie. But there is no forcing unwilling senses or taking the indifferent by storm. You may ride all day through the miracle of our autumn landscape where every bush is burning, though not consumed, and from every meadow and hill-top "speaks to us the Lord Almighty;" but if your thought is of newspapers or the latest novel, your mind will not be awed into stillness, no rapture will shine in your eyes, no sense of whole divineness will possess your wondering being.

I was borne by the train one late morning through central New England. On every hill-top the rainbows had camped; along the brook-sides the golden-rod nodded and the cardinal flower flamed; the very air was aglow with the crimson, scarlet and yellow glories of the maples, and over all soared "the eternal sky full of light and of Deity." It was an apocalyptic morning, full of divine revelation than John saw in Patmos, and yet around me were men whose talk was of oxen, who saw only the pumpkins and corn. Well, God has patience with such people and I suppose we must try to have, but we must not let their blindness cloud our vision, or their lack of appreciation of the living miracle around, induce us to believe that there is nothing worth considering except the potato crop. But it does seem that if men and women were taught from childhood to feel the soul in nature and to expect divineness all the time, instead of seeking God after some mechanical traditional fashion in a close shut church on Sundays, life would be much more sacred and inspiring; there would be less indifference and disbelief, and fewer people without hope and courage in the world.

I think sometimes that we are afraid of ourselves, and dare not trust ourselves to be alone, and perhaps this is one reason why we so seldom get a glimpse of the soul presence. For all the rarest and shyest things come to us in solitude. If you go to woods or fields with a companion you do not get so close to their life as when you go alone. If I try to surprise any secret of nature, there must be no other witness. She will not take two into her confidence. If I wish to listen to the song of the hermit thrush, to have the shy squirrel play at my feet, or to see how the partridge trains her brood, I must ask no company. When there is an overplus of humanity nature withdraws all her favorite children. And it is especially so in regard to these disclosures of soul. There cannot be three with God. When we feel the Sublime Presence all else disappears. We do not think of companionship; at that moment in all the universe there are only two: the Infinite Soul and the finite soul conscious of its over-shadowing, and these two are one. Revelations do not come when the mind is distracted by companionship. The prophets must live by themselves. They must find or make a mountain top. And any one who craves glimpses into the heart of things must learn to go alone, and to stay alone until all disturbing influences have settled away, and the quiet soul has got itself attuned to nature's own serenity. Then voices will begin to sing in the silence, and he will have such consciousness as may be possible to him of the eternal life that doth encompass him. We can discuss nature with a friend; we can admire and learn, but we cannot commune; we cannot feel the soul behind the form. Even the counterfeit of nature which the artist creates, if it has any life and power, has this quality of giving itself to me only when I am conscious of no other presence. My friend calls my attention to the detail of a picture, but he cannot help me into the heart of it. When I begin to feel its power, begin to learn its secret, I am alone with it. If external word or motion intrudes, the spell is broken. Something has come between me and the soul that was speaking to me out of the canvass. The soul retires, I feel its presence no more. I criticize the picture, but it tells me no secret. I look back longingly to catch some hint of the revelation which was almost made; but it will give no sign until I sit again with it in silence and alone; perhaps will not even then, since it is not given to man to adjourn revelation.

Subtler than any work of artist is nature and more sensitive to interference. It will not bare its soul to the soul of man before witnesses. Its tones are too low and soft to be heard by ears that are listening to any other voice. We must be alone with her when the veil is withdrawn. I never quite believed the legend of the transfiguration because of the witnesses. The ancient story of the goddess revealing herself to the lonely worshiper watching and praying in the darkness runs better. When the son meets the father and is suffused with his glory there are no onlookers.

And we ourselves must learn to be quiet and still. Nature abhors prattlers, and I doubt if she ever revealed a single secret save to those who would rather keep silent than speak. There is nothing more helpful than silence. All great souls praise it. Out of it are spoken the supremest words, are done the noblest deeds. Pythagoras commanded silence for the morning; then there would be something worth saying at evening. I am sure that periods of silence are health-giving and fruitifying to man. I like to take a solitary journey in which I shall speak to no one for the day. Thought ripens in the stillness. I am surprised at the ideas which slowly rise up within me. I cannot but think that if our book-crammed and society-worried men and women would withdraw occasionally into the serenity of silence, and would commune with their own thoughts in the stillness, the result would be something nobler for the world.

But if you wish to look into the heart of Nature, it is certain that your eyes must ask questions rather than your lips. There is no need to tell nature what we think; there is no need to even voice praises. In silence wait and her great silences will penetrate us. They will slowly draw us to ourselves, and as

their spirit takes possession of us we shall begin to feel the shadowy presence of the great Unseen who liveth and worketh in eternal stillness. Dogs bay the moon, let man stand face to face with the night as silent as the stars above; there will come into his heart something far holier than any echo of his own voice. The deeper the quiet the more clearly shall we catch the breathings and whisperings of the Infinite Soul.

And we need not be disturbed when there comes to us the man with the rattling crucible, saying: "I have cut and pounded and analyzed this Nature of which you speak. I find no soul in it. There are only a few minerals and gases, perhaps, in the ultimate only a single gas." This man so honest and earnest has not been looking in the right way. He has criticised fragments instead of seeking the spirit which informs the whole. That my friend does not see what I see does not necessarily invalidate the truth of my vision. It may prove limitation in his sight. The Alpine insects chirp in so shrill a treble that their note is audible to but few ears. Yet the insects and their finetuned song are there. The sharp-eyed look-out on the far horizon when all is blank darkness to my untrained gaze, yet the light shines and conducts to port. So the man of fine spiritual sense may hear whispers, catch glimpses, have revelations of the Soul of Nature which do not come to another, perhaps because he does not give them a chance. And he who has felt his heart beat responsive to that great heart, who has been in some indefinable way conscious of that informing Presence which has come to him—be cannot say how—of sky or stars, out of mountain or sea, out of waving grain or blossoming flower, and has taken possession of him even for a brief moment, cannot forget or disbelieve. The child has felt a pressure of loving arms, has seen the light of a serene face which have found their way into his soul and become part of his life. Let none boast himself of vision, much less assume precedence and authority because of it. But when looking into the face of this great universe we get some sure glimpse of soul. When the eternal presence makes itself felt though but for a passing moment, let us not hesitate to tell the vision seen in the mount. And perhaps some of less clear perception will accept this highest truth on our testimony as is man's wont in every lower realm.

Shall we be told that this clear sense of soul in nature, this strong consciousness that we stand before the Lord, is only a subjective experience without objective reality; that the subtle imagination is playing tricks on the sober judgment? Perhaps so. Everything is apt to be considered imaginative that transcends average personal experience. The finer laws of physics seem just as pure imaginations to the ignorant as the revelations of soul do to those who have never felt their uplifting. And who dare say that the objective world is the only or highest reality? The flash of thought into my mind is as real as the flash of light into my eye. And the conscious presence of soul impresses the inner sense as truly as the presence of matter does the outer senses. As men think deeply their trust in the subjective reality increases; also their distrust of the outer seeming. They suspect matter, and incline to transform all nature into a manifestation spirit. Nature is soul bodying itself forth in time and space. God is all and in all. The spirit vision which recognizes him is true sight into eternal reality; the subtle sense of an indefinable but mighty Presence is the soul dimly feeling the great pulse-beats of the Infinite Soul.



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Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incidents of spirit communication, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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THE RATIONALE

Of Apparitions at the Moment of Death.

Prof. Newcomb, Prof. Barrett, and the Spiritual Philosophy.

BY WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

In my critique of Professor Newcomb's presidential address in the JOURNAL of Sept. 18th, I referred to that gentleman's explanation of alleged cases of the appearance of an apparition of a dead friend just about the time of his or her death. He attributed such to an "illusion of the memory," alleging that, after hearing of the death of the friend, the supposed percipient of the phantom form thought that he remembered that he had seen, just at the time of his or her death, an apparition of the deceased; whereas, according to Prof. Newcomb, he had neither seen nor heard anything at that time, nor had he had any thought that he had seen or heard until after learning of the friend's demise and the time of its occurrence. The inconclusiveness of such a theory is at once apparent.

Prof. Newcomb denies the actuality of the facts, and in so doing he contradicts the positive assertion of the parent English Society for Psychical Research. Prof. W. F. Barrett is one of the most active members of the English society, and some time previous to the preparation of Prof. Newcomb's address, Prof. Barrett had publicly testified as follows: "It has been demonstrated almost as certainly as has been the law of gravitation, that scores of cases have occurred where some persons in one town, have at a certain hour or minute, seen the figure of a friend flit across the room, and have afterwards discovered that at that very hour and minute the friend breathed his last in a distant town, or, may be, in a foreign country. Now, these cases are inexplicable by any formula of science, yet that they have happened is scientifically proved." The modesty of Prof. Newcomb, in affirming the non-occurrence of that which Prof. Barrett declares has been "scientifically proved," and "has been demonstrated almost as certainly as has been the law of gravitation," not in one case only, but in "scores of cases," can be readily perceived.

Prof. Barrett has also a theory by which he accounts for such phenomena, which is this: "We deny that in these cases any phantom really appeared. Our explanation is that death or some other happening was conveyed to the brain of the percipient, just as in our experiments a number or a card thought of by some person has been named by a percipient in another room, and that the sudden consciousness of the death or happening created an excitement in the percipient's brain, which, in its turn, resulted in the creation of a ghost or phantom." This explanation, in my opinion, is also unsatisfactory, and is not large enough to cover all the facts. It is well known that the London Society for Psychical Research, having demonstrated the truth of thought transference, or telepathy, have been and are endeavoring to stretch the theory of its operations so as to cover almost all phases of occult psychical phenomena, upon the same principle that unscientific Spiritualists attribute all such phenomena to the direct action of so-called "disembodied" spirits. Each of these two endeavors to procrusteanize his pet hobby, in order that it may serve as a vera causa of the almost myriad forms of "psychic" manifestation. The cautious scientific investigator, steering clear alike of the Scylla of unaided telepathy and the Charybdis of universal spirit action, finds safe harbor in the port of rational discrimination between variant phases of pneumatological manifestation. He renders unto Caesar the things that are

Caesar's, and unto God the things that are God's. Thought transference may be able to accomplish much, but it is, in my judgment, an insufficient explanation of the more remarkable cases of well attested spiritual or psychic phenomena.

In cases where two or more persons simultaneously perceive an apparition, it seems to me more difficult to believe that unconscious thought transference should act vicariously upon two or more widely differing mentalities at the same moment, causing each to conjure up the same apparition, than to believe that there was really some objective appearance present corresponding to the figure seen. If I mistake not, the experiments of the Psychical Societies so far have not demonstrated that any two psychics can simultaneously perceive hidden objects or sense the thoughts of another in exactly the same manner. Variations innumerable characterize the results of experiments in telepathy. It is seemingly unreasonable, bearing in view the carefully ascertained scientific knowledge which has been acquired on the subject, that two or more persons, accidentally, so to speak, in company in a certain locality, should be the subjects of thought transference simultaneously to the extent of each seeing the apparition of a person then dead or dying. The difficulty is greatly enhanced when an animal present, by its conduct, gives proof of perceiving the apparition. Is a dog or a horse also a psychic, a mind reader, capable of evolving an apparition of a distant person in such manner as to render it apparently a living, moving form in *propria persona*? Moreover, when an apparition is seen by more than one, it is, I believe, seen by each in the same locality, making the same movements at the same time. This would seem extremely difficult to account for on the telepathic theory; and when an animal evidences that it sees the form in the same locality as does the human percipient or percipients, the difficulty is immeasurably increased. Even supposing that two or more persons, or a person and an animal, could sense the death of a distant person so vividly as to cause an apparition to be formed in their minds of the deceased, would it not be almost impossible for the variant modes of thought, etc., to simultaneously project an identical phantom form into precisely the same region of space, and cause that form to act in exactly the same manner? The apparition seen being entirely subjective, a creature of the brain perceiving it, would necessarily in each case be more or less modified in character, position, movements, etc., by the parent brain. Is it not more reasonable to conclude that there is something there, an objective reality, cognized by the senses of the percipients? In cases where there are others present who fail to perceive the supposed apparition in the locality in which it is seen by the sensitive, the subjective theory has more weight. No doubt many cases of apparitions are hallucinations, illusions; and it may be that in some cases the theory of Prof. Barrett is valid. No one theory, in my judgment, is sufficient to cover all the facts.

But, granting that there is something present actually perceived in some cases of this character, what is that something? Is it the *bona fide* immortal spirit of the deceased, or if not, then what is it? There is a prevalent conception among Spiritualists that in such cases, as well as in cases of "the double," or apparitions of the living, the form seen is the true "spirit" of the man or woman. It has always been taught by the Harmonial Philosophy in particular, that it is impossible for the spirit to leave the body till death supervenes, and the theory that the spiritual entity could leave the body and then return to it has ever seemed to me unreasonable and unphilosophical. It has been noted also that in some cases of genuine materialization, so-called, the form seen was "the double" of the medium, and in other cases of materialization where a form distinct from the medium is manifested, it is always held that this form is manufactured from elements found in the medium's body. Some few years ago, not being myself able to explain fully the *modus operandi* of the formation of "the double," and cognate phenomena, I inquired of the spirit-teacher of Mrs. Maria M. King, the scientific medium, an explanation of the principles regnant in such cases. The explanation vouchsafed by her guide, in my opinion, is a true, rational, and conclusive one, not only of the apparitions of the living, but of apparitions of those dying or just dead, in such cases as are not purely subjective or ideal.

According to Mrs. King, lately deceased, there is a connecting link between the material body and the spiritual body, termed vital electricity by some, and animal magnetism (a material magnetic element) by Mrs. King; and there is also a connecting link between the spirit-body and the interior indwelling immortal spirit, called by some vital magnetism, and by Mrs. King a higher grade of magnetic elements. It is these elements or forces that, according to Mrs. King's mentor, are all-potent in the production of the phenomena under consideration. It is not the spirit itself nor the veritable spirit-body that is projected from the organism and is seen more or less distant therefrom, but it is a semblance of the physical form, temporarily clothed upon with these semi-material, semi-etheral elements, the etheral or magnetic substances serving to link together body, soul, and spirit.

Corresponding to these elementary substances, or ethers, are spiritual essences of lower grades than those forming the spiritual body, and the spiritual magnetic elements

which it evolves as its connecting link with the material world. These lower elements or essences, with the higher, pervade the universe, interacting with corresponding magnetic elements of a material character, and related to gross substances, matter cognizable by the material senses. These lower magnetic elements are also all-pervading, and form the link between the grosser material (physical matter) and the spiritual universe. "A wheel within a wheel," a world within a world, and force propagated reciprocally from one to the other, from matter to spirit and from spirit to matter through elements which are spheres of force, intertwining like the planetary spheres of the solar system. Every form of matter, every being animal or human, is encompassed with and permeated by a sphere of force, of the above-named character combined, material and spiritual, inasmuch as all nature is material and spiritual combined. The spirit of man, in essence like Deity, composed of the highest spiritual essence, is separated from gross matter by a gulf which is bridged by this sphere of force, this combination of material and spiritual essences or ethers. The innermost spirit of man is substance, too ethereal to act directly upon gross substances, but acts through substance which is composed of graded magnetic elements, spiritual and material.

In cases of "the double" or apparitions of the living, the etheral forces of the system, as above, assume for a time the prerogative of the conscious individual to the extent of separating themselves from the material form and going out and materializing a form that can be seen. Not very long, however, can this uncanny supremacy be held by these etheral forces, for the natural action of the normal forces of the human system forbids it. The spirit, generally, speedily dissolves the spell it has evoked and withdraws its outstanding forces, to strengthen the citadel of life within the material form, which for the time being, has been weakened by just so much as has gone forth of that which enters into the actual constitution of the individual in the normal state.

The foregoing explanation of trans-corporeal action of spirit, which I have derived from Mrs. King's spirit teacher, is also, in my opinion, a sufficient explanation of the nature of the apparitions of persons dying or dead that are seen at a distance from the material body at or near the period of dissolution. It is not the *bona fide* spirit-form that is seen, but a phantom, an *eidolon*, composed of the intermediate magnetic essences connecting the material body with the spiritual, and that with the indwelling spirit. During the process of dying the magnetic elements connecting the material body with the spiritual lose their potency, and at death their mission is ended, so to speak. Being no longer required for the use of the material body with which they have been connected, they have a tendency, it seems, to be projected therefrom in the form of the said material body, usually appearing in the proximity of a friend or relative of the person of which it is a shadowy representative. The cause of its appearance to the particular friend or relative is probably this: During dissolution or just previous to the death of the material form, the mind of the spiritual being just emerging from its chrysalis state has been directed to the friend or relative to whom the image appears, perhaps with an ardent desire that the friend or relative could be informed of his or her impending demise. In obedience to this thought or desire, the magnetic forces, released from active duty in the body, themselves to the presence of the one thought of, and momentarily materialize themselves so to speak. Having no substantial identity as an entity or organic being aside from the spirit with which it has been connected, it is impossible for this phantom form to preserve an independent existence except for a very brief period; hence the evanescent character of its manifestation.

That in such phantasmal appearances, it is not the actual spirit form that is seen, is, I think, evident from these facts: These apparitions are seen with the material eyes, and spirit substances cannot be seen with the physical organs of vision. To be thus seen, it must be materialized. The apparitions therefore must be of a material or quasi-material nature. Next, the apparitions seen appear clothed with material garments similar to those worn by the material body. Such do not pertain to the spirit body. The spirit form is born at death, from the physical organization, entirely unclothed, just as the material body is born into this world as a babe, nude. Attendant spirit guardians provide the newly-born spirit form with suitable clothing, which of course is different from the clothing worn by it on this earth. Thirdly, as a rule the spirit as it emerges from the material body, and is clothed upon with the spiritual body, is unconscious, and in an ensheathed condition; and in that condition it is borne by its spirit-friends to its appropriate home in the Spirit-world. The newly-born spirit is in no condition to visit a friend on the earth, in *propria persona*; actively and consciously, and present itself to him in a materialized form. Such a thing would be almost on a par with a newly-born infant in the material life being able to make elaborate chemical experiments and analyses.

Between the four theories relative to the nature and causes of the phenomena is question, namely, (1) Prof. Newcomb's transference, (2) Prof. Barrett's thought-transference, (3) the actual appearance of the spirit of the person seen, and (4) the projection from the material body of a quasi-material form composed of spirit-material etheral es-

ences, I think that the balance of probabilities is in most cases in favor of the last-named; though in the present imperfect state of our knowledge upon these and related subjects, we are not enabled to dogmatize thereupon.

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"Common as light is love,
And its familiar voice wears not over,
They who inspire it most are fortunate,
—but those who feel it most
Are happier still." Shelley.

DEMAND FOR PHENOMENA.

The continued call for details of spiritual phenomena indicates the rapid increase of Spiritualism. As a rule, advanced Spiritualists lose their interest in phenomena, and rely upon mental conditions and psychic development. Only in the initial stages of belief is there persistent desire for something startling and extraordinary; and, therefore, it is plain that all the present almost universal demand for it is indicative of large accessions to this happy faith; but "miraculous" things soon become so plentiful to receptive minds that interest in them is blunted, just as it is in any phenomena of frequent recurrence in nature. Familiarity with earthquakes would even in time largely diminish dread of them. Nevertheless it is important that the wants of young spiritual converts should be responded to, and to this end they shall have a fair chapter of

INCIDENTS AND HAPPENINGS.

"Did you ever see a picture with life, motion and susceptibility to the sensations of joy and sorrow?" asked one venerable Spiritualist of another at a social gathering in one of the three cities.

"Perhaps I have," was the reply; "but if you have seen something of this I wish you would describe it. Then we will compare notes."

"I have seen it more than twenty times," said the first speaker, "but never have I spoken of it. I never had a strong inclination to say anything about it till this moment, and have restrained from describing it because I had an idea I would not be believed. But I can tell it to you with a different feeling."

"I trust so. Doubtless our experience in such matters has been quite similar. I can tell you many truths that will stagger belief, and those relating to animated pictures are not the least marvelous."

"Do you see them floating before you in the atmosphere?"

"Yes, frequently."

"That is my case. I began to see them five or six years ago, and for awhile they troubled my mind greatly. The first that came was the 'counterfeit presentment' of my brother, who had passed over but a few months previous to this occurrence. His picture had never been painted by mortal hand; but one day while taking a walk in the suburbs, I beheld it floating before me and moving in concert with my face. I stopped; so did the picture. I was affrighted; the picture was wreathed with smiles. It became brilliant in color, and the frame emitted light like the coronation of gems. I gazed upon it a few moments and then became nervous and moved away. It turned from me like a flash and seemed to melt into air."

"Whether I had not become suddenly daft was a serious question to me. The picture was real to my senses, but my senses—were they doing their office? I sat down and thought seriously of the matter, and concluded that possibly I was the victim of an optical illusion. Before night I consulted a physician, who examined me, and said I was sound except age and natural wear and tear. Perhaps my complaint was age, but you know I don't like to admit it, even yet. I soon found that was not the trouble in the matter I am describing, for in less than a month the picture returned, and this time so gently and with such soothing influence that I not only became reconciled to it, but was really enamored of its beauty and other wondrous attractions. It came to me at home in my private room, where none but friends are admitted in thought or person. There was no mistaking the portrait, for it was my brother in form feature and expression. His lip had the same curl as in life, his eye the same sparkle, and his laugh was brother Fred's to the last intonation of its musical echo."

"Was it audible?"

"I will not say that, but such was the representation. Unquestionably it was an intelligence that had power to assume another form, possibly various forms, at will. The fact that I am an admirer of paintings had something to do in determining the form of the demonstration, I have no doubt, and you may be sure it could not have come to me in more attractive guise. The lips moved, the color changed with the varying sentiment, all the muscles of the face were exercised to give point and emphasis to the words, and the voice was as round and full as my own. But the manner of the communication was their greatest charm. It related

almost exclusively to the higher life, and was a series of word pictures so entrancing that I could listen to them forever with constantly increasing interest. They impressed me wonderfully, and yet I can give but a faint idea of their power and grandeur."

"I feel that you will do your best with such a subject."

"He said in effect that heaven is right here on earth, whenever and wherever mankind so wills; that it is always nearer to us than our next door neighbor, and that to the eye of the spirit it is so blended and interwoven with mortal existence that man's unfamiliarity with it ought to be the exception instead of the rule. Furthermore, that the only real life is in the spirit; that while the soul is veiled and trammelled by the body it fails to assert its power, and, therefore, never had the means of weighing its capabilities; that were psychology advanced to its true rank among sciences it would become the leading branch taught in our institutions of learning, and through it the minds of men would be opened to a comprehension of spirit life and employment."

"Then you have something to do there," said I.

"Yes, for those who are capable of doing it," he responded. "Many are incapable," he continued, "because they incapacitated themselves for spiritual work in the earth life, and hence they are miserable here. For years, perhaps ages, they will continue insane, without relief for their surroundings, or ability to improve them. This is true of thousands whose intellectual capacity on earth was renowned, but who were given up to animal propensities and material pleasures, and having made no progress in things spiritual, they are now unable to assume the duties and responsibilities of the higher life. They have no power to communicate with their friends here or upon earth, or, in fact, to make their wants known to any body."

"It must be misery to witness their sufferings," I ventured.

"We are not compelled to witness them," replied Brother Fred, "and so do merely in our investigations of this falsely called

"UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY."

"No country is so well known, nor so worthy of your better acquaintance. I will tell you how you may know all about it before you come here by the usual route." He then made a long description in detail of the land of Beulah, in course of which he said our poor earth is but a faint and imperfect shadow of that sphere, and that man and woman as you and I know them are simply the small undeveloped germs of the life beyond. He told of the happiness of those who had led correct lives on earth, but said that in the spirit land there is reorganization and an entirely new life, from every effort and development of which springs the higher degree of happiness which invariably attends creative power, and that spirit power is essentially self-creative. Upon the several visits he made he related that which would consume days in the repetition, and even then I could not do it justice. But these visits are to continue, and in course of time we will enjoy a final summing up."

"I trust so. But one question I would like to ask: Has his appearance always been the same?"

"In his general features, yes; in his spiritually and evidently increased happiness there has been a rapid improvement, and all this he shows in a beaming visage and accelerated exhilaration. He says he is improving all the time, and that the sweet peace of his life is superior to everything the imagination can grasp. Language fails to describe his sensations. But about Fred I have said enough for once. We agreed to exchange confidences upon the main features of the subject."

"Certainly. I am ready; but, like you, I have too much to tell, and it is quite as pleasant as your delightful experience. I first saw spirit pictures in the summer of 1853. Wife, daughter and myself were at Deer Park. One night while they were with the mixed multitude in the drawing room of the hotel, I sat in our apartment alone, and part of the time had attempted to read, but a curious influence kept my mind away from the book. After awhile I heard a slight noise which produced an unusual sound, and looking in the direction whence it proceeded I saw an unusual light. It was an ebony frame, deep, massive, highly polished, and in motion! It oscillated but little, yet I saw it move, and the movement continued till I went and placed my hand upon it. It seemed to resist force with force, but I held it quiet for a few minutes, when it was suddenly wrenched from me and mounted upon a chair. Then for the first time I discovered signs of life in the figures on the canvas, and they, upon close inspection, proved to be hands, arms, heads, and other important members of the human anatomy. Evidently they were trying to put themselves together, and at the end of half an hour, during which time there were many disastrous failures to make the proper union of parts, or a perfect bust was formed. Directly there was another, then still others till five portraits smiled from the confines of the frame. Apparently all the parts had been employed, but yet there was disturbance in the background, and an occasional group of dissatisfaction from the pictured grout.

"What could the matter be?"

"Fear, which at first possessed me to quite an extent, now gave way to curiosity, and I made careful examination of the portraits. All were ladies and possibly handmaids. While

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The Spiritualism Before "Modern" Spiritualism.

BY THOS. HARDING.

NO. 7.

AMERICA.

"Westward the course of empire takes its way.
Times nobler offering is the last."
—*Bishop Berkeley.*

"Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word;
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be."
—*Fls-Green Halleck.*

The branch of Spiritualism which is treated of in these papers is but the outward manifestation of the presence of what are called, though erroneously, disembodied spirits, and of their power over physical laws and mundane things. The main object of such manifestations being, as we suppose, to convince the world of mankind that there is a future condition or state of existence into which all of us shall be ushered after the death of the physical body, and thus save the world from skepticism through a convincing appeal to human intelligence.

The world has advanced to that degree that it can no longer accept mere statements in regard to spiritual subjects, but demands proof sufficient to satisfy the requirements of reason. This demand is almost universal in our day and a corresponding phenomena sufficiently extensive to meet the demand is furnished. In former days when doubt and independent thought were not so common a less frequent display of phenomena was sufficient, but now when old ideas, creeds and rituals are tottering to their fall under a growing public intelligence, nothing but the plainest manifestations, and abundance of them, can save the civilized world from unbelief in every thing of a spiritual character.

When nature awakens an appetite she at the same time supplies that which will satisfy that appetite; for every need she furnishes an answering supply, and as her children grow in stature, like a watchful mother she clothes them with suitably fitting garments; necessity invites salvation. There is a certain fitness in things, both as regards quantity and kind which answers demands, and if we will but stretch out after them, it is in our power, generally speaking, to appropriate sufficient; but the finest feast is of little value to him who is not blessed with an appetite; nor is it of much use when those invited to the feast are too inactive, too careless or too self-important to go forward and partake.

Never let it be supposed, however, that outward manifestations, or what are called phenomena, will satisfy any thing more than the intellectual demand. The soul has desires which nothing external can supply, and each soul has demands peculiarly its own for which peculiar answers are vouchsafed. But these are matters which cannot be satisfactorily treated of in the language of any country on the earth, and which it would be scarcely lawful to treat of if they could. They are private property—easily "oxidized" by exposure.

However various may have been these physico-spiritual phenomena in different ages and countries, they all preserve their family likeness; and though skepticism in former ages may have put on a somewhat different aspect from the materialism of our time, they are nevertheless the children, both of them, of the same old devil of self-conceit, which most of us had to put behind our backs before we could stand independently upon our good sense. This "Gatan" has always been the accuser of the brethren and always will be until he is chained by public opinion and good taste, and cast into the dark and bottomless pit of utter oblivion.

When Nelson, the English naval commander, was a young man he lost one of his eyes in battle. In a sea fight some time afterwards he commanded a British frigate which, with his usual dash, he ran in between two lines of the enemy's ships, and was pounding away, right and left, when his chief officer hurried up to him. "Captain," said he, "the Admiral has signalled us to return."

"Give me the glass; I want to see for myself," said Nelson. He took the telescope and put it up to the place where his eye used to be. "Fire away, my lads," says he, "I can't see it."

Just so with the uncompromising materialist, when he wants (?) to look into Spiritualism, he puts the glass up to his blind eye.

But plain statements such as those which I hope to relate, coming from reliable sources, and proving that what is called Spiritualism had been in our own country before the Rochester knockings, or even the manifestations amongst the Shakers, which are said to have occurred some years before ought to carry, at least, some weight with them to any one who really wants to get at the truth in regard to the subject. Of course my readers, bear in mind that I am in these articles treating only of phenomena which occurred previously to 100 (one hundred) years ago. This "New World" of America cannot be expected to furnish such an abundance of material as the old world of Europe, because of the paucity of traditional and literary matter relating to its earlier history. Manifestations may have been as numerous and as interesting at this side of the water as at the other; but if they had been we do not possess historical records which, in fact, may never have had an existence.

Yes, the old American World is an unknown world to us; it is easier to trace occurrences of one thousand years ago in Europe than those a couple of centuries old on this continent. The old men and women of seventy and eighty, who still survive amongst us, are the most reliable links in the chain which connects us with the past. They can tell us of the current topics which had been discussed in their hearing by their parents and grandparents; they can repeat in our hearing those far back experiences which they had listened to in detail in their boy- and girlhood, from lips and tongues which have long since been silenced by the angel of death. And thus we are led to contemplate, across a wide waste of years, those dramas which had been enacted by a passed generation, on the stage of human life.

Life! Life! What a wonderful thing is life! What an endless chain it is—ever changing its subjects, yet itself ever unchanged! From the lips of that lean and slumped pantaloon now waiting for the boatman, and longing to be free—once issued merry peals of childhood's laughter as he frolicked on the green, whose grass has long since withered and gone. . . . Go! Pass on, old man; the world wants you no longer; don't stop to dry that tear which stagnates in your eye at sight of the world's neglect; don't wait to murmur a complaint because your children and friends are not now to you what they once were. No! Don't stop to complain, old man, it would be useless. Hal! The boatman is coming. . . . Good by!

Many readers of the JOURNAL will remember a co-operative association which existed some 30 or 40 years ago, more or less, in Northern Indiana, which was established for educational and business purposes. This company owned a large tract of land and extensive buildings. Many of its members are, and were, well known as prominent liberals—Judge Prentiss, Harvey Oimsted, Wm. Anderson and others—many of whom have since passed on to that world where co-operation is a grand success. Mr. William Anderson, who now lives on his property near Bronson, Mich., was book-keeper and secretary of the association during the latter years of its existence; he is now getting on towards his 80th year, but is still hale and hearty, and his head is as clear as it has been at any period of his life. He was my guest part of the time during the last Sturgis, June, meeting, and told me of the following circumstance which occurred to his mother when she was a girl, or young woman; therefore I conclude that it must have happened 100 or more years ago. I give it in his own words as nearly as I can quote them from memory.

"I read an article of yours recently," said Mr. Anderson, "named 'Providential Occurrence,' in which you told of having been lacerated in crossing the railroad catwalk, and which reminded me of an incident in the early life of my mother. The old home of my mother's parents and family in New England was situated on a gently rising ground, at the foot of which flowed quite a large river; I mean large for New England. For the convenience of passengers this river was spanned by a foot-bridge, the crossing of which shortened the distance to the main road. My mother was in the constant habit of crossing this bridge when she wanted to visit friends at a distance. On one occasion, while staying with acquaintances who lived a considerable distance from her home, a thunder and rain storm came on; it continued so long—flooding some of the roads—that she was delayed some days; at length, one afternoon she started for home, not knowing that the bridge had been swept away by the freshet some days before, and that the river was still swollen beyond its usual width.

"The evening became darker and darker as she proceeded, but she knew the road so well that she experienced no serious difficulty in finding her way. She distinctly remembered going down the incline approaching the river, then crossing the river and going up the usual path to her home. When she arrived it was intensely dark, and the family enquired how she came. She told them. 'Yes,' said they, 'but how did you get across the river?' 'On the bridge,' I suppose,' she replied, 'I had no other way.' They all looked amazed. 'Why,' said they, 'the bridge was swept away days ago.' She could not believe it until she went down to the river next morning and ascertained the fact for herself. And," said Mr. Anderson, "all through her life, and to the day of her death, my mother believed and was accustomed to assert that the Lord or the angels bore her dry shod that evening across the river."

Now here is something that cannot be gainsaid. Objections and cavillings which may, in other phases of experience, answer a skeptic's purpose, will not apply in this. It is absolute and palpable. Had she seen a spirit on the way, they might have said she was hallucinated, or that her stomach was out of order and her eyes deceived her. Had she heard heavenly music swelling through the rooms of the old house, they might say it was rats; but no such objections are applicable in this case—it was positively unmistakable. Thus we see the footprints of the invisible hosts here and there through the limitless past, which speak to our understanding as clearly and as definitely as the thunders of heaven speak to our outward ears, proclaiming to our intelligence the welcome assurance, "Man, thou shalt live forever!"

Sturgis, Mich.

(To be continued.)

THE BURDEN OF SUPERFLUOUS OPINIONS.

Letter from Judge E. S. Holbrook.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I write you from the center of New England (having found my way hither from San Francisco, whence I last wrote you, by the Southern route through most of the principal cities on the way as well as the deserts and the fruitful places, and seen whatever I could of things both temporal and spiritual; and how beautiful, how wonderful, especially the latter) and I am to begin where I left off in my last (by invitation, too), and proceed with the subject of "SIGNS" as I intimated. SIGNS—I mean thereby in a popular sense, those occurrences that indicate that certain other things will occur;—but my special theme is those things which are supposed to indicate that certain other things will occur while the supposition is erroneous. When my general subject is Scientific Spiritualism, this theme of SIGNS seems a lowly one, and unattractive and perhaps remote. But after my treatment of astrology as to life, as in my last, other signs of the heavens are surely in order, if alike false at least. My object is didactic—to do a little to point the better way to those who still seek to learn—youthful or older, upon any subject. I will therefore broaden my theme to this.

THE BURDEN OF FALSE OR USELESS OPINIONS.

We pity the man who has burdens to carry, and how foolish in him if his work is worse than useless; especially, if thereby he cannot take up and carry that which is valuable that comes in his way; and how much do we see of this in humanity. If there be a truth that might be received into the mind; there is prejudice—a pre-judgment that is false,—false facts, supposed facts but really falsehoods; a prepossession by supposed learning that is mere rubbish—all filling the mind so that this new truth cannot enter, much less stay, and do its proper work. It is curious to note how this is. It is almost true that the less a man knows the more opinions he has got. The man of true learning examines evidences, and upon them forms opinions, and they are fixed and permanent. He has but few opinions without evidences, and if he has any his expressions are moderate. But where there are no evidences, or the evidences are but slight, the unlettered man beats him greatly. He has opinions and they are strong, and his language vehement. The mind that is full of these, or is troubled with these, carries burdens. It is hard to work in the better truths, but we must keep at work to expel the wrong and advance the right.

After astrology, as in my last, the supposed science of the stars after the advance of astronomy—comes

THE SUPPOSED SCIENCE OF THE MOON.

It was once maintained, and some maintain still, that in some way the moon governs the weather, or is the key to the state of the weather, both now and for the future; at least till the next quarterly change. A change of weather, they say, will occur on the next change of the moon, not till then.

(They go further and say that planting should be done on the increase of the moon, that there may be the more surely a bountiful crop—an increase; and they will kill pork on the increase of the moon, or the full, that it may not fall away in the pot, and the like of these, but let these pass now) (and they say, too, that the moon has an effect on the mind, producing insanity sometimes and in some way, I don't know how, and this thought so strongly prevailed once that the moon (*Luna*, Latin), gave the name to insanity—*lunacy*; but let this pass now. The overthrow of the greater claim will carry the lesson with it.) I treat this claim for the moon much as I did astrology, in my last. If any assert that there is

ANY SUCH INTIMATE CONNECTION

between the earth and the moon it belongs to them to furnish the proof; and surely so as they are dealing with material forms, according to the rules of material science. But they show none—nothing even in appearance except what may be mere co-incidences. It seems strange, since the Copernican system was established, that every one did not abandon at once all such puerility. The moon, like the planets, moves in unalterable order—just so, hour by hour, day by day, month by month, and year by year, and

THERE ARE NO CHANGES.

"What seems so is transition." By a change of position, regular, and by persistent law, the light of the sun creeps irregularly over the face of the moon, and we see more or less according to our position. We mortals speak of quarters and changes, but there are no quarters, and the moon changes not. Its movement is by perfect machinery. Then why predict upon its supposed changes the most fickle of all things on earth, the winds and storms?

THEIR SUPPOSED PROOFS FAIL.

They are made upon too narrow a basis and for too short a time. I have hardly known of an instance where the surroundings, near or far, did not disprove the theory; for the rule is, that while it is wet in one place it is dry in another. For instance, here is a wet locality and the crops are failing. The inhabitants discourse about the moon as the cause or the indicator in some way, I do not know what, but they know and they believe in the moon.

"THE HORN OF THE MOON IS DOWN, and will not hold water!" Now look to the north and to the south, and find a drought; and yet they have there the same moon, the same quarter and all, with only a few minutes or degrees difference in the altitude; but that is never pointed to as a factor in making the weather. Or look to the east or to the west and see a drought, and they have there the same moon, the same as you had an hour ago, or will have in an hour hence—quarters, halves and all. If the change of weather comes by the change of quarter (as we call it for the purpose of expressing an approximate truth), then the change of the weather should follow the moon around the earth as the swell of the tide does. "As unstable as the firm-set earth," so they say. "As stable as the firm-set earth," so they say; but the moon is as stable as the earth, and a little more so, for she always keeps the same face toward you (and I know a great many old girls that don't do so such thing neither), while the face of the earth is always shifting as to the moon. Can there be any fools there that think that their little storms are regulated by the changes in the earth? Of course, yes, on the same principle; but yet, until I am better informed I do not wish to suggest anything so much to the prejudice of the people in the moon.

Now, Mr. Editor, if

THE SIGNS OF THE MOON FAIL.

as to the weather (which is its strong hold), we may dismiss all thoughts as to influences on the crops, and on the mind, and all signs in the legends of the populace down to the chances of seeing her over the shoulder, or as to winds on the last days of a month, and forebodings as to Friday, or Sunday, and as to signs of quarrels, or marriages, and frivolous dreams, and the like, and treat them all as the merest trash

TO BE CAST OUT

as science comes, and be no more a burden to man as he struggles to climb the hill of knowledge.

I am reminded, Mr. Editor, how often in this deceitful world "things are not what they seem;" and that that fellow they call Science is a most powerful revelator; sometimes for the better, and sometimes seemingly for the worse, at least to our feelings. *Luna* and I were particularly good friends. I loved much, rambled much, admired much, and imagined much beneath her silver light, and she seemed alive and warm and sympathetic; but now science informs me she is but an old hulk of a dead or dying insignificant little world, or cloud rather, with no breath for herself nor anybody else; that she is cold and lifeless, moves, indeed, in her orbit because compelled to, an inert piece of matter; and even that her smiling face (some foolish urehins said "the old man in the moon") is simulated by used up volcanoes and dead sea waters—no light, but all we get is simply "glamour," and likely all will soon pass away. It is terrible to know this, but we have to stand it, if we will know, and I insist we will. But still for the old friendship of my childhood and youth with my dear *Luna*, I will save her reputation now from the charge of changefulness, harnessing up as she is in nature's great machine and can't help herself, and woe her from the supposed position of boss over the fickle rains and storms and winds, a place given by reasoning, but sometimes false reasoning man.

I have wondered, Mr. Editor, how

THE WILDERNESS OF LEARNING

about signs came into being, and I have answered myself (partially) in this way: It comes of imperfect reasoning and self-asserting knowledge,—but limited knowledge.

Man as a reasoning animal stumbles greatly at first. He soon finds that certain occurrences are conjunctive; that certain other things are sure to be succeeded by some connection, and he now conceives of cause, and effect. About this time, as he proceeds, he begins to think there is a cause for every thing by some underlying power as a chain, though he does not perceive it palpably. He reveals in causality, and his pride pushes him to have a ready answer always. And oft he goes beyond his depth, for he will not say he does not know! The old story of the child and the mother well illustrates this:

"Mother, what does the earth rest on?"

"On the back of a great elephant."

"And the elephant?"

"On the back of a great tortoise."

"And the tortoise?"

"On a great rock."

"And the rock?"

"Why, you foolish child, it is rocks all the way down!"

THE DISCOVERY AND USE

of invariable antecedents and consequents is the height of good reasoning. The present things, then, are truly signs (significant) that certain other things will surely be, and hence we learn the invariability of a law of nature. In material science universal precedences merely is called a cause; for the *causa causans*, the cause causing, as a power, the underlying chain, is never discovered. But the height of poor reasoning is when the precedence is but casual, and yet is relied on as permanent. An error once started will last its thousands of years. One of the conclusions from an attempt to reason was from some chance precedence of a change of the moon to a change of weather, and hence a cause was supposed to be found. A little learning assumed in its pride great learning, and pronounced the supposition true. False premises, or a failure to observe the surroundings, aided to continue the assumption. I once undertook to solve the mystery of the conclusions of a moon-man, who generally had good sense, by testing him through the season. I found he was claiming that, if a change of weather came three days before, or three days after the change of the moon, that his theory was sustained. Not so, for a change of the moon comes once in seven days, and three days before the day of change and three days after the day of change, would take all the time; and three days before the change, and three days after the change, would take six-sevenths of the time; and, of course, it proves nothing in the line of causes that a majority of the changes happen during the greater time. It is the business of science to correct such false reasonings and their results.

No doubt, Mr. Editor, you are beginning to question, and so will some of my readers, why so much about the moon? It is this, that I make the moon and its supposititious qualities my example for all the other little myths existing in community, started before science came, and struggling for a continued existence after science has come. And also, will it be too much to say it? Including the greater myths such as

WORLD MAKINGS AND WORLD SAVINGS;

also any supposed actual knowledge of the great First Cause, all pretended talks with God, or any revelations by him, or from him or his prophets, or angels, or sons, or apostles, any more than we have at the present day; my thought being that all these have arisen by stumbling reason, some true reasoning, some false reasoning, and by bold assumptions when reason failed; and must all be subject to the better knowledge and reason that we call the science of to-day, and our vastly superior spirit-communion of to-day, that we call scientific Spiritualism; this spiritual science occupying the same position, and performing the same office to spiritual and religious matters that material science does to the physical world,—but I should not proceed farther now.

Worcester, Mass., Aug., 1886. E. S. H.

MR. EGLINTON IN RUSSIA.

Translated by "V." for Light.

[From the "New Spiritualistische Blätter."]

The following phenomena took place through Mr. Eglington's mediumship in the spiritualistic circle of Moscow: On one occasion Abdullah, a control of Eglington's, appeared, a tall, black-bearded man with a woman and a child. Another time the same spirit showed himself, together with his medium, to all present. Direct spirit writing in the Russian language was obtained between two slates closely screwed together, lying on the table. Direct writing was likewise received between two cardboard slates, so closely pressed together that the pencil could not have moved without abnormal power. One of the gentlemen sat upon these, and felt, while the others heard the writing. In spite of the close pressure of the morsel of lead the corresponding side of the other cardboard slate was without a mark. The numbers of bank notes unknown to everyone present were correctly given in the spirit writing. A question was asked at hazard concerning the word which would be found in a certain line in a certain page of a certain book, without its having been previously seen by any present, and the answer was given correctly in spirit writing, the supposition of thought-reading being thus excluded. Mr. Eglington had only touched the slates with two of his fingers. Spiritual manifestations frequently took place. A spirit complied with the mentally expressed wish of Herr Blagonarow that himself and Herr Lwow should be touched simultaneously. On one occasion Herr Blagol felt that a spirit hand pressed through his coat on his right shoulder and pinched the naked flesh.

In all four sances the chain remained unbroken even for a moment. The medium's neighbor on either side held his hands fast, and bear witness to his perfectly passive demeanor.

We recall this account, much condensed from Nos. 17 and 21 of the *Rebus*, and append the signatures of the witnesses present in token of the truth of the statements: E. J. Tolstais, Th. A. Lwow, P. Th. Blagonarow, A. A. Smagin, E. G. Grek, R. P. Grek, J. O. Jarkowski, D. J. Blagol, and N. A. Lwow.

In St. Petersburg the first three sances took place at the rooms of Professor Butlerow, the fourth at the residence of State Counselor Alexander Aksakow.

At the first of these sances direct spirit writing was obtained in sealed ordinary slates and in cardboard slates, tightly screwed together, belonging to Professor Butlerow. Morsels of pencil had been previously inserted, and the slates marked by all the professors present.

Professor Dobrostawin took from his pocket a book "Bernay's Chemistry." The book was not shown to Mr. Eglington, and from this book, without looking in it, Professor Butlerow selected the forty-sixth page, Professor Wagner the twelfth line, and Professor Dobrostawin the fifth word to be given. The slate with the question written upon it was laid upon the table with the writing downwards. Mr. Eglington took the cardboard slate, laid them upon Professor Butlerow's shoulder, and writing was soon heard, followed by three soft taps inside the slates. The latter were opened and these words were found written: "The word is compound—'chimney-glass.'" When they came to examine the book, they found that the fifth word on the twelfth line of the forty-sixth page was "glass," the word preceding it being "chimney," to which it is connected by a hyphen, thus the explanation "the word is compound." A facet of the pencil was found to be worn and the corresponding side of the cardboard free from mark, though the pencil was closely pressed against it. No one then present knew that such a word was to be found at the place mentioned. When the sealed double slates were opened, the words "Good-bye" in large letters were found written. We append the signatures of the professors of the university who were present:

Prof. A. Butlerow, Prof. Nicholas Wagner and Prof. A. Dobrostawin.

At the second sance at Professor Butlerow's rooms, the spirit of a female of middle height appeared in voluminous white garments, with a round face and black hair, arranged after the fashion of fifty years back. The spirit came before the curtain, and Frau E. D. Pribytkowa recognized her aunt who had died ten years previously, the recognition being confirmed by Herr Viktor Pribytkow. Then Abdullah showed himself (who is said to have been a Persian prince in the sixteenth century) and disappeared before the eyes of the spectators, becoming smaller and smaller. Afterward, when Eglington essayed to come forth from the cabinet, a spirit was seen holding him back, so that on this occasion both medium and spirit were visible at the same time.

The witnesses to this and the following sances were:—E. D. Pribytkowa, W. J. Pribytkowa, A. N. Aksakow, W. P. Gedeonow, Prof. N. P. Wagner, E. P. Wischniakow, and Prof. Butlerow.

At the third sance, which took place at Professor Butlerow's rooms, a small table was placed before the curtain, upon which were laid three sheets of paper, marked by Professor Butlerow, Professor Wagner and Herr Alexander Aksakow, together with three pencils, one red, one blue, and the other the ordinary kind.

A hand was seen to write and then disappear, then the same thing was done by another hand. Afterwards Abdullah came forward. Herr Aksakow asked him to show that his left arm was missing (which he had lost in battle). The spirit seized the hand of Barbara Iwanowna Pribytkowa and let her feel him on both sides, and she remarked that he had no left fore-arm. At his second appearance E. D. Pribytkowa wished mentally that Abdullah might bring her a sheet of paper from the little table, and everyone saw him lift up the table and reach it to her. The last time he came forward he disappeared before the eyes of the spectators after he had grown in height and raised himself free above the floor! After him two materialized spirits appeared together—one being a male figure (Dr. Forbes) the other a female, and remained visible for some time.

At the conclusion of the sance the following words in Russian were found written upon one of the marked sheets of paper with the blue pencil:—

"Science explains much, but it will never with its bold grasp comprehend the laws which enable us to manifest and to show ourselves to you. This secret belongs to the future, not to the present."

On the same sheet was likewise writing with the red pencil, in English, by one of Eglington's controls, named "Ernest."

The fourth sance took place at Herr Aksakow's residence. There were present as well the University Professors Dobrostawin and W. W. Paschutin, Herr M. Gedeonow, and Meedames M. P. Saburawa, S. D. Bestuzewa, W. J. Pribytkowa, and Dobrostawina.

A tambourine, the surface of which was covered with a luminous preparation, raised itself slowly from the table and approached Frau Saburawa, then was thrown upon the floor. A musical box played and ceased playing at a wish expressed and then played only three notes when wished to do so. At the mentally expressed wish of Frau Bestuzewa, a ring was drawn from one of her fingers and placed upon another. Round Eglington, luminous tongues were seen (who will not be reminded of the tongues of fire above the heads of the Apostles?) One of these penetrated through the table, moved slowly about those present, remained stationary before Professor Paschutin and then disappeared into Eglington's breast. After that the medium ascended four eels from the ground, so that Meedames Saburawa and Dobrostawina had to mount upon their chairs not to lose hold of his hands. Mr. Eglington hovered some time in the air and then sank slowly down again.

At all these sances the medium's hands were securely held. The direct writing took place in full light.

I have only given the principal occurrences at these sances, extracted from the accounts in the *Rebus*, Nos. 23 and 26. L. P.

Protestant Episcopal Church.

Once more "The Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America," to give its full name, has refused, through the House of Deputies of its General Convention, to drop from its nomenclature, the words "Protestant Episcopal." The resolution introduced by Chancellor and Postmaster Judd and voted down yesterday did not specify and voted down in lieu of those words the term Catholic, but it was understood that the question presented was simply this: Shall the American branch of the Episcopal Church cease to be a protest against the Papacy and become the American Catholic Church? It is as if the next National Republican Convention should have before it a resolution to drop from the name of the party the words "National Republican," with the understanding that henceforth the organization should be known as, say, the Mugwump Democracy.

It is nine years since the late Dr. De Koven introduced this Judd resolution into the General Convention at Boston. He was a man of rare eloquence and high personal standing, but his motion received only three affirmative votes. The road which he marked out was declared to lead to Rome, and those who were not Protestants were bidden to make their way to the Vatican. But very few took their departure. They persist in trying to do what George William Curtis and his clique tried to do at Chicago two years ago, with this difference: that instead of seceding these church mugwumps will go right on with what they are pleased to call "educating the church up" to the new departure.

This new-departure element has strength enough now, especially among the clergy, to be formidable. Its success would mean the division of the church. That parent diocese of Virginia, which claims to have been founded as long ago as 1607, is still Protestant to the backbone and cannot be swerved from its original moorings. The same is true of a great many other dioceses of this denomination. If Mr. Judd and his sympathizers wish to drive a wedge through the church they have only to expunge the term Protestant Episcopal from its name.—*Chicago Tribune.*

The Rev. S. P. Merrill, Secretary of the New York Baptist Educational Society, claims he was the first white child born in the Territory which now constitutes the State of Nebraska. His father was a missionary among the Indians, and Mr. Merrill was born on Platte River in 1835.

Mrs. Cecil Clay is the real name of Rosina Vokes, the actress, and she claims that her husband's family is directly related to the great American commoner, Henry Clay.

A decrease in the average of crimes and outrages in Ireland for the last week is reported.

Woman and the Household.

BY HESTER M. POOLE.
(105 West 29th Street, New York.)

COMPENSATION.

O sweet the dropping dew, the blush of morn,
The starry sky, the rustling fields of corn,
The soft air blowing from the freshening seas,
The sun-drenched shadow of the stately trees,
The mellow thunder and the lulling rain,
The warm, delicious happy summer rain,
When the grass brightens, and the days grow long,
And little birds break out in rippling song!

In that new world toward which our feet are set
Shall we find aught to make our hearts forget
Earth's homely joys and her bright hours of bliss?
Has heaven a spell divine enough for this?
For who the pleasure of the spring shall tell,
When on the leafless stalk the brown buds swell,
When the grass brightens, and the days grow long,
And little birds break out in rippling song?

O beauty manifold, from morn till night,
Dawn's blush, noon's blaze, and sunset's tender light!
O fair, familiar features, changes sweet
Of her revolving seasons, storm and sleat,
And golden calm, as slow she wheels through space,
From snow to rose; and how dear her face,
When the grass brightens, and the days grow long,
And little birds break out in rippling song!

O happy earth! O home so well beloved,
What recompense have we, from thee removed?
One hope we have that overtops the whole;
The hope of finding every vanished soul
We love and long for daily, and for this
Gladly we turn from thee, and all thy bliss
Even at thy lowliest, when the days are long,
And little birds break out in rippling song.

—Celia Thaxter.

Mrs. M. F. Leland has become the sole owner of the *Bloomington*, Ill., *Leader*.

Mrs. Emma Garrett Wilson is local editor of the *Lodge*, Ind., *Leader*.

Miss Alice R. Neal is editor and publisher of one of the Washington weekly papers, the *News*.

The *Woman's Standard* is the title of a neat monthly publication just issued at Des Moines as the official organ of the Iowa Woman Suffrage Association. Mary J. Coggeshall is the editor, and Martha C. Callanan the business manager.

Mrs. A. E. Whitaker has edited a *Woman's Department* in the *Southbridge*, Mass., *Journal*, for fifteen years. She has now taken charge of the same department in that important paper, the *New England Farmer*.

Mrs. Abigail Scott Duniway has written a serial story which began September 2nd, in her paper, the *New Northwest* of Portland, Oregon. The energy and ability of Mrs. Duniway and her sons, are exhibited in the weekly issue of the handsome paper of eight pages, printed with the best paper and type that can be had. The contents are admirably edited.

The *Woman's Tribune*, published by Mrs. Clara Bewick Colby, Beatrice, Neb., is a large four-page monthly journal, costing only one dollar a year, but worth four times that sum. The editor has fine literary culture, and a high standard is placed before her readers, in a resume of what woman is doing all over the world.

Mrs. E. B. Duffey, formerly editor of the *Vineyard Times*, Vineyard, N. J., now has charge of the *Clarion* of Troy, N. Y., a bright weekly paper devoted to the interests of labor.

Miss Hirata, a Japanese lady, has just entered Western Maryland College for a three years' course.

Mrs. Helen M. Gougar has returned from her European trip. She continues her interesting letters in the *Inter-Ocean*.

Mrs. Oliphant is writing a series of articles to appear in *The Century* during the coming year, describing some of the celebrated men and women of Queen Anne's reign, including the Queen, the Duchess Sarah, Dean Swift, and Daniel Defoe.

Mrs. Bell Ball has been appointed assistant secretary in the Kansas State Historical rooms at Topeka, and has taken up her residence in that city. She was a clerk of committee on enrolled bills in the Kansas Legislature last winter.

To the Empress Eugenie, it is said, women are indebted for their opportunity to study medicine in France, she having secured by favor the conferring of a degree on Madame Madeline Bres. She is the salaried physician of the Chateau Theatre, and is distinguished in her specialty of diseases of the brain.

The following is condensed from the *Tribune*, concerning the demise of a distinguished woman of Boston:

Miss Lucretia Crocker, a member of the board of supervisors of public schools, and a lady prominently identified with educational matters in this city for the last dozen years, died Saturday evening, aged fifty-five.

"Miss Crocker took the course at the State Normal School at West Newton, at which institution she was subsequently a teacher. She was also engaged in like capacity at Framingham, in private schools in this city and at Antioch College, Ohio, with Horace Mann. She was elected to the Boston school committee for the term beginning in 1875, when she and five other ladies became the first of their sex to sit in the Boston school board.

"In 1877 she was chosen a member of the board of supervisors, and was the only woman to gain the position. She was quiet, modest and retiring, but woman of strong mental powers, great abilities and remarkable judgment. She was particularly interested in the branches of geography and mathematics, and has published a small pamphlet regarding the methods of teaching the first named science."

All who are interested in the higher education of women, will be glad to read of the healthy progress of the Harvard Annex, Cambridge, Mass. The studies pursued are precisely the same grade as those of the corresponding class in the college course, and many of the professors in various departments of the university give instruction to the young women. The *Tribune* gave this account of the opening of the annex, on the day when instruction began in the regular course:

"The annex classes began Thursday, as well as the regular lectures at Harvard. There were seventy-four pupils in the annex last year, and the number this year will be larger still. The largest regular classes are, as they have been during the seven years' existence of the annex, in the classics, Greek drawing the greater number and Latin the next. Many of the women who enter have been teachers in the various branches already. Within the shadow of the Washington elm, the next door to the cozy home of the annex students, an annex preparatory school has been opened under the patronage of Mrs. Arthur Gilman, whose husband is secretary of the annex. Thirty pupils from Cambridge families began work there Thursday. There are two courses, English and classical; the latter is to fit pupils for college. The teachers are women graduates from Wellesley and from the annex."

A NOTABLE OCCASION.

Miss Frances E. Willard, President of the W. C. T. U., was selected by the good people of Evanston, Ill., to give the address of welcome to the Rock River Conference, which met in that town on the 6th of October. This most influential body of Methodist ministers in the West, will remember the occasion as the first oration of the kind ever given by a woman, and as the most eloquent ever made before their august body. Miss Willard lives in Evanston, and with seven assistants, presides in "Rest Cottage," over the fortunes of that wonderful Temperance Union which is doing so much for the cause of humanity. Mrs. C. A. Buel, who labored so long and so well in New York, and is an honored member of Sorosis, is among the number at that cottage, which is such a center of beneficent influence, and she is a host in herself. In the address of welcome, Miss Willard speaks in this way of woman's connection with the educational institutions of Evanston:

Let me, now, in a most natural order of sequence, welcome you to a town which is a paradise to women. They are considered just as good as men if they behave as well. That they could do grand things was "in the air" from the beginning, for did not a woman found the institution and did not women help to build Heck Hall? No other institution in the world of equal rank and wealth, has had the wisdom to place women upon its board of trustees, and in its faculty, besides opening its doors to them as students. Only one other, and that is Boston University, has granted its theological diploma to a woman, and I rejoice to "tell it out" that we have a faculty to-day who would repeat the operation should the conditions be complied with. Women have also been graduated from the law department of the university, and are denied admission only to the medical—an exception which, I trust, your conference visitors will carefully look into. Five women have held the responsible position of dean of the Woman's College, but to Prof. Rena A. Michaels only has it been given to crowd the building to the eaves with students. A woman is chief of our department of art, a woman teaches in the preparatory, a woman holds honorable place among our physicians, a woman is custodian of our public library. Evanston is also the typical temperance town of the Northwest. The university charter and village ordinances both most strenuously prohibit the traffic of alcoholic drinks, and there is not in Evanston a saloon, a hotel bar or billiard hall.

Early November Magazines Received.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY. (Boston.) The Peckster Professorship which treats a question of the day will attract much attention. Mr. Percival Lowell contributes A Korean Coup d'Etat, and Mr. John Fiske has a paper on the Germs of National Sovereignty in the United States. The third paper of the serial, French and English, is marked by interest. Mr. Henry Van Brunt's article on Richardson, the architect, will be read by his many friends and admirers with special pleasure. Miss Murfree and Mr. Bishop continue their serial stories; there is a charming paper entitled Wood-Pears, and some poetry from popular writers. The Blind Man's World is a sketch by Edward Bellamy. And there are besides the usual criticisms, the Contributors' Club, and Books of the Month. The number as a whole is one of unusual excellence.

THE MAGAZINE OF ART. (New York.) With its November number the *Magazine of Art* ends the tenth year of its existence and closes the volume for 1886. The frontispiece is a reproduction in brown of one of Sir Joshua Reynolds' famous portraits. A spirited paper is on The American Salon. An account is given of some historic gloves, which is illustrated among others by a fac simile of Shakespeare's gloves. Apple Tree Corner is graphically pictured and the reader quite envies the painters this beautiful retreat. Art in Canada occupies several pages of illustrated letter-press. An interesting paper is devoted to Van Dyck in Antwerp, and is followed by a paper on Medals of the Stage.

THE QUIVER. (New York.) The opening paper is on the Divine Generosity; Arthur Gore writes on the Epistles of the Captivity, and Lord Brabazon tells of the Ministering Children's League. In the papers on False Prophets of the Past, Mahomet is discussed. The serial story is concluded and a new one begun. There are an unusual number of poems and the short stories are numerous and of great variety.

BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head, are for sale at, or can be ordered through the office of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

HISTORY OF THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO, with a preliminary view of the Ancient Mexican Civilization, and the life of the Conqueror, Hernando Cortes. By Wm. H. Prescott. New York: John B. Alden. Price, 2 vols., \$2.25.

Prescott's illustrated library edition, in two volumes, presents to-day as clear and concise a history of the invasion and conquest of Mexico by the Spaniards as it seems possible at this day to be written. The bloody doings of the invaders in the name of Christianity will remain a blot upon the history of the Spanish Conquest to all time, and although the historian in this work has stood on as neutral ground as it were possible for any one having the feelings of a man to stand, yet the impartial description of those scenes so vividly portrayed cannot fail to arouse the indignation of every person who reads the graphic pen pictures presented by the author, while at the same time fascinating the reader to that extent that he does not want to lay aside the volume until it is read through. The second volume is replete with interesting details.

HAND-BOOK OF ENGLISH HISTORY. By M. J. Guest and Francis H. Underwood, A. M. Boston: Lee & Shepard; Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

A most interesting condensation of English History based on the lectures of the late M. J. Guest, and brought down to the year 1880, with a supplementary chapter upon English Literature of the Nineteenth Century by Francis H. Underwood, A. M., and a most attractive and valuable feature. Underwood has re-edited and revised the history, adding new matter where it was found necessary, but without changing the author's original methods. Mr. Guest's history ends with the reign of George III., and Mr. Underwood has brought it down to within five years of the present date, and in harmony with the spirit of his author. Mr. Underwood should be cordially thanked for preparing so delightful a work for American students.

TWEED'S GRAMMAR FOR COMMON SCHOOLS. By E. F. Tweed, A. M. Boston: Lee & Shepard; Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

The leading principles and facts of English Grammar are here given in a little more than one hundred pages, by one who was for several years superior in the Boston schools. The essential subjects are presented with such clearness of statement that a child of twelve years, of ordinary training, will find no difficulty in comprehending them. The Appendix, consisting of a few pages, is full of valuable facts about the language of our language. It is a book that should be examined by teachers and will be popular because of its simplicity and ingenuity.

ALDEN'S CYCLOPEDIA OF UNIVERSAL LITERATURE. Vol. IV. New York: John B. Alden. Price, cloth, 60 cents a volume.

The fourth volume of this admirable work is just from the press and is found to carry out the excellence of the project as promised in the first volume. The collection, so far as it has gone, is very full and complete, and bids fair to be of great service to the scholar and the professional man.

CASSELL'S NATIONAL LIBRARY. New York: Cassell & Co.

The publication of this series of weekly volumes continues, and has now reached the thirty-seventh volume. Each volume contains about two hundred pages clear, readable print, on good paper, at the low price of ten cents a volume. The series includes such reading as: Childs Harold's Pilgrimage, The School for Scandal and The Rivals, The Lady of the Lake, Frank Bacon, Hamlet, Castle of Otranto and much more as well known and popular.

THE CHILD'S BOOK OF HEALTH in Easy Lessons for Schools. By Albert P. Blaisdell, M. D. Boston: Lee & Shepard; Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

This little book aims to present in a manner interesting and intelligent to the youngest reader the simplest facts about our bodily life. Its object is to stimulate children to learn a few things about everyday matters of health. The chapters are illustrated, and it will be found a convenient and suggestive outline of the subjects treated.

THE LITTLE MASTER. By J. T. Trowbridge. Boston: Lee & Shepard; Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

Another work from the pen of this popular author will be welcomed by the young, for they are always amused and interested while reading his stories. The story is that of a young school master who had much to overcome but succeeded through firmness of purpose and being steadfast to many principles.

New Books Received.

LIVES OF THE ENGLISH POETS. By Samuel Johnson, LL. D. Cassell's National Library. New York: Cassell & Co.; Chicago: S. A. Maxwell & Co. Price 10 cents.

COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS OF BENJ. F. TAYLOR. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. Price, cloth, \$1.75.

IDEOLOGY. By Dr. La Roy Sunderland. Boston: J. P. Mendum. Price, cloth, \$1.50.

IRENE; or the Road to Freedom. By Sada Bailey Fowler. Philadelphia: H. N. Fowler & Co.

EARTHLY WATCHERS AT THE HEAVENLY GATES. By Rev. John Chester, D. D. Philadelphia: Presbyterian Board of Publication.

Whooping Cough.

Dr. Barlow, in the *Lancet*, expresses the opinion, after a very thorough investigation into the nature of whooping cough, that it is to be classed among the diseases which are caused by the irritation excited by the presence of parasites; and that these are micrococci, which proliferate in large numbers upon the living membrane of the larynx and pharynx. He also claims for recording the power to greatly reduce the intensity of the disease, and to directly lead to its cure. This remedy, which is among the most recent introduced to the medical profession, is applied as a 1 or 2 per cent. solution, either by a brush or in the form of spray, directly to the mucous membrane of the throat and the larynx.

The President of the Cambridge, Mass., Fire Ins. Co., recommends Hood's Sarsaparilla as a building up and strengthening remedy.

According to the forthcoming "Life of Lincoln," in *The Century*, the grandfather of the President, who bore the same name, was massacred by Indians just one hundred years ago—1786.

The smallest book in the world is in the possession of the Earl of Dufferin. It is an edition of the sacred book of the Sikhs, and is said to be only half the size of a postage-stamp.

DYSPEPSIA

Causes its victims to be miserable, hopeless, confused, and depressed in mind, very irritable, languid, and drowsy. It is a disease which does not get well of itself. It requires careful, persistent attention, and a remedy to throw off the causes and tone up the digestive organs till they perform their duties willingly. Hood's Sarsaparilla has proven just the required remedy in hundreds of cases.

"I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla for dyspepsia, from which I have suffered two years. I tried many other medicines, but none proved so satisfactory as Hood's Sarsaparilla." THOMAS COOK, Brush Electric Light Co., New York City.

Sick Headache

"For the past two years I have been afflicted with severe headaches and dyspepsia. I was induced to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, and have found great relief. I cheerfully recommend it to all." MRS. E. F. ANNABLE, New Haven, Conn.

Mrs. Mary C. Smith, Cambridgeport, Mass., was a sufferer from dyspepsia and sick headache. She took Hood's Sarsaparilla and found it the best remedy she ever used.

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MY CARROLL, (Ill.) Seminary, Sep 2d '81 in last week's paper.

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Kanopolis is no fancy scheme on paper, with lots at \$5 each, but a genuine town of wood, brick, stone and mortar, with the air of business and the life and vim of a growing, prosperous city.

A number of stores are established, a grain elevator is in operation; a steam printing establishment is now running, a large, three-story brick hotel is being built, a woolen mill will soon be in operation, a carriage and spring wagon factory is being erected, a soap factory is under way, a depot is near completion, excellent brick are being manufactured, and several hundred thousand sold as soon as ready, and negotiations are pending for a large flour mill, a stone foundry, a pottery, a broom factory, and many other industries which it is expected will soon locate here.

The Town Site is the finest in the entire West, the drainage is perfect, the purest water can be obtained in great abundance, the air is bracing, the climate is delightful and there is everything to induce health and make life enjoyable.

Several more Railroads are building towards Kanopolis, and two, the "Santa Fe" and the "Missouri Pacific," recently arrived within twelve miles of Kanopolis, so it is now certain Kanopolis is destined to be a great

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Business Locations.—Few, if any, places present the advantages that Kanopolis does for those desiring to engage in all kinds of Mercantile pursuits. Merchants now here are doing a thriving business. More stores of all kinds are needed, and can do well, as factories are starting and the town is in the center of a county of 12,000 inhabitants.

Capitalists should come to Kanopolis, and invest in town lots or erect buildings for rent. Dwelling and business houses are paying 20 to 35 per cent clear on the investment, and town lots are already changing hands at an advance of 50 to 100 per cent over their cost. Kanopolis is bound to grow rapidly, because it is backed by a wealthy corporation that has taken hold of the town to make a city of it; hence, lands and lots are donated for churches, schools and colleges, and very liberal and substantial aid in various ways is given to all kinds of mills, shops and factories.

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The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL desires it to be distinctly understood that it can accept no responsibility as to the opinions expressed by Contributors and Correspondents. Free and open discussion within certain limits is invited, and in these circumstances writers are alone responsible for the articles to which their names are attached.

Exchanges and individuals in quoting from the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, are requested to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications of correspondents.

Anonymous letters and communications will not be noticed. The name and address of the writer are required as a guarantee of good faith. Rejected manuscripts cannot be preserved, neither will they be returned, unless sufficient postage is sent with the request.

When newspapers or magazines are sent to the JOURNAL, containing matter for special attention, the sender will please draw a line around the article to which he desires to call notice.

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, October 30, 1886.

The Inviolable Home.

It was an epoch in the life of man, when from a nomad he became a householder. Like wild beasts he had had his lair, and sometimes he had fought with the beasts for its possession; but there could be unfolded his capabilities. Industry, thrift, economy, foresight; the domestic virtues, good-fellowship, the love of social order, all these grew as the tree grows, fixed by its roots in its native soil. With new responsibilities manhood came, and he assumed lordship of the animals of which he had hardly been more than peer.

Then his constructiveness found chance for expansion, and he became a builder. From the cave to the bark-hut or log-hovel was but a step. When he kindled the domestic fire art made its rude beginning; inventions multiplied, forced by his desire for greater comfort, and the savage within him began to die. It has been a long time in expiring and is not yet dead. Anger, hate and contention spring into being in natures where it were natural to suppose their seeds had been exterminated and principles of goodness had found a congenial soil. Life on the planet, like the planet itself, develops slowly, though with constantly increasing speed; as the atmosphere about it becomes permeated with thought, winter gives way to spring, the mental forces quicken, and it is easier to think high thoughts, to do good deeds, and to become conscious of unseen and intangible forces.

Yet man can never safely discard his vital relationship to the hearthstone. No matter how commanding his intellect, how great his achievements, how lofty his aspirations, he is a nomad unless anchored to a home. Husband and wife, child, this is the trinity of the religion of the household. Alone, man fails of reaching his highest altitude. The love of the womanly nature, the desire of perpetuation, is a part of his being. Extinguished or repressed it has its revenge, a revenge which in civilized communities is more degrading and destructive than among barbarians. There the arrest or retroversion of virile force wreaks itself upon the beasts of the forest or in war upon each other. But among men of the world it finds an outlet in prodigality and all that terrible train of evils accompanying it or following in its wake.

It is in the order of nature that whatever tampers with the beginnings of life poisons life itself. Drunkenness, gluttony, the destruction of moral sensibility, of habits of industry, thrift, and morality, are among the more potent results. Deep down in the heart is the blight of decay, that,

"Rotting inward, slowly moulders all."

Whatever drifts and floats, like the algae of the ocean, is of low development. It has no roots of anchorage, no fibres that draw nutriment and gather power from its environment, no vital circulation by which it gives and takes from its kindred. It is a fact, but not a cause; a comet, not a planet. Drifting through forces of egoism and impulse, the man without a home is as desolate as the "Man Without a Country," even more so, for with wife and child the man can make for himself a country in some far wilderness, and establish his life in a small, but perfect, circle.

Happily married, the man becomes a citizen. He fixes himself in a permanent home, and gives a hostage to social law when a child is born. The home may be only a cabin, but woman loves the beautiful, and up the log sides she trails the morning-glory and pastes ripe pictures upon the walls within. For the comfort of wife and child the husband seeks possessions, and then grows a desire for permanence. The cabin gives place to the framed house, which is still further adorned. The wife who has worked as hard indoors as he has outside, in addition to the strain caused by the birth and care of little

ones, makes use of every art at her command to soften the hard facts of material existence. She wants her children to have better opportunities and more refined environments than she has had. Perhaps father and mother deny themselves too much for the sake of those who come after, but their mutual love and ambition for the welfare of their little brood, is the mainspring of activity, and of conformity to civilized order, and are the foundation of the arts and nobler industries.

As man rises in development, woman rises also. She ceases to be the beast of burden or the mere housekeeper, and grows to be his friend and companion. Correlating masculine power with feminine affection, she shows a capacity for moral and spiritual insight which has been unsuspected in earlier ages. To the modern nomad—the sensualist, she is a toy, but not to the typically developed man. Rising out of the restricting and depressing influences of that heredity and custom which fostered her weakest and most superficial qualities, the typically developed woman is the peer of her husband, the guide and instructor of her children, the affectional force in ethics and in society. She is not like man and never wants to be: she is only the largest and sweetest and best that it is possible for woman to become.

Whatever may be the result of co-operation in work, there can be no co-operation of conjugal affection. There are abnormal tendencies to reversion in all growths. There are side-growths and retractions in the human race, or cases where there is an arrested development of one faculty or set of faculties. In consequence Mormonism or some other form of polygamy becomes the habit of a few. The nomad and the polygamist are at the two extremes of the social scale; midway between is the permanent home.

Vagabondage has nothing at stake but its own miserable existence. Hence, as some one has said of those who follow it, "They war on the homes that might have saved them, and live by plundering on the industries they should have followed. These men with all their drifting kindred are but physical types of the worst vagabonds, those Bedouins of the social order who haunt the desert of artificial society to prey upon the unwary." Such Bedouins prate of affection, but deny it the stability which gives sacredness to anything deserving the name. They prate too, of freedom, but their freedom means laxity, not room for the expansion of the whole nature in purity and regularity. Under cover of plausible pretensions and high sounding words, they make their deadliest attacks upon fidelity and social order. In striking a blow at the integrity of the household, they try to undermine the security of the permanent home.

When one man and one woman separate themselves from the world by forming the relation of marriage, they make a social compact with their fellows. It is a sacred partnership, to be entered into honestly and kept loyally. As they are more or less discordant in development, so will be their relationship. It is useless to expect perfect happiness in marriage or out of marriage; there can be degrees of approximation however. But when a relation having such tremendous influence over each of the contracting parties is once formed, only the gravest of reasons justifies its annulment.

Some social philosopher has said that Robinson Crusoe upon his desert island had nothing to consider but his own welfare. The moment another person landed upon the shore, his duty toward that person began. His freedom to a certain extent, was thus limited. Had, his wife been shipwrecked and saved with him, the duty and limitation would have increased; the birth of a child would have proved a still greater limitation. Multiply individuals and relations and we multiply duties and restrictions. For it is necessary that one does not infringe upon the rights of another. Otherwise, the selfish and grasping, not to say the vicious and criminal, would prey upon the weak and inoffensive, as wolves prey upon lambs.

In the nature of things, individualism, often another name for selfishness, cannot be carried to its ultimate. The sharp corners of the egoist are rasped down by friction with others, and the process hurts. If he cannot, by sympathy, put himself in the place of others, they will put him where he belongs. The social Bedouin will, in time, be confined to his own desert to consort with his fellow outlaws.

Out of general experience grows general sentiment, and out of that, legislative enactments.

The law may be, and often is, below the stature of the more highly developed citizens of the state. In that case, the effort should be to bring the law up to the highest standard, and not transgress it. A law must press heavily upon a large class, before revolutionary acts are justifiable. Often, through the suffering of innocent victims, a righteous rage is kindled which does not cease till such infamous or oppressive laws are swept from the statute book. In many cases these enactments are outgrown and obsolete, such as the power of a husband to whip his wife, under the common law of England. It stands as a monument of past brutalities, or a text, written in gross letters, to show the quality of our progenitors.

But there are unwritten laws, fixed in our very constitutions, that need no statute books to carry weight with the high-minded. Among these are loyalty of husband to wife and wife to husband. When the union is cemented by children, the mutual bond becomes still stronger. But even where there are none, the tie cannot be broken lightly unless the contracting parties have character woven out of very slimy materials.

The intuition of the race cannot be at fault on this subject. Where the tie proves to be a chain, pressing too heavily on the life of one of the parties, or one of them is a criminal or is grossly intemperate or depraved, reason and common-sense declare that the innocent ought not suffer for the guilty.

But there are many cases where it takes years for those who married with the best of motives, to adjust themselves to one another. Time and strenuous effort to that end may make the tie tender and strong, at last, and the latter days of such will be their best. Woman must always find her happiness within the four walls of her home, whether it be humble or grand. If the man is the light, the woman is the warmth of the household. Always will she be the heart of the family life, and it is in accordance with experience as well as intuition that one woman and one man should hold together until death, and that woman should be the high priestess of the altar of the inviolable home.

Theology and Anarchy.

How far can ecclesiastical bodies be safely allowed to go in establishing canons for their own guidance, not in full accord with the statutes of the country, before their acts become revolutionary or anarchical? This is a problem which sooner or later the people of the United States must be brought to look squarely in the face and solve, in the interests of the perpetuity of free institutions.

The Statutes of Illinois, and of every State, reflecting the wisdom of the law-makers and the sentiments of the people, define what constitutes the proper grounds for the dissolution of the marital bond; while conventions of Protestants and edicts from the Vatican assume the right to establish a different code, and to refuse a ready compliance with established laws of the land.

It is said by some that the managers of religious sects have the undoubted right to pass such rules and enact such laws for the guidance and government of their followers as they choose. Shall the people of this nation then allow them to establish a hierarchy on the ruins of the republic, because they would set up the claim that ecclesiastical authority is superior to civil law? Has not this ecclesiastical meddling in the affairs of state unsettled governments and overturned civil authorities of various nations of the old world? And is not the same influence now at work to introduce into the laws of this country the same elements of usurpation of priestly authority to overturn our free institutions, which has wrought so much destruction in the old governments. It cannot be maintained that the resolutions, the organic laws, the edicts of these conventions and popes, are harmless, as they affect no one but the sects voluntarily yielding allegiance. For it is not true. The Constitution of the United States grants certain powers and confirms certain inherent rights, and confers upon the several States the right to establish constitutions and enact local laws not in contravention of the general organic law—the Constitution of the United States. When a law passed by the legislature of any State, or even by the general congress, is not in accordance with the organic act, and is so declared by the Supreme Court, it becomes inoperative, being decided to be unconstitutional, therefore null and void.

But the influence of these learned men goes farther than this in its general reach. They are instilling their dogmas into the minds of all whom they can reach; and by this opposition to established laws through a combined antagonism of their entire order, are infusing the masses with a general disregard of all law, and a disrespect for the civil authorities, which is leading on to a state of anarchy or ecclesiastical rule.

We do not deny to members the right to bind themselves to the decree and the dogma of their church, if they choose, individually; but when that decree teaches disobedience of civil law it becomes revolutionary. And if, as some argue, they profess the right to refuse to obey the law of divorce, on the other hand it might be argued with equal propriety, the Mormons have a right to refuse to obey the monogamous law of marriage.

Now when a body of ecclesiastics, as an organization within the United States, attempts to enact laws for their guidance contrary to the laws of a single State, the act is not only an attempt to abrogate a State law, so far as they are concerned, but rises to the magnitude of an unconstitutional usurpation of the powers of civil government, both local and general, and becomes revolutionary.

If these deductions are legitimate and logical, then the late Episcopal convention, in its edict on the subject of divorce, took revolutionary grounds, and has placed itself side by side with the anarchists who would destroy the law. Only an insane bigotry, manifested in the unwarranted attempt to place themselves superior to civil authorities, and above control of civil law, could have led them to such promulgation of the rights conferred upon them by their organization, or such usurpation of the constitutional rights guaranteed to individuals.

After the Frauds.

The Eastern Star, published at Glenburn Maine, is after the frauds in Spiritualism in a kindly but vigorous manner. It winds up a live editorial on the exposure of a fraud in its issue of Oct. 15th, thus:

"For the best good of Spiritualism we have placed this before you, and if you think Spiritualism has received its death blow thereby and the Star lost its influence, for its death blow thereby and your sake look the ground over carefully before giving your thoughts to the public, for we emphatically say, that if exposing frauds will kill Spiritualism, let her die."

The JOURNAL's readers will gladly welcome

this Star in the East as a good omen, and a promise of a rational era dawning in a section of country sadly needing it. The Eastern Star is a fortnightly, devoted to Spiritualism, and those who would like to see specimen copies can, no doubt, obtain them by addressing C. M. Brown, Publisher, Glenburn, Maine.

Brief Extracts from Last Sunday's Sermons.

Central Music Hall was, as usual, densely packed at last Sunday morning's service, when Professor Swing delivered a discourse on "A False Balance," taking for his text the following: "A false balance is abomination to the Lord, but a just weight is his delight" (Prov. xi, 1). His remarks were pointed as well as brilliant. With reference to extremes of poverty and wealth he said: "No abomination can be greater than a pair of scales in which a half-witted king is made to weigh more than a million of poor serfs, or in whose dishes a man weighs more than a hundred women, or in which a man who steals a hundred thousand dollars has less moral guilt than a negro who steals a melon from a large field. Our jails and penitentiaries are full of black and white men who have stolen a ring or a watch, or have in the darkness opened a door with a false key, but the freedom of the city or of Canada is awarded to those whose robberies are the most ruinous to the most families. When the Lord looks down and sees a single mortal making five millions into ten millions and ten into twenty, by a press which simply prints more stock for the market, and then sees a railway laborer go to his hovel at night with only a dollar between his family and the poor-house, the word 'abomination' must seem as large as eternity and as black as the abyss of perdition."

"The Battle at the Ballot-Box," was the subject of the Rev. Dr. Fawcett's discourse at Park Avenue Methodist Church, founded on the fifteenth verse of the eleventh chapter of First Samuel: "And all the people went to Gilgal, and there they made Saul King in Gilgal." He claimed that Athelism was the mother of anarchy. He is mistaken in that respect for many of the Anarchists are devout church members. He said: "There is no danger to this country from those who enter the 'Golden Gate.' The danger is from the ignorant vote that enters the Eastern gate. There are in this country to-day 7,000,000 people who can neither read nor write. Nearly 6,000,000 of them were born under our flag. At a given age these people, according to our law, have a right to vote. Hundreds of thousands yearly are coming to this country who, though in their own country and in their own language are able to read and write, yet so far as their knowledge of this country and its institutions are concerned are as ignorant as midnight. These thousands after a few months' stay under this flag have a right to vote." Dr. Fawcett thinks this is entirely wrong, and is fraught with great danger.

The Rev. Dr. Utter at the Church of the Messiah made this heterodox statement: "For my part I do not count the church a supernatural institution."

The Rev. P. R. Ross, of Ingersoll, Canada, preached at the Eighth Presbyterian Church. He said: "And as the clay, sand, dust and soot taken from the flint and elime may become sapphire, opal and diamond, so may the most degraded mortals be reached and created anew by the power and love of God."

The Trinity Evangelical Lutheran Church was dedicated last Sunday, Dr. Selms preaching the dedicatory services. He said: "The songs of joy are sung over what has been achieved, and the Holy One has been invoked to send forth his spirit into it and take possession of the place because earnest hearts have labored and have built a house for the name of the Lord."

True Inwardness of Bennettism.

Those familiar with the doings of the so-called Liberal League, and its persistent attempt to prevent the closing of the U.S. mails against obscene and immoral printed matter, will recall the activity of one E. C. Walker. He was one of D. M. Bennett's champions, and fired the liberal (?) heart at every convention. The JOURNAL well recalls a memorable scene in Hershey Hall one evening several years ago. Col. Ingersoll was then Vice-President of the National Liberal League and, with his wife, was present at the annual congress of the League. The Congress was as usual being steered in the interests of free-lovers, libertines and quacks; in that it still demanded the unconditional repeal of what was popularly known as the "Comstock law." Col. Ingersoll rose, his magnificent form standing in striking contrast with the mass of delegates, and with burning eloquence plead for decency. In its interests and those of the League he begged the delegates not to re-affirm the demand for repeal, but to ask for such modification as would prevent the abuse of the law. Again and again this eloquent advocate and pleader rose and threw his whole soul and personal influence on the side of decency. But in vain, his words went unheeded. While he was pleading with an eloquence that would have electrified and carried the vote of any decent body, a little, wiry, hatchet-faced, insignificant looking young man was continually walking the centre aisle, snapping his fingers in the air and uttering sneering or sarcastic remarks. This delegate was E. C. Walker, and he had vastly more influence in the congress than did Ingersoll. He whipped the great orator in an assemblage where the latter came with all the prestige of a demi-

god. Ingersoll resigned in disgust—only to take office at the hands of the same body later on, be it said to his shame. Walker has remained consistent. Of late he has been one of the editors and proprietors of *The Lucifer*, published at Valley Falls, Kansas. His partner had a daughter sixteen years old. Notwithstanding the fact that he already had a wife, Walker cajoled this girl into a free-love compact, with the consent of her father. On the 19th of September this affair culminated. The day following this travesty on marriage, Walker and his victim were arrested and put in jail at Oskaloosa. The girl got bail, but the poor, persecuted Walker still does the role of martyr behind the bars. The craze which made life in prison profitable for Bennett has passed away, and Walker will not fare so well as did his former master.

A Child Born Drunk.

It is said that the infant son of a well-known citizen of Westfield, N. J., though but just large enough to walk and talk, appears and acts like an intoxicated person. A local physician, in conversation with a reporter, gave a history of the case. It seems that the parents were very exemplary young people, and began their married life without a cloud to dim their future. No one in the town had better habits than the young husband, but some months after his marriage he lapsed a little from the path of strict temperance. One winter evening the man went from his home ostensibly "to watch with a sick member of the village lodge." He really visited Sam Goechalk's tavern. The trusting wife discovered at 9 o'clock that her husband had forgotten to purchase meat for breakfast and she went to the market. A stormy wind was blowing and the snow was falling, but as she passed the hotel the sound of a man's voice in song came to her ears. She listened but a moment. There was no mistaking her husband's voice, and scarcely knowing what she did, she looked in at the bar-room window and saw her husband there in a state of beastly intoxication. Some time after this little episode a son was born to the parents—a fine, healthy infant, bright and comely. Several months later, when the child began to walk and talk, they took him to the physician. The little one could not walk without staggering in a most unseemly and ludicrous manner, and could not slip baby words without a strange hicough and hesitation. The doctor, averring that if he had seen such symptoms in an adult he should have pronounced them due to intoxication and nothing else, with little difficulty obtained an account of the unfortunate maternal impression that provoked the peculiar malady with which the child is afflicted. No line of medical treatment could be of use in such a case, and reluctantly the physician gave up the infant boy to endure his strangely miserable life.

GENERAL ITEMS.

Judge E. S. Holbrook is now located at room 7, Times building, where he will be pleased to see those who desire legal advice.

"The Rationale of Apparitions at the Moment of Death," by our learned contributor W. E. Coleman, published on another page, is respectfully commended to the attention of Prof. Newcomb and all others interested.

Correspondents, without exception, will please bear in mind that all communications either on business or for the columns of the JOURNAL must be addressed either to Jno. C. Bundy or RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. Strict observance of this request will prevent delays and loss of manuscript.

A. B. French writes that the health of his wife and business interests require his presence at home, hence he has retired from the regular lecture field. Mr. French's services may, however, be secured for funerals and lectures which do not require his absence from home for more than a day or two.

The Religious Herald says: "Rev. H. B. Wilson, Jr., who misappropriated \$30,000 belonging to the Church Erection Society of the Presbyterian church, was tried by the New York Presbytery on Monday, October 10th. He pleaded guilty and was deposed from the ministry and suspended from church privileges until he gives evidence of repentance. The money has been restored by Wilson's relatives and friends."

"Dr." D. J. Stansbury, who has been holding forth in San Francisco as a medium for independent latent writing, gave an exhibition on Oct. 10th, before the society of Spiritualists meeting in Metropolitan Temple. He was detected in trickery by Mr. Wadsworth, chairman, and Mr. Dodge, treasurer of the society. Mr. Wadsworth explained to the audience how the trick was done. A number of credible witnesses corroborate the testimony as to Stansbury's methods.

The Toronto Globe says: "There can be no doubt that the spirit and temper of this age are in protest against a great practical error of the church in the past—viz.: that of proceeding too exclusively theoretic truth. It is not that men hate and disbelieve the spirit and faith of Christ, though bigots are quick to assert this; no, but they rebel against the claim religious teachers have so long made, that the guesses, inferences, and science of the past are the limit of the thought of the present. The scientific spirit and critical researches of the times that are passing over us, have relegated theological, speculative matters to a limbo of oblivion, but they have enabled us to see more clearly the real, historical, living Christ, who was to a great extent concealed by the controversial mist that was thrown around him."

Mormons have more religion to the square inch than any people in the world. Every meeting, from a ball to a theatrical performance, is opened with a prayer and closed with a benediction. Polygamy is not carried on to the extent it is represented to be. Not more than eight per cent. of the population indulge in the practice. They are far ahead of us in one respect, they marry into eternity.—Rev. M. T. Lamb.

The Medium and Daybreak speaks as follows of Mr. Massey's week night lectures: "To our readers, the most interesting portion of Mr. Massey's course commences this evening. He begins to deal with the origin of the popular religious notions. The last four are of vital importance, and should receive the attention of Christians and Spiritualists alike. What divine is there who understands the true interpretation of the New Testament? Our speakers and 'spirit guides' go on thus repeating the old Christian blunders, and thus Spiritualism nurses a serpent in its bosom, in following the lead of the orthodox in the interpretation of Scripture."

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher delivered an address in the Rev. Dr. Parker's City Temple, London, on "Pulpit Work." He dwelt upon the aid the newspaper rendered to the preacher. A number of questions were asked Mr. Beecher as to his idea of the doctrine of retribution, and his answers caused intense excitement, several divines rising to their feet and loudly protesting against his views. Mr. Beecher retorted that any man believing in retribution who married, entered society, or smiled, was a monster. He (Beecher) preferred working through a fear springing from love rather than through fear of the barbaric doctrine of retribution.

Mrs. E. B. Duffey of Troy, N. Y., writes: "The cause of Spiritualism has received a fresh impetus in this city since the annual meeting of the Progressive Spiritual Association. A larger and better hall has been engaged, which is well filled every Sunday evening, and outside talent secured. The following is a list of the newly elected officers: President, W. H. Vosburgh; Vice-President, Wm. H. Lee; Secretary, Mrs. E. B. Duffey; Treasurer, E. S. Armstrong. Trustees: Mrs. E. Gorthy, Mrs. Jane Nevee, Mrs. H. L. Barnes, Mrs. M. Moe, Messrs. J. C. Cooper, Wm. Gardner, Harvey Wilbur, Fergus Dods, Chas. Holman, C. M. Austen, and C. M. Bowman. The prospects are very bright for the present year."

One of the most interesting figures at the recent Congress of Orientalists at Vienna, was the Hindu Bhandarkar, professor at the Deccan College in Poona, who wore a snow-white turban and sash, and who read in fluent English an address on a palm-leaf manuscript in the Prakrit dialect recently discovered by him. It deals with the religion of the Jains, a Hindu sect, formerly very prevalent in the Deccan, which occupied a middle ground between Brahmanism and Buddhism; and one of whose tenets was the denial of the sacred character of the Vedas. Prof. Bhandarkar also made remarks on other manuscripts discovered by him, one of which has been published by the Sanskrit scholar Prof. Buhler of Vienna.

Dr. Thomas speaks as follows of the Old World: "In reference to the religious life, we have another matter hard to understand. It seemed to me that it had become old over there and had no vital grip upon the life of the people. Aside from the Americans you would see few in the cathedrals except very old people. The old World seems to be in a shadow of the past so great that it is impossible to escape from it, and impossible to rise up to and take something new. Our country, however, was where the poor could rise and the country that is to be. We have the chance to build up a greater manhood and womanhood, and already have raised woman to a much higher standard than in Europe. We have placed her beyond working upon the farm."

The Women's Tribune is a paper devoted to the interests of women—woman suffrage in particular—and is published at Beatrice, Neb. We have frequently called attention to it in these columns. Mrs. Clara B. Colby, the editor, is an enthusiastic worker for women; she is assisted by a number of earnest and devoted women. The Tribune is a spicy, bright paper, and well worth its subscription price, \$1.00 per year. A large number of correspondents in different parts of the country send items of the work being done for women in their locality, thereby giving a large amount of information for a very small amount of money. No woman who has any interest in the cause can afford to be without this paper, and it needs your hearty support.

A writer in the Pittsburg Dispatch, maintains, like all Spiritualists, that the influence of the human mind over the body is remarkable. People break out in cold perspiration when in great terror, and cause the hot blood to rush to another's face by a word. Grief and anxiety turn the body from paths of health, and sometimes actually modify the nutrition to such an extent that great changes take place. The hair may turn gray or furrows and wrinkles come to the face. Nearly every student of medicine, in his early attempts to acquire medical lore, will in turn have marked symptoms of every disease he reads about. Those who are not accustomed to daily contact with diseases, and are easily impressed, should not read descriptions of human ills, and should avoid medical books, especially the pseudo-scientific books called as "popular," such as "Every body His Own Physician," "Dr. Do-and-so's Home Treatment," and their like. The tendency that people have—that is, the tendency to think they have the very symptoms of

which they read—is one of the bogus doctor's strongholds. He will detail a long list of symptoms which may be indicative of half a dozen diseases, and the reader, who probably does not feel well, finding that three or four of the symptoms fit him exactly, paying no regard to the many laid down which do not fit him, thinks this is the very medicine, or the very doctor, he wants."

The travelling public and that large body of health and pleasure seekers who flit southward in winter will be glad to learn that a first class hotel is now to be found in the beautiful city of Macon, Georgia. The Hotel Lanier has been re-built and fitted up with every modern appliance. Best of all, Mr. I. D. Crawford, already personally known to many of the JOURNAL's readers as a competent hotel man, and Mr. J. G. Campbell, formerly of the Bates House, Indianapolis, are the lessees. These gentlemen who made such a grand success of the Hotel St. Louis at Lake Minnetonka this summer will, no doubt, greet a host of their old friends this winter.

The deliberations of the Presbyterian Synod of Pennsylvania and West Virginia, of Mexico and Western Africa, which has been in session in Pittsburgh, Pa., were enlivened by the introduction of a resolution which is intended to drive heterodoxy out of the church. Among those who are said to have departed from the ancient faith are certain of the professors of theology in the seminary at Andover. The resolution or overture was presented by Dr. Pierson, of Philadelphia. It denounces the future probation idea and other heresies in vigorous terms. Dr. Pierson, author of the overture, defended it in a scathing speech. Other prominent churchmen also spoke in favor of the measure. The overture and the discussion upon it were the only topic of conversation. Dr. Pierson's pointed remarks against the future probation dogma were construed as making unmistakably accusations against certain well-known Presbyterian ministers and theological professors. There are few who are not in sympathy with the sentiment of the resolution, but some oppose it on the ground of expediency, claiming that to indorse the resolution would show a disaffection in the church and create a bad impression. "If the doctrine of probation after death is true," said a minister, "it would be a great deal better if the heathen never heard of the Gospel."

Publisher's Notice.

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL will be sent to new subscribers, on trial, thirteen weeks for fifty cents.

Subscribers in arrears are reminded that the year is drawing to a close, and that the publisher has trusted them in good faith. He now asks them to cancel their indebtedness and remit for a year in advance.

Readers having friends whom they would like to see have a copy of the JOURNAL, will be accommodated if they will forward a list of such names to this office.

The date of expiration of the time paid for, is printed with every subscriber's address. Let each subscriber examine and see how his account stands.

Specimen copies of the JOURNAL will be sent free to any address.

Indian Day and Harvest Moon Festival at Onset.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The annual celebration of Indian Day and Harvest Moon Festival was duly observed at this place Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 9th and 10th, under the auspices of the Onset Bay Grove Association, President Wm. D. Crockett presiding, assisted by the Ladies' Industrial Union, the Onset Bay Lyceum with its corps of able officers, and a general response from the dwellers at the grove. Charles W. Sullivan was chairman of the committee on hall decorations; Mrs. G. F. Howe chairman of the committee on supper, and Mrs. Sadie P. Andrews chairman of fancy needle work and sale table. The several committees were ably seconded by good and earnest workers, to the end that this celebration should be a perfect success. Parties for a week and more have been to Hog Island, and have secured the country for evergreens, vegetables and fruits of the land as a contribution for the decoration of the Onset Temple. Large trees of cedar and pine had been placed upon the stage in such a way as to present to the eye a miniature forest behind the foot-lights of the spacious stage. An Indian's wigwag had been erected, and without stands the brave and his squaw, the former with bow and arrow, standing in easy position at the left center. The squaw is superintending the cooking, a large iron kettle being suspended from the tripod, the fire being represented by brilliant autumn foliage and gold and silver tinsel. In the center incline the papoose. These three figures are perfectly life-like, the costumes worn by them being genuine Indian and the property of Mr. Sullivan. In front of the stage is artistically arranged the produce of the season—vegetables, fruits, etc. The brilliant autumnal foliage is in abundance. The gardens of the place have been taxed for the flowers which are exhibited in great profusion. Large plants, potted for the occasion, occupy prominent positions at the entrance to the stage and on the stairs leading to the same. The word "Harmony" in evergreen, surmounted by a star in oak leaves appears at the top of the proscenium, while at the bottom, festooned in princess pine is a beautifully wrought star of white, scarlet and crimson flowers. On the two sides of the stage in large wreaths hang the pictures of Dr. H. F. Gardner and Ed. S. Wheeler, while on an easel, beautifully decorated with flowers, rests the picture (a present to the Association) of the late I. P. Greenleaf. The pillars through the hall and all available spaces are draped with flags and evergreens. All the people of the place have contributed for the grand affair, and old and young have worked in harmony as a committee of the whole to carry out the Harvest Moon Festival.

The Harvest Moon Festival has become a fixture at Onset, and in all probability it will be observed as long as Onset remains a Spiritual Home by the beautiful waters of Onset Bay. It is also Indian Day, and if clairvoyance tells the truth, the native Indians journey to Onset every year in spirit, to hold

sweet communion with their native soil. Dr. I. P. Greenleaf, to whom we credit the origin of the Indian celebration at the time of the Harvest Moon at Onset, always reported their arrival at this season of the year, many others among them. C. W. Sullivan, Mrs. Dr. Sturtevant and Mrs. E. S. Loring, each having the power of clairvoyance, and their testimony, and those present at these gatherings can but realize the fact of the Indians' spirit presence.

At 2:30 o'clock, P. M., Saturday, the 9th of October, President Crockett called the meeting to order, consisting of nearly 500 persons, and in a few words said the meeting was for our Indian friends in spirit life, who he believed were present with us in larger numbers than ever before, and he invited all mediums having Indian controls to give way for them, and let them speak as they felt, as the platform was free for them.

The musical director being too ill to be present, your scribe assisted by Mrs. Eva Casell upon the piano, led the audience in singing "America." Invocation by Miss M. S. Shelhamer, of the Banner of Light. Remarks by Sidney Howe relative to schools for the Indians.

Mrs. Whitlock, under Indian control, contrasted the Indian Day with the white man's Independence Day. Lone Star spoke words of greeting and thankfulness through the organism of Mrs. E. S. Loring. Miss M. T. Shelhamer spoke of the gratitude of the Indian for favors received; also spoke of the benefits received from Indian controls. She said she believed she voiced the sentiments of her brother and sister mediums in acknowledging real benefits from the control of the Indian spirits. Hal Belle, one of her controls, spoke words of good cheer for all present, and wanted to send big love to Mr. Sullivan, who was too ill to be at his post of duty. Mrs. Shelhamer voiced word of thankfulness from Dr. I. P. Greenleaf for the beautiful display and happy observance of the Indian's Day at Onset.

Remarks of a thankful nature and spiritual tests were given by Prairie Flower, through the organism of Mrs. A. E. Pennel. Mr. Hains, under a very powerful control, said he was commissioned by the Indians present to tender the Association through the President, the heart-felt thanks of the spirit Indians for the opportunities of the present hour, the day we celebrate.

Mrs. Whittier, of Onset, spoke cheering words for the Indians from the Pacific Slope, and, under control, sang a song as given at the native gatherings. Mrs. Dr. Sturtevant, under control of her familiar spirit, Elsie, spoke of the Indian corn so beautifully traced and placed among the decorations upon the stage. It was presented to the Association by W. F. Whitmarsh, of Pembroke, Mass., as coming down in a direct line from generation to generation from the Narragansett tribe, to which she belonged.

Mrs. Whitmarsh was present and corroborated the control's statement, by giving some five or six generations of its lineage. Mr. B. H. Bown said this juncture handed in a flint spear-head, which Elsie said came from the same tribe. This spear-head is about eight inches long by three and one-half wide at the widest point, and weighs about twenty ounces. Elsie's remarks were of a historical nature and were very interesting.

A lady, whose name I did not get, came forward and sang in a pleasing style and manner, "O White Man, Let Me Go!" Starlight, through the organism of Mrs. Sarah R. Stevens, of San Francisco, Cal., addressed the meeting at length. She said that the occasion made her very happy, as she was able to stand there with her own motto (Harmony) over her head, wrought by the hand of those who understood its beauty, and over that motto arose the star of hope, symbolical of trust in the ability of higher powers to bring harmony out of discord. Around her she saw the fruits of an earthly harvest in all their variety, each one right in its own place, and accomplishing the purpose for which it was intended in its own sphere.

That variety reminded her of the scale of music, which, when touched aright, brought out the soul of harmony and unity of purpose, while rough or untuned fingers would produce only discord and confusion. Still, the inharmonies were necessary to attain the soul to sweet music, even like undeveloped conditions in nature and human beings. There were semi-tones, which, by themselves, wrought only incompleteness, restlessness, discord, disease and death; but blended with notes of harmony they grew into a new unfoldment, and become a part of the great whole. The great secret of life was for us to learn to evolve a harmony which would ever and always overcome every discord.

The motto above symbolized the coming future of the camp at Onset Bay; and foretold that they had builded better than they knew; that angel presences had indeed overshadowed the Temple in which they stood, and would send forth the spirit of peace which could be felt far beyond its walls; and she would say that if all would work cheerfully together, and co-operate with those higher powers, that building would not be able to hold the people who would be drawn towards it, and the camp would have to be enlarged. While her medium had been staying at Onset Bay, she had been searching for volunteers in the spirit life who would work with her towards that end, and had found twelve spirits of the Indians, who would each exert all the influence possible in this direction, and seek out avenues in which to hold the power of love. Then they would have in their midst a spiritual temple of harmonious work, one composed of living temples—men and women—who would live out the truths held up at this time to the world. The time had come, when the power of the spirit would compel workers to live the ideals and principles they had so long taught, and make the beautiful feeling of fraternity part of their daily lives, lives which would refuse to give expression to any discordant element and overcome it with calmness and love.

In conclusion she would only say that whether her medium was there, or on the far Pacific coast, she would be present at the celebration of every Harvest Moon, and help them to carry on their efforts for good, until at last a real spiritual camp would grow, and become a centre of strength for all; and she knew—for she felt it—that this fair picture of its possibilities there came a response from the inmost hearts of the people.

Sunbeam offered words of peace and harmony through the organism of Mr. Dr. Crosby. We were reminded that 5 o'clock P. M. was the hour, and we reluctantly closed the session by singing "Auld Lang Syne."

Mrs. G. F. Howe and her assistants notified the assembly that supper was ready, and more than two hundred of us paid our special attention to discussing one of the most beautiful repasts of all the seasons at Onset. Onset baked beans and brown bread with everything else in time and tune; hot coffee, hot tea, ice cream with all the fruits of the season, and the best of it all was that everybody had a supply.

Mrs. Sadie P. Andrews and her assistants

disposed of every article upon the sales table, and mourned because the supply was not equal to the demand, and promised to do better next season.

In the evening the spacious hall was well filled, the doors being ajar for free admittance. At 7:30 P. M., the following episode took place, which was a very pleasing occasion. Mr. C. W. Sullivan stepped forward and said:

"Friends, it is with great pleasure that I come before you at this hour to perform a pleasant duty in presenting to the Onset Bay Grove Association this beautiful portrait of the kind and familiar face of our late arisen friend and brother, Dr. I. P. Greenleaf. He was ever the true friend, and, indeed, kind brother, given to kind acts, faithful in the performance of all duties and generously devoted to humanity. It gives me double pleasure in presenting this picture because he was my friend indeed from my early years. Though no more we behold his earthly face, yet let this picture act as fitting tablet to the memory of him who was always alive to the best interest of our glorious philosophy of truth everlasting. In presenting this picture to the Onset Bay Grove Association in behalf of a few of his friends, let me add a wish that it may be followed by many other familiar faces of the past workers who have borne the burden in the heat of the day, and who now bless us by their spirit presence to cheer us on in all good works for truth and humanity. Therefore to you, President Crockett, I present this picture that it may grace the walls of this beautiful Temple."

President Crockett replied, in substance, as follows: "It is with deep felt emotion that I receive on behalf of the Onset Bay Grove Association and my associates, this life-like portrait of our arisen brother. For many years he was closely identified with this Association, and his every thought and act was for its prosperity and usefulness. As a lecturer he was sincere and earnest, devoting his whole time to the cause he so much loved. As a citizen he was above reproach—kind and lovable as a child, his heart ever beat for the good of all. Ever looking for the bright side of life his mantle of charity was ever ready to cast over the errors of his fellow man."

"Mr. Sullivan, I wish to return to you and, through you, to the kind friends who have so generously contributed toward this present occasion of one we all loved, mine and the Association's heart-felt thanks. As we look from time to time upon this picture, it will remind us of one who made the world better for having lived in it. Again I thank you."

This episode closed by the audience singing Auld Lang Syne. Charles W. Sullivan was then controlled by the late Dr. I. P. Greenleaf, and in form, features and expression was an almost perfect personification of the Doctor in earth life. His remarks were listened to in silence and were rich in personal characteristics of the man.

Sunday, the 10th, Miss M. S. Shelhamer, of Boston, under control of her familiar spirit, Red Wing, spoke in the Temple at 10:30 o'clock, A. M., taking for her subject, "The Influence of a Race." The lecture partook largely of a historical and legendary account of the Indian race in the United States, and was very interesting.

Thus closed the most successful Indian Day and Harvest Moon Festival that has ever been held at Onset.

W. W. CURRIER.

General News.

The world's championship in base-ball was won by the St. Louis Browns, who defeated the Chicago league nine by 4 to 3.—Judge Prendergast, of Chicago, sent to jail for fifty days, for contempt of court, a clerk of election, named John T. Mullen, for being intoxicated while on duty registration day.—The fire at Farmington, Maine, Oct. 22nd, destroyed thirty-three dwellings, nineteen stores, and three churches. The loss is estimated at \$300,000.—Samuel K. Gay, the defaulting chief clerk of the pension office at Pittsburgh, pleaded guilty on twelve counts.—Secretary Bayard has received the formal resignation of S. S. Cox as minister to Turkey.—Sheriff Rowan, of Philadelphia, has been placed under constraint, because of softening of the brain.—The clearings of the Chicago banks for the past week were \$54,899,547.—President Cleveland has appointed Daniel N. Lockwood attorney for the Northern district of New York and Lucius M. Lamar to be marshal for the Southern district of Georgia.—Earthquake shocks were felt last Sunday in Athens, Greece, and Mobile, Alabama.

On the last trip of the ocean steamship America, Captain Grace died from a congestive chill, caused by exposure to the storm for forty-two hours, and an insane Englishman leaped overboard and was seen no more.—Robert W. Alston, a son of the late Colonel "Bob" Alston, of Atlanta, blew out his brains in the office of the sixth auditor at Washington, where he held a clerkship.—The Illinois live-stock commission has at last decided to appoint three appraisers for the cattle quarantined at the Chicago distilleries, and such number of the number as are apparently healthy will be sold to the highest bidder.—The sessions of the Bulgarian sobranje commenced last Wednesday at Tirnova, notwithstanding the demand made by General Kaulbars for a postponement.—The contest for the seat in the British Parliament for Londonderry was ended in a victory for Justin McCarthy, who is now on a lecture tour in the United States.—Two Germans have been arrested in France for making plans of the forts and roadways. They admitted having received a sovereign for each letter containing a military diagram.—J. C. Cameron, of Chicago, bookkeeper for Martin McRoberts, in Lake Street, pleaded guilty to the embezzlement of \$3,000 before Justice Lyon, and was committed to jail. Women and wine were the causes of his thefts. His employer, in stating that he had raised the prisoner, remarked that in no city in the United States are there such glaring temptations to young men.—Romero, come from Washington that President Cleveland and General Sheridan will endeavor to reduce their circumference by massaging treatment.—Near Kilgore, Texas, some miscreant fired six times with a Winchester rifle into an international train, striking a New York drummer in the hip.

The Japanese Prince Komatsu and suite have left San Francisco for Chicago and New York.—An educator at Newburgh, N. Y., will send to Albany a bill making the sale of cigarettes to small boys a punishable offense.—Real estate transactions in Chicago for the week aggregated \$1,067,158.—The sheriff at Chicago closed the wine-house of the Cavareo company, whose liabilities are about \$35,000.—Carter H. Harrison has been nominated for Congress by the Democrats of the Third Illinois district, in opposition to William E. Mason, Republican.—The Episcopal Council at Chicago has elected Rev. R. M. Kirby, of Potomac, N. Y.; Bishop of Nevada, and Rev. Eusebius Taylor, of Macon, Mo., Bishop of Wyoming and Idaho.

The Most Densely Populated Place.

It has been for a long time asserted and believed that the island of Barbados, with 166 square miles and a population of 175,000, which is 1,664 persons to the square mile, was the most densely inhabited portion of the earth's surface. From a communication of Mr. John Worthington, the Consul of the United States at Valletta, Malta, it appears that in the matter of density of population Barbados must yield the palm to Malta. That island contains 95 square miles of surface and contains 142,500 inhabitants (exclusive of the British garrison and visitors and non-residents), which is an average of 1,500 to the square mile. The city of Valletta contains a great plethora of population, its area being 0.318 square mile, and its population 24,554, a population of 78,157 to the square mile. There is one especially populous quarter of Valletta, known as the Manderaggio, the area of which is 0.004 square mile, or 2.55 acres, wherein dwell 2,544 persons—a population of 636,000 souls to the square mile.

Scrofula, salt rheum, all humors, boils, pimples, and diseases of the blood, general debility, dyspepsia, biliousness, sick headache, kidney and liver complaints, catarrh and rheumatism, are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. Take it now. 100 Doses One Dollar.

SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, For Lung Troubles and Wasting Diseases.

Dr. J. SIMONAUD, New Orleans, La., says: "Scott's Emulsion is the finest preparation of the kind ever brought to my notice. In affections of the lungs and other wasting diseases, we may consider it our most reliable agent. In a perfectly elegant and agreeable form."

A New edition of a once popular work is about to be published by Mr. J. Burns, 15 Southampton Row, London, Eng., "The Economy of Human Life," the original of which is said to have been translated from a manuscript found in Tibet, and transmitted from Pekin to Lord Chesterfield. As a system of morals it has always been held in high esteem.

Mrs. CHARLOTTE EISEL, of Chicago, well known to the Western press, describes the cure of a dangerous cough, accompanied by bleeding at the lungs, to Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. "My cough," she says, "threatened to suffocate me . . . but the remedy has removed it."

We take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the advertisement of the Knickerbocker Brace Co., in this issue of our paper. We can recommend this Company to do as they agree, and orders entrusted to their care will receive prompt attention.—St. Louis Presbyterian, June 19, 1885.

Pico's Cure for Consumption is the best Cough medicine. 25 cts. per bottle.

Glenn's Sulphur Soap heals and beautifies, 25c. German Corn Remover kills Corns, Bunions, 25c. Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye—Black & Brown, 50c. Pike's Toothache Drops cure in 1 Minute, 25c.

Business Notices.

Physics and Metaphysics.

An able exposition of the marvel of the age, healing disease without medicine. Price, 15c. Mrs. M. M. Pheon, C. S. B., 629 Fulton St., Chicago, Ill.

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D. P. KATNER, M. D., who has been before the public as a reliable clairvoyant physician since 1850, can be consulted by addressing him in care of the Religio-Philosophical Journal, with postage stamp. Full particulars of terms will be given for each case.

Spiritual Meetings in New York.

The Ladies Aid Society meets every Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock at 128 West 43rd Street, New York. The People's Spiritual Meeting of New York City, has removed to Spencer Hall, 114 W. 14th St. Services every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:45 P. M.

FRANK W. JONES, Conductor. Metropolitan Church for Humanity, 251 West 23rd Street. Mrs. T. B. Fryer, services Sunday at 11 A. M. Officers: Geo. D. Carroll, President; Oliver Russell, Vice-President; Dr. George H. Sturtevant, Secretary; F. N. Maynard, Treasurer.

Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

The First Society of Spiritualists of Saratoga Springs, N. Y., meets every Sunday morning and evening in Grand Army Hall. W. B. MILLIS, President. E. J. HULLING, Secretary.

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And at the Spiritual Meetings.

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Passed to Spirit-Life.

Passed from earth to spirit-life at his home in this village in the 76th year of age, Almond Gray.

Father Gray was one of the early investigators of Spiritualism in this State. He was born in Vermont. He was a kind and genial friend. He could recount acts of importance that ever took place since he was old enough to remember. By his request Prof. Wm. M. Lockwood delivered an able address on "The Continuity of Existence," the Minutes Course and Times furnishing the notes.

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The Work of Geo. F. Colby.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

As numerous requests have been made by Mr. Geo. F. Colby's friends in the East that they be kept informed of his whereabouts and labors through the columns of the JOURNAL, I will furnish you with a brief synopsis of the same. I think I need mention in my last letter, of his leaving Victoria in May last, under engagement to hold meetings in various places on Puget Sound. The points visited and in which great interest was created in our glorious philosophy were, Snohomish, Seattle, Tacoma, Steilacoom and Olympia, from which latter place we went to Portland, where Mr. Colby was engaged by the First Spiritualist Society to conduct their meetings until their summer vacation, which occurred the middle of July. We had decided to return to Florida when the Chalmers Co. Camp Meeting Association prevailed upon Mr. Colby to remain and speak at their meeting in September, and at the same time the society in Victoria sent word that he was wanted for a course of lectures there. Hardly had he reached the latter place before Mr. H. C. Sessions, one of the leading Spiritualists of Cheney, W. T., wrote that he (Mr. Colby) must come and shake the dry bones of churchology in Cheney. Having an engagement at Colfax, W. T., he decided to visit both places prior to the camp meeting. After closing his engagement at Victoria he went to Cheney. Two rousing discourses were delivered there, and then wishing to see the country we started from Spokane Falls, horseback, intending to ride to New Port, the camp ground. We stopped the first night at Steptoe Station, fifteen miles from Colfax, at the house of "Cashup" Davis, one of the most outspoken Spiritualists in the country. As we neared Colfax we entered the Palouse country, one of the best watered regions west of the Rockies.

We remained two weeks at Colfax, where Mr. Colby delivered four lectures, and a large audience. The evening after our last lecture we went to "Cashup" Davis, where Mr. Colby held a public séance, a ride of fifteen miles in the rain. Thus closing our engagements in this section, we started on our journey through the beautiful country lying between Snake River and the mountains. After riding more than three hours down hill we at last arrived at the river and no one in sight. After a while we saw a sign (?) bearing the following injunction: "If you want to cross, go down the river and holler." After losing about two hours we succeeded in finding the "proprietor."

We finally arrived at Portland, and the next day rode to New Era, 20 miles from there. Mr. Colby started the camp meeting that afternoon by being controlled by one of the pioneers of Oregon, a man known to most of the campers, who delivered a most eloquent address. From that moment the success of the meeting was assured. The meeting lasted ten days and quite a number were converted to the true religion through Mr. Colby's mediumship. Mr. Colby's principal guide, Seneca, interested the leading Spiritualists in a move to call a Convention for the purpose of organizing a State Society, and it will meet for that purpose the latter part of this month. By the way, it was through Mr. Colby's mediumship and from this same guide, that the Look-out Camp Grounds were selected and the present company organized. I will let your readers know the result of the Convention. In the mean time Mr. Colby will visit as many places in Oregon as is possible, and wherever he goes there is sure to be an awakening and a raising of the "dry bones" among those whose credulous souls scarcely look further than the eternal punishment of their neighbors, whose moral and intellectual status is superior to their own. C. T. E.

Burglar Captured—The Mysterious Cup.

(Kansas City Journal.)

All the talk on the street at Harrisonville, Mo., is of the arrest of James Cioero King, charged with burglary, and the peculiar manner in which his arrest was brought about.

For years this town has been cursed with burglaries and suspicion has pointed strongly to this man, but sufficient evidence could not be secured to justify arrest.

Lately a number of daring robberies have occurred and the people have vowed to catch the thief. Last Wednesday night, a week ago, Mr. James Callaway, living near the Missouri Pacific depot, was robbed of \$25 and no evidence could be procured as to the identity of the thief. Hugh Callaway and M. H. Berry concluded to consult the Widow Farmer, an old lady living about three miles south of here, and who is famous for her fortune telling. The two gentlemen visited the fortune teller Sunday afternoon, turned the cup and awaited developments. The old lady studied the marks and signs carefully, then went on and described the thief and implicated a boy, whom she said the thief got to tell where the money was, with a promise of half. The boy was a young son of Mr. John Freeman, and had been working for Callaway. The old lady told how the thief got in the house, in what room and in what place in the room. She further stated that when the questioners returned to town they would find the boy standing at the corner of a certain street, and that by questioning him the whole story would be elicited. Returning from the fortune teller's, the men found the boy as indicated, and he told the story precisely as the old lady had predicted. Upon the evidence King was arrested and taken before E. L. Tuggle, justice of the peace, and his preliminary trial set for Wednesday. Failing to give bond in the sum of \$3,500, he was committed to jail.

The Theology of the Earthquake.

Wm. J. Potter has an excellent article on the above subject in a late number of *The Index*. In conclusion he says:

"Before the crushing and destructive forces of nature man, indeed, is awed, but let him not think of his God as chiefly revealed there if he would preserve a sane and inspiring faith. Those writers who think that atheism cannot exist in the presence of an earthquake. On the contrary, we have heard theists confess that their belief in God was more strengthened by such events than by any other. They could believe in a blind, irresponsible power—no atheist deities such a power in nature—but that is not the kind of Deity that satisfies the mind or heart. Earthquakes, we opine, make more atheists than theists. Or the theists that regard sheer cosmic force as God is hardly to be distinguished from atheism. There is no theistic doctrine worth preserving which does not hold that the cosmic power tends toward and has its complement in the law of moral right and ultimate benefit. Could we see the universe with all its parts and forces round full circle, we might perhaps see all its seeming flaws and antagonisms balanced and harmonized in moral good and beauty."

"But, however this may be, so long as we have man with his moral capacity, achievements, and ideals as the resultant of nature's forces, we may still believe in the moral aim of the universe. No cosmic force alone, as seen by itself in the realm of material nature, but cosmic force as the generator of human consciousness, with all its capabilities of sentiment, will and act, and possibly of other and still higher forms of conscious agents, can legitimately attract man's adoration and love. The still small voice of human sympathy that is summoning the gifts of charity from all directions to the relief of Charleston's sufferers is a higher revelation of Divine power than was the earthquake which blinded destroyed Charleston's dwellings and made her citizens homeless."

Horford's Acid Phosphate.

Beware of Imitations.

Imitations and counterfeits have again appeared. Be sure that the word "HORFORD'S" is on the wrapper. None are genuine without it.

The proprietor of a celebrated restaurant out West is described by a local journal as being, in appearance and dress, a combination of an English lord, a United States Senator, an American poet and a French painter.

"Shortness of breath."

Caused my death.

is inscribed on a gravestone in an English graveyard. In all probability it would never have been necessary, if only the poor unfortunate victim of some disease of the respiratory organs had known of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," which is a panacea for all diseases of the throat and lungs. For consumption it is believed to be the only real specific known. For all scrofulous and blood diseases it is unfailing.

For Liver Disorders

And for all affections of the Stomach and Bowels, prompt relief and cure are afforded by the use of Ayer's Cathartic Pills. They easily correct slight derangements of these organs, and are of incalculable benefit in chronic cases.

I have been using Ayer's Pills, in my family, for over three years, and find in them an effective remedy for Constipation and Indigestion. We are never without these Pills in the house.—Moses Greiner, 72 Hall St., Lowell, Mass.

For years I have been subject to Constipation and Nervous Headaches, caused by Indigestion and derangement of the Liver. After taking various kinds of medicine, I have become convinced that Ayer's Pills are the best. They have never failed to relieve my bilious attacks in a short time, and I am sure my system retains its tone longer after the use of these Pills, than has been the case with any other medicine I have tried.—H. S. Sledge, Welmar, Texas.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills are the safest and best medicine I ever used for Bowel Complaint. I have never known them fail to cure this disorder. They have been peculiarly effective, in my family, in all cases of Liver

And Stomach Troubles.

Ayer's Pills are prompt and mild in their action; they gently stimulate the liver, and always leave the bowels in a natural condition.—Philip Caldwell, Beverly, Mass.

After sixteen hours of intense suffering with Bilious Colic, I took Ayer's Cathartic Pills. In half an hour the pain in my stomach and bowels subsided, and I quickly recovered.—R. S. Heathfield, 63 Chestnut St., Providence, R. I.

For nearly five years I was a confirmed dyspeptic. During the last three months of this time, my life was a burden to me. I had no appetite, became pale and emaciated, and was unable to work. I tried various remedies, but found no relief until I began taking Ayer's Pills. A few boxes of this medicine greatly improved my appetite, restored my liver and stomach to a healthy condition, and my food now digests perfectly.—Ernest Lewis, 43 Main St., Lewiston, N. Y.

Ayer's Pills have cured a case of Chronic Dyspepsia, here, which resisted other remedies, and had become a very serious affliction. The cure is remarkable, and has created a sensation in this locality.—S. K. Jones, M. D., Brighton, Mich.

For a number of years I was greatly troubled with Dyspepsia. I became weak, nervous, had no appetite, and there were but few kinds of food my stomach would bear. After taking a number of remedies, without obtaining relief, I began to use Ayer's Cathartic Pills, and at the same time, commenced dieting. This treatment effected a complete cure.—Jeremiah W. Styles, Fort Madison, Iowa.

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I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind of Consumption have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on the disease to any sufferer. DR. T. A. STEBBINS, 181 Pearl St., New York.

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(Spiritual Philosophy.)

(Continued from First Page.)

I was gazing upon them with no little admiration, the cause of their disturbance made itself manifest. It was a detached hand, and it laid itself upon the head of one of the figures, but was immediately thrown off by the offended beauty. It was projected out of the frame, and alighted upon my reading-table. There it was—a hand, and nothing else, but alive. It fascinated me. I sat down to gaze upon it, to watch its pulsations, the clasping and unclasping of fingers, the motions of the delicate joints, the wondrous lines where the weird palmistry of fate is diagrammed, the pretty and enticing point to good or ill, the finely chiseled hand of a grandly intellectual woman. I have found that this member indicates mind as readily as the eyes or the mouth, and this individual hand was as clear cut and faultless as a poet's ideal. A basilisk could not have fixed my gaze more determinedly, and I looked and tried to reflect. Whose hand was that, and where was its mate? Why was it ejected from the goodly company in the frame. What was in the frame and what upon the table? I touched that cunning hand with the tip of my finger, and it responded with an electric flash which sent me sprawling. Then with a deafening report the frame seemed to fly into fragments, and when I regained my feet there was not a trace to be found of the phenomenal things I have described. Not a splinter of wood nor a shred of canvas was in sight, and the pretty hand that impressed me so had dissipated its pulsant charm into thin air.

"Was I awake and in my right mind? Yes; and the chairs were overturned, various articles on the table were jumbled together, and some were even thrown down upon the floor, so it could not have been a dream, luckily the gas was just burning. I looked at my watch. It had stopped at 10:14. One turn of the stem set it running all right, and upon going down to the office to reset it I found that the stoppage was but eight minutes. Had I known nothing of Spiritualism I would not have returned to that room, but the knowledge I had previously obtained of the phenomena sustained my nerves and I went back with quite a show of courage. Before my wife and daughter came I had put things to rights, and, of course, I kept my own counsel. Special information imparted to them just then would not have soothed the fatigues of the day, and even I retired to bed only to spend the night in unrest and conjecture.

"In the late afternoon of the succeeding Sunday I wandered out into the forest alone and walked some three miles to a well-known deer-lick. I stopped at the spring and indulged in a hearty draught of the chalybeate fluid fresh from the reservoir of nature. Upon rising a gentle pull at my sleeve caused me to look around, and but a few paces away, resting upon a flat rock of white quartz, was my model hand! Held between the thumb and forefinger were three blooming roses and several buds. They seemed to invite acceptance, but could I again disturb that hand or touch anything it contained, without recurrence of catastrophe? I would not risk it. To look upon my treasure once more had been a constant craving since it so mysteriously withdrew from sight at the hotel and now I would gaze my fill. I sat down beside that little hand and talked to it caressingly, in language that sprang from the heart with an elastic spontaneity that was magnetic, and it seemed to reply with a quivering motion that expressed delight as plainly as motion could. Does this seem ridiculous to you?"

"Far from it, sir. I can appreciate your sentiment and almost envy you this great blessing."

"It was a blessing, indeed, as the sequel will prove. I sat upon that rock till long after darkness had covered the forest, but there was light all around the object of my detention, and I continued to talk. While in the very midst of an address which was certainly rhapsodical—I know it was not voluntary—the hand floated to me like a thing without weight, and held out the flowers for my acceptance. I took them. All the buds were open, and the perfume of that bouquet will go with me through life. It is undying. I enjoy it now and always. There is soul in it and power to bear the ills of earthly disappointment. It was a new baptism. There was no gloom in the wood now. The hand took mine and led me forth. The path was not the same by which I had walked, but although it was new it did not seem unfamiliar. It was the better path. When I came to the opening there was a halt, and under the stars that little hand caressed my cheeks and lips and vanished from mortal sight. I carried the flowers to my wife, and said I had found them in the wood. They bloomed for many days, and in my soul their bloom will be eternal. They were the roses of a new joy."

"I left the ladies at Deer Park for a month and came home, but all the way the impression was strong that I was not traveling without good company. In my own familiar room the first agreeable presence to greet me was the hand. But it was attached to a woman. I sat within it throughout the night, and the beams of the morning exhaled it. Next night there were two arms and hands, as like as the twin eyes of beauty, and there was the faint outline of head, shoulders, and bust. Now I began to comprehend the previous phenomena. Love was developing a presence, and an intelligence which, without its encouragement, would go to waste. It was bringing out to the effluence of perfect happiness a soul-life that yearned for its gentle ministrations. I say love was doing this. That is only another name for sympathy, but nothing ever excited my tenderest feelings like this presence. And as the result from time to time gave better promise, these feelings were intensified. After a few appearances, each of which showed rapid progress, the full form

MATERIALIZED IN MY PRESENCE.

"For a little time there was pain and disappointment because I did not recognize the appearance. It was of great beauty and I commanding me, but strange to me. Happily, the embarrassment was brief. She advanced to my desk and wrote upon a tablet-ped these words: 'I am your mother.' Dear mother! She died at my birth. Yes, it was herself. Now I could see the family lineaments, but oh! how spiritualized and ennobled. She looked upon me with the sweetest smile I ever witnessed, then waved her hand and disappeared. Many times has she visited me since, always happy to come, but as yet unable to speak. Her messages are always written and always too brief, and her visits are short indeed. It seems that the effort for full materialization is too great to continue for a considerable period, and I have more than once intimated that the appearance of the hand as at first would satisfy me. This troubles her, and her answer is a solemn shake of the head. But her messages are very cheering. This is one: 'My son, the happiness in store for you is beyond anything you can anticipate.' I am striving to deserve it."

"About the ebony frame and its portraits I know you desire further knowledge. From

my present standpoint the forms that materialized in that frame were ministering angels, and they came to assist dear mother to reach her son. I have seen the same frame floating about in mid-air on three several occasions since, and the countenances of the portraits are always brilliant with joy. They smile sweet approval, and then the aroma of that heavenly banquet comes to me again as fresh and inspiring as at first. It is the breath of sublime souls! The earth has become heaven, and the joys of immortality seem to be mine already."

These good old Spiritualists clasped hands, and sat long silent in communion. Each had afforded the other a welcome insight through the gates of Beulah Land, and they knew the lesson it implied. Their thoughts were doubtless more eloquent than words, for such thoughts are of the possibilities of the ineffable life, each said to the other that only an outline of blessed experience had been related, and that details would make up the subject-matter of a future conference. We shall feel in the mood to report these details at the proper time.

A COMMENT.

We are always prepared for criticism of incidents like the above, but they are too gentle to excite active antagonism. As to their probability, no man who accepts the story of Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego should reserve the right to call it to account. Even the fiery furnace may have been necessary for the trial of ancient saints, but the day of its usefulness is past. The spirit of peace is abroad in the world, and many of the problems of faith have been simplified. It has become easier to believe in the power of spirit than in the speaking as or serpent; or that individual sacrifice should be made the condition of universal atonement. Faith is made difficult by the meddling of those who would designedly complicate its ministrations, and not by those who would bring freedom of soul through the peaceful ministrations of truth. There should be no mysteries of doctrine for the true man. The simplest rule of faith is his best guide. There are no questions celestial in the moral law. Then how is his presence in pure and undiluted religion to be accounted for? Is the approved plan of salvation above comprehension by the common intellect? Strange, indeed, is it that an untaught carpenter's son should become the embodiment of a system so abstruse! He did not. The Christ-principle in man is love, and where love for mankind is not there is no Christ nor redemption. The New Testament Scriptures are sufficiently emphatic upon this point, and they could have no stronger confirmation than is supplied by Spiritualism, nor better evidence than that which its phenomena so bountifully bring. There is no vagueness in that which comes to men's minds direct from the infinite. Its message is plain, and needs no interpretation by Bishop or doctor of divinity. It will come to every body who is ready and willing to receive it gently and cherish it. Who can object to its loving offices? Who can live without them when they are all there is of life to live or love? The more ignorant a man is the less a creed embarrasses him; the more intelligent he becomes, the less will he have to do with creeds and the more with truth. This is a sufficient explanation of the rapid increase of Spiritualism. It is the truth that makes men free, for it discards prejudice and creeds and all inhumanity. It addresses the best impulses of the human soul. It comes to the man of science with evidence he finds it impossible to ignore, and to the simple intellect with overwhelming conviction. The man of science finds that mere Bible Christianity is an absurdity. Not that he would discard the Bible as a whole, but he cannot receive it as a whole unless he first discards the truths of astronomy, chemistry and geology. Can he surrender fact to any mere form of belief? Not in this age of intellectual progress. He must keep his reason and improve it.

"The intelligible forms of ancient poets. The fair humanities of old religion. The power, the beauty and the majesty that had their haunts in dale or daisy mountain, Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring, Or craggy or watery depths; all these live in the faith Of pure enlightened reason."

Faithfully yours, G. H. ROMAN, Cincinnati, O.

An Incendiary Eye.

Willie Brough, twelve years old, who created an excitement among superstitious people near Turlock, Cal., by apparently setting fire to all objects by his glance on one Sunday lately and who is held responsible for the destruction of \$9,000 worth of farm property, has been expelled from the Madison county school, near Turlock, on account of his wonderful freaks. After Sunday's fire Brough's family refused to have anything to do with him, believing him to be possessed of a devil. The boy was taken in by a farmer and sent to school. On the first day there were five fires in the school—one in the center of the ceiling, one in the teacher's desk, one in the teacher's wardrobe and two on the wall. The boy discovered all and cried from fright. The trustees met and expelled him that night. One Turlock insurance agent has given notice that he will cancel all policies on property occupied by the boy. The neighborhood of Turlock is in a furor of excitement about the mystery.—Ex.

Mrs. Cornelia M. Stewart, the wife of the late millionaire dry-goods merchant, died suddenly on the morning of Oct. 25th.



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The mind becomes active, the nerves and sluggish circulation are stimulated, and all the old-time health and good feeling comes back. They are constructed on scientific principles, imparting an exhilarating, health-giving current to the whole system. Professional men assert that there is hardly a disease which Electricity or Magnetism may not benefit or cure, and they daily practice the same, as your own physician will inform you.

THE CELEBRATED DR. W. A. HANCOCK, of New York, formerly Surgeon-General of the U. S. Army, lately lectured upon this subject, and advised all medical men to make trial of these agencies, describing at the same time most remarkable cures he had made, even in cases which would seem hopeless.

The Corsets do not differ in appearance from those usually worn; we submit our *Electric* and *Magnetic* in place of the ordinary corsets. These Corsets are nearly all equally charged, differing chiefly in quality and design. They are elegant in shape and finish, made after the best French pattern, and warranted satisfactory in every respect. Our Belts for both men and ladies are the genuine Dr. Scott's, and are reliable.

The prices are as follows: \$1, \$1.50, \$2 and \$3 for the Corsets and \$3 each for the Belts. The accompanying card represents our \$3 Abdominal Corset. We have also a beautiful French shaped saffron Corset at \$3 and a short saffron Corset at \$2. The \$1 and \$1.50 goods are made of fine Jean, elegant in shape, strong and durable. Nursing Corsets, \$1.50. All are double-stitched. Gents and Ladies' Belts, \$1 each. Ladies' Abdominal Supporters, an invaluable article, \$1.25. We make domesticated, Gents and white only. They are sent out in a handsome box, accompanied by a silver-plated compass by which the electro-magnetic influence can be tested. We will send either kind to any address, post-paid, on receipt of price, with 20 cents added for packing and registration, and we guarantee safe delivery into your hands. Remit in Post-office Money, order, Draft, Check, or in Currency by Registered Letter at our risk. In ordering kindly mention make exact size of chest, usually worn. Make all remittances payable to GEO. A. SCOTT, 842 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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